# Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MAY
1940

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CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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(COVER)

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**WHY DO SO MANY DISCRIMINATING FAMILIES**

# prefer the new Pontiac "Torpedo"?

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD AT THE ARMOUR RESIDENCE LAKE FOREST ILL.

*"Torpedo" 4-Door Touring Sedan, as Illustrated $1096★*

*IS IT BECAUSE* the Pontiac "Torpedo" pioneers a new and more exciting fashion in motor car design? *That's part of it!*

*Is it because* of the positive brilliance of the "Torpedo's" 8-cylinder power response? *The "Torpedo" brings new "style" to motor car performance, too!*

*Or is it because* of the "Torpedo's" thrilling roadability and "Triple-Cushioned" ride? Or the extra luxury evident in "Torpedo" furnish and finish?

Not one, but *all* of these pulse quickening attributes of the new Pontiac "Torpedo" we think, deserve the credit for its overwhelming popularity. Here, at long last, in one fine car, is the perfect combination of all that's fine in motoring! A combination which convinces every owner he never owned a better car!

Here's the best motoring advice anyone ever gave you. *Buy no car this year* before you've acquired a first-hand, driving knowledge of the Pontiac "Torpedo"!

**$1016** *for "Torpedo" Sport Coupe ★delivered at Pontiac, Mich. Other Pontiac prices start as low as $783. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. General Motors terms to suit your purse*

**Pontiac**

**"TORPEDO" EIGHT**

PONTIAC FOR PRIDE AND PERFORMANCE

"May ye be aboot as lang as ye like,
an' hae aw ye like as lang as ye be aboot"

For 110 years Teacher's Scotch has been "aboot," delighting sensitive palates with its distinguished flavour. Once you taste this noble Scotch, you'll surely hope that it will be "aboot" for many years to come.

Made since 1830 by Wm Teacher & Sons Ltd., Glasgow — SOLE U.S. AGENTS Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

*The Platina fox jacket photographed is $2950 Other Platina skins are $595 to $12,000.*

# NOT ...FOR FLEDGLINGS

Sired, doubtless, by the North Star, was he. And not so long ago, in Dyroy, a hidden hamlet on the rugged coast of Norway. For, not altogether earthly was this princely fox whelp. From his loins stemmed the gorgeous new race of foxes known as the Platina ... as distinguished from other skins as the costliest orchids among less rare and haunting flowers.

Pearl-white Arctic skies, captured for all eternity, brood in the pelt of the Platina Dark shimmering blue-gray hairs o'ercast it like the dancing northern lights. The collar, bright like the snows and dazzling, blazes about the neck, leaps like white wild-fire down the forehead and the nose.

Such obvious grandeur, naturally, has met with fashion's favor. But, an heroic a mould transcends such narrow boundaries. The Platina is a cult.

Choose, then, with care whom you would cloak with this fervent Northern mantle. Select no fledgling female. Nor waste its star-stabbed loveliness on the male-mauled shoulders of a minx.

What kind of Woman, pray? She may be mate or maiden. But in her lady-look, be sure there is the cool power to ignite you. To your private self, at least ... be certain she's a Goddess. That you may her personal Viking be.

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*Edited by* Arnold Gingrich

# Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

*Publishers* David A. Smart, Wm. H. Weintraub

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Use of any person's name in fiction and fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

**Esq in the tread of the angels**

It's been a good twenty years since we last looked at a book by Havelock Ellis called *The Soul of Spain*. We're not even sure that was its title though we do remember that was its subject. Ellis was trying, in that book, to translate certain characteristic Spanish attitudes into terms of Anglo-Saxon understanding. He probably spent a lot of space on rationalizing if not justifying the Spanish devotion to bullfighting. We've forgotten whether he did or not because in any case we don't remember any words there may have been about the bullfight in the whole book. But we do remember how involved were the intellectual contortions he went through in a determined effort to defrost the Englishman's sense of shock at the Spaniard's easy familiarity with divine things.

We Anglo-Saxons have an innate tendency to tighten up into stiff-necked self-consciousness whenever we encounter religion any time but Sunday or anywhere but church. People like Havelock Ellis finally managed to melt down our mock-modesty about references to sex or discussions concerning it. But they never managed to maneuver us out of our embarrassed reticence on matters of religion. Yet of all brands of mock modesty none is so utterly false or senseless as this one.

We moderns, sophisticated enough by now to resent being called "sophisticates" as college men squirm when dubbed "collegiate," have learned to talk without stammering, in plain or mixed company, about everything but God. The Puritan tradition has had the lids of its various repressions steamed off one by one, but that one it has kept clamped down on us. (And speaking of traditions, lest you feel that the Puritan label was here lightly used—let this editor hasten to name his brand as the Mennonite than which there was never any witchier. But that's beside the point; the Puritan seal was long ago set on almost everybody over here.) What talking we want done on that subject we seem to want done only by professionals and to judge by the diminishing average length of sermons (to say nothing of diminishing average attendance), we even seem to want precious little of that. Nor do we in print (to judge by the general go-by given religion in general magazine stories and articles) seem to manifest any overweening desire for easy familiarity with divine things. And yet ... and yet.

Do you know what this year's best seller is? Or last year's? Are you guessing at, say, *The Grapes of Wrath?* Well, there's no need to guess. It isn't even close. This year's, and last year's and next year's best seller is The Bible. That's even true of this year and last year, and undoubtedly next year in Hitler-Germany where *Mein Kampf* is practically decreed reading.

For that matter, to come down from big to little cases, do you know or would you care to guess what the two most popular stories were in Esquire's past two years? Well, as it happens they were both by Manuel Komroff. One was called *The Dark Wanderer* and the other was *The Return of the Magi*. They were both by Manuel Komroff, but out of The Bible, both of them.

To pick up a phrase that was cast off after slight use by the movies last year, is it possible that The Bible Is Your Best Entertainment and that neither you nor we had the wit to sense it sooner? It may be the truth, because it certainly sounds stranger than fiction. Anyway it dawned on us, even if tardily, and we are not averse to taking a hint though we lay no claim to being quick at catching them.

As it happens, it dawned on us while we were reading the scripts of this very issue, and came to that portion of the current Komroff story, *Take These Things Hence* where He enters and confronts the money-changers in His awful wrath. Though this is a story as contemporary as tomorrow morning's newspaper, the thrill it carries is almost two thousand years old. So was the thrill it occurred to us (as sudden as only the obvious ever seems), of those other two enormously popular stories, *The Dark Wanderer* and *The Return of the Magi*.

After all it's no accident that these stories should exert a magnetic reader-pull. Komroff has simply touched gold—the pure lode of The Golden Book, the greatest treasury of tales man has ever heard. Golden tales that another two thousand years of our best concerted fiction could never hope to match. Of the telling of tales as of the printing of books, there is very evidently no end, but the best ones have all been told. The trouble is that most of us haven't had occasion to listen to them lately. Or perhaps we would have listened to them self-consciously, anywhere outside of church.

Well then, bang goes the tablet of another taboo because we're following up this clue of reader-interest by setting Komroff to work on a series, and you're going to meet God in every one of them. Golden tales to be grouped under the general title *In the Year of Our Lord*, each one stemming from some sequence in The Bible.

They will be stirring tales filled with adventure with the color of the times (the dirt and the glamor) with social manners and customs, what they ate for breakfast and the price of bread and meat.

For Komroff the assignment is no strange novelty or untried experiment, for aside from being a true teller of tales after the Oriental bazaar fashion he is a Biblical scholar who once edited the fourteen books of The Apocrypha, as well as an edition of *Gesta Romanorum*, that collection of Tales of the Monks dating back to 100 A.D. He is a skilled and experienced miner in this richest of fictional veins.

So there's the next new feature in Esquire's program of fixed devotion to constant change. We don't know how soon we'll have it, but we'll serve them up as fast as we get them. You're going to get religion as a staple of your Esquire story-diet, and you're going to like it. We're not guessing so or hoping so. From the way you've taken to the few samples you've had, we know it.

So sweep the cobwebs out of the Amen Corner, because it's going to be crowded there.

ESQUIRE May 1940 T. M. Reg.

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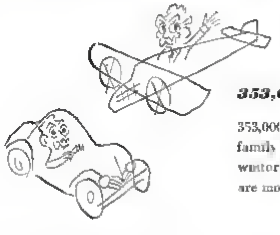
Vol. XIII, No. 5 Whole No. 78 T. M. Reg.

#4 of a series on the Readers of Esquire

# you readers are always going places

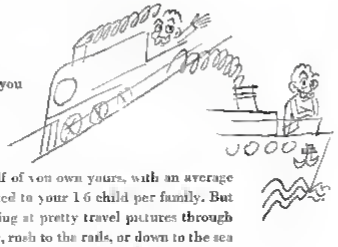


## 353,000 of YOU take a vacation every year

353,000 of you half-a-million Esquire readers allot $296 84 per family (excluding transportation) for vacations (summer and winter), totaling annually $105,900,000 Don't forget your average earnings are more than three times that of the average U.S. urban male.

## YOU purchase annually (for business travel only) 1,569,481 transportation tickets

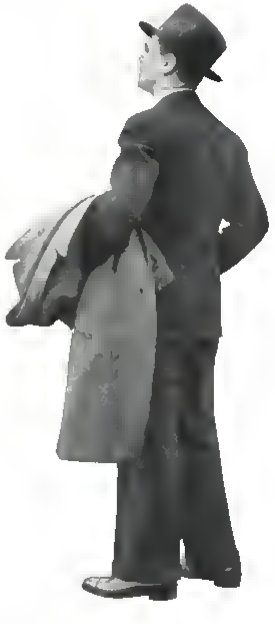
Here's the line-up Esquire's 200,000 business travelers annually account for 713,693 Pullman Tickets, 458,188 R R Coach Tickets, 249,351 Airline Tickets, and 116,749 Bus Tickets It's a lot of business traveling . . . and you spend an average per day of $3 74 for hotel rooms.



Sure, you love your homes (Proof· about half of you own yours, with an average value of $12,141), and of course you're devoted to your 1 6 child per family. But that doesn't make you a rocker-roamer, peering at pretty travel pictures through a stereopticon slide You really take to the air, rush to the rails, or down to the sea in ships. Why, 200,000 of you Esquire men, who some people think are no less fun-loving than—well, Tom Rover—travel on business *every month.* 78 4% use the railroads and 27% the airways. Pleasure? Well, for example, 81% of you living *more* than 100 miles from New York, visit the metropolis 3 times a year, being accompanied by your wives 2.3 times And you've accounted for a total of 569,700 Atlantic crossings (140,400 of you have been to Europe an average of 2 1 times). All of this was revealed by that big, independently tabulated survey of a cross-section of Esquire readers All coming under the head of things you didn't know about yourself, till now.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

# "I WONDER IF I'VE BEEN MISSING SOMETHING?"



"THERE'S a Flagship full of people going somewhere! They'll make a trip in a few hours that takes me all night It must be smooth riding up there! They say it's comfortable in those big planes, too I'd enjoy that. Chance to lean back and relax and enjoy some real scenery

"I'd be home oftener, too, if I traveled that way Many a time I finish a job early and then have to travel all night, when by air I could get home before bedtime More of my friends are traveling by air every day

"Flagships go everywhere *I* want to go And they don't cost any more than I spend now.

"Yes, I'm *sure* I've been missing something! Tomorrow, I'm going by Flagship, too!"

* * *

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AMERICAN AIRLINES Inc.

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### ESQ'S SECRET'S OUT

It was quite a surprise to learn that Esky is a deaf man. I refer of course, to the picture on the cover of the March Esquire.

You will recall that Esky and the girl friend are about to take a dip in mid-winter but before entering the icy water they pose for the cameraman. As Esky stares at the girl he is making two bona fide signs in the language of the deaf. With his left hand he is forming the letters I and y simultaneously and—yes you guessed it—this means "I love you." All well and good—but I am disappointed in the other sign. Holding one's nose in this manner means, "I'm only fooling," "joke," etc. You can draw your own conclusions.

Sincerely,

Delavan, Wis. V. A. Becker

P. S.—While I'm at it let me point out that several of your writers haven't yet learned that the term "deaf and dumb" is no longer in good favor. That goes for "dummy," "deaf mute," etc. Just say the guy's *deaf* and let it go at that.

### PRESS MAN SIMPLY REFUSES TO DWINDLE

I would like to take issue with Forrest Davis and his well-written article in the February Esquire entitled *Our Dwindling Press*. It seems to me that Mr. Davis has succeeded in creating a callous masterpiece of contradiction.

In attempting to explain the decrease in the number of our daily newspapers Mr. Davis admitted that he himself, had never heard a satisfactory explanation for this phenomenon of American journalism. Neither had I, and after reading Mr. Davis' illogical solution I still haven't.

Mr. Davis seems to predicate his conclusions on the theory that editors have given up emphasizing news and have so steeped their pages with the ideologic outpourings of columnists that readers have turned to the periodical press to keep informed. He is only partly correct. It is true that columnists, who are a peculiar by-product of the late, lamented "thaumaturgic thirties" have appeared in increasing numbers in our daily press but not to the point of relegating the news columns to an inferior position.

"The editors," says Mr. Davis, "absorbed in a quire of preachments ranging from the woman's page to the Olympian Walter Lippman . . . In any newspaper I have ever read the total space apportioned to these "preachments" would hardly fill one page and his insipid assertion that "such space as the editor had left after allotting their due to oda . . . he grudgingly yielded to the news" is a pompous platitude.

Furthermore, these columns of opinion and conclusion besides occupying only a small percentage of the total space in a newspaper, are not responsible for a decrease in circulation, as Mr. Davis contends, but rather owe their very existence to a demand from the reading public to garnish the bill of fare with something a little more provocative than the same old dish of straight news. The reader knows he can get complete news coverage in any paper so he buys the one that offers, in addition, the most interesting and stimulating columnists.

Mr. Davis also makes the absurd charge that with the rise of the journalistic essayist, and before the advent of World War II, our newspapers lacked "pulse, immediacy and guts" and "parts of our periodical press . . . communicated a livelier sense of what was going on." I maintain that actually the timely and uninhibited scrivenings of our Thompsons, Lippmans, Johnsons et al., had the very effect of enhancing these three admirable qualities in our press and furthermore if Westbrook Pegler lacks pulse, immediacy, or guts then Superman is a sissy, and if Winchell and his confreres don't serve more up-to-the-minute information each day than most magazines do in a year, then I've been reading the wrong ones.

In other words, Mr. Davis has constructed for us a shiny new bucket, but he forgot to put a bottom in it.

Very truly yours,

Uniontown, Pa. J. W. Barnes, Jr.

### OPEN SEASON FOR THE USUAL OBITUARIES

What in hell has happened to Esquire during the past several months? I have just finished my emasculated copy for March and I am now forced to the melancholy conclusion that it is definitely on the toboggan.

After spending a few moments gazing at the little man who isn't all there, I go inside. And I am immediately depressed with cry baby Paul Huggard's heart-rending epistle. He beefs on account you don't want to play with him anymore. He admits that he has plenty other pals. What the hell! I can't get *any* editor to play with me.

Next the god damned sons-of-bitchemals have taken over *Sound and Fury*, with their tiresome problems. If you must have these mental calisthenics for Crys Arko put them in some other dept. . . take some of Nathan's space, sure, that's it—take all of Nathan's space but give *S and F* back to the peopul. What's next? *Beauty Is a Bore*—a promising title. I set me down for an hilarious ribbing of the Fems. What do I get? Just lekaroo of the meekest kind.

*Are We Becoming Paranoid?* Who wouldn't be after reading that article? I struggle on, no cartoons worthy of the name. I come to your mystery, *I'll Be Waiting For You*. I'm still waiting for the mystery.

Isn't that chap Chidsey straining slightly for effect when he writes "the moonlight was reduttered by the experience . . . and what in hell is a "hostate beard—moonlight-larding the fronds of the remnant trees . . ."

Farding eh? Well Donald it smells kinda Chidsey to me.

Now, gents, don't think that this is just one of my "bad" days (I don't pay income tax) and that I am indulging in a vicious sneer-fest. I am willing to give credit where credit is due. I don't maintain that you have exactly hit the bottom—yet. I merely hold that you are on the skids. There are a few things that hold this issue together.

Good old Manuel Komroff's *Tomorrow! Tomorrow!* has plenty red meat, also that Lilian Harvey painting by Domergue is fine.

Carl Crow's *When China Mobilized Sex* will pass as also *Marihuana and a Fist* by Himes and perhaps Sherwood Anderson's *Here They Come*. The rest could be piled with a barn fork. And I think that is too much labor just to work over for those few worth while kernels. After all, it's like G. B. S. sez "We ain't no English sparrows."

In conclusion I assert without tergiversation nor equivocation, through my hostate beard, that the larding fronds of decay are definitely discernible in the embittered moonlight.

Sorrowfully,

George Hallberg

Burlington, Wash.

### THE S & F FACES NOT SO CIVIL WAR

What, in the name of holy tadpoles, is happening to *The Sound and The Fury?* If that mob of fugitives from a math book entertain any idea of converting the aforementioned illustrious department into their own private gabfest and puzzle swapping corner I, for one, am here and now entering a violent protest. Give that conglomeration of frustrated obscure amateur "Braintrusters" a page to themselves and let them stick each other till hell gets snowbound but please, on bended knee I implore you, don't let them ruin a perfectly good, extra fine feature of your magnificent magazine. (Testimonial—no charge.) In this manner all of those addle-brained crackpots will get together and the carnage will be fearful to behold. As the brain teasers get more difficult the suicide rate will grow by leaps and bounds. It is my contention that this vicious circle will soon rid we ordinary mortals of those odoriferous "Einsteins."

To get away from a rather distasteful subject, I think Dean Doten did a good job in *Bureaucrat's View of Washington*. I've lived around Washington long enough to know.

Sincerely,

George E. McCord

Washington, D. C.

P. S.—I'm getting mighty tired of that bug eyed slap who seems to have taken a permanent option on your front cover.

### SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S FINE THING

It is a fine thing for Goshen, N. Y., to have its light harness horse racing written up in the March issue of your nationally-known magazine under the headline *Here They Come*, but it would be better if the writer knew what he was writing about.

There are numerous mistakes in the article, among them is the name of "Jay Eye See" as J. I. C., the placing of the sale of Hanover Shoe Farm horses still at the Old Glory Sale in New York, the changing of the name of "Pop" Geers to "Ed Greer" and the final straw changing the name of the famous three-year-old trotting classic from The Hambletonian to "The Hamiltonian."

Respectfully yours,

Goshen, N. Y. Wm. A. Strait

### EVERY MAN TO HIS OWN RACKET

The Casper Milquetoast in me rebels—unlike nature I abhor not a vacuum but a fight. Nevertheless your sports department has been taking us readers for a ride long enough, so now, all of you . . . up with your dukes!"

It all started a couple of months back with a eulogy to Clarence Pell and incidentally, too, to the game of squash rackets. There were a couple of other follow ups, I believe, all praising this "whirling, battering, exhausting game"—this play requiring "power, speed, endurance, craftiness, and split-second precision." I didn't take offense at that. The game is fast, exacting, etc., but so too are tennis, hockey, and basketball. My gripe equation hit a magnificent maximum, when under an article *Keep Moving Your Feet*, by H. B. Kroll in your March issue, I read the offending sub-head. When the squash racket's ball rebounds, and you're ready for a shot you have a *sense of freedom* left in no other game.

Did Mr. Kroll ever get on a squash court and if he did what was the calibre of the opposition? Whence comes this luxuriant ease, this time to calmly get set to either kill or use a passing lure shot? And what is his opponent doing in the interim? More specifically, here's the set-up as I've played it. The ball is traveling toward you at a speed of approximately one hundred miles per hour from the front wall, you get ready for the rebound (and the rebound of a squash ball can best be described as disappointing if it doesn't roll off the wall, dead, in the tarmac), and while you are carefully preparing your soul for that immortal sense of freedom you are to experience, a hard wooden flaying pin is being murderously swung in the vicinity of your anatomy as your opponent completes his follow-through.

I hesitate before mentioning the cost of the game, the expense involved in restringing squash rackets which after a hard match have the annoying habit of resembling lacrosse sticks, or the necessity for the outright expenditure of a week's salary for new bats.

For fear of being too much of an athletic wishy-washy let me offer a substitute pastime, a game originated by that sturdy race the Irish, many years ago, a sport that has all that squash rackets has to offer, and more, without the accompanying risks of losing an eye, a major portion of one's earnings, ten years of possible existence due to chronic heart disease. Gentlemen, I give you four-wall handball!

If you accept you will have a game that is:

1. Fast (Place two sturdy men in a room 40 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 20 feet high, with the liveliest solid rubber ball that exists, and think of the possibilities.)

2. Subtle (There is no satisfaction comparable with preparing to lay down a shot close to the wall and then when your opponent comes up fast, instead angling the ball drop in the far corner.)

3. Exhausting (Three close twenty-one point games and even a marathon champion will gaze longingly in the direction of the shower room.)

4. Inexpensive (A thirty nine-cent ball and a pair of gloves, and you can do without the gloves.)

5. Precise (Since only the hand comes in contact with the ball, control is and must be of the nth degree. A miss of one-half inch high or low on a straight kill possibility will lead to an out, or at best to a set-up for your opponent.)

Well, enough said. I think I've convinced you sinners—so what say to a couple of short beers, we'll bowl a game or two and then home to bed before ten.

Yours sincerely

Samuel A. Gardner

Troy, New York

### IS THERE A SECOND TO THIS NOTION?

Being a subscriber of your excellent magazine since its inception I feel at liberty at this time to make a suggestion that I am sure would be appreciated (if followed by you) by many people who subscribe to your magazine.

For some time you have been featuring many Artists interesting and otherwise with reproductions of their work.

Recently I notice you have been featuring some examples of the work of Jean-Gabriel Domergue.

I would suggest that you give us a portfolio of the work of this clever artist especially one with some reproductions of his excellent nudes.

Hoping that you will favor my suggestion.

Sincerely yours,

John Victor Mackay

North Hollywood, Cal.

*Continued on page 10*

*A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses [illegible] old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., [illegible] & Baltimore*

# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### CURT RIESS: PERSONAL

I realize that you wrote *Beauty In a Bore* to make money, which proves that you are smarter than I because it costs me one cent (Ir) and a few minutes to send you this card. However I want to point out the fallacy in the reasoning of the milliner who preferred a homely bookkeeper on the theory that a good-looker might need money to keep herself attractive. Ah, such specious reasoning. A homely woman, having no natural charms with which to lure admirers, (and being homely has an inverse effect on the hunger for admiration no?), must use strategy to gain that which nature has denied her. Ergo the homely lass is more likely to embezzle her employer's funds, to lavish cash on susceptible males.

Psychometrically yours

New York N Y — TED WILBER

### RIDING HAGGARD

Absent the main observation I get from that Esquire Author's letter in the March editorial column is that the lad is suffering from a bad case of egotism. What sense boys won't do for a little notice. From the way he talked one would think his name was familiar to all Esquireans. He had a cute way of using the magazine to advertise his book.

Catawba, Penn — A S WATAC

### SWELLING TOMMY ARMOUR'S GALLERY

The Tommy Armour article in March number will do a tremendous lot of good. I wish every golfer could read it.

Years ago when I was associate editor of *Golf Illustrated* the editor asked me to write a review of Morrison's book because it was doing so much harm.

The editor gave the title to the article and called it: Some Recent Theories Mostly Wrong.

It is quite upsetting to golf students when they read the following things and then go to a championship and see nobody doing them.

Looking at the place the ball left at the finish of a full drive.

Having the palm of the left hand facing the ground in the address.

Interlocking—Gene Sarazen and Picard are about the only two who do this and Sarazen says he is very sorry he ever adopted that grip.

But worst of all, Morrison says that golf for right-handed people is a left-handed game.

Even children nowadays know that left-handed children are not compelled to do things right-handed, because it may lead to stuttering, cross-eyes and sometimes the insane asylum, so right-handed people who try to do things left-handed belong in a psychopathic ward.

Tommy Armour should follow up his article with a review of Morrison's book.

Sincerely yours—

JOHN DUNCAN DUNN

Los Angeles, Calif

### THE SCARLETT SYMBOL

Mr Patterson Murphy where were you during the second half of *Gone With The Wind*? Perhaps you were painting so hard to see why her Scarlett and Rhett ever got together that you forgot all about looking for the symbolism of the picture!

As I see it it is quite simply this

Scarlett (signifying the South) goes through a period of turmoil and upheaval during which through her own egotism and willfulness, she loses every thing she really holds dear (symbolized by her child, her friend, Melly, and her husband). Her false ideals (symbolized by her love for Ashley) are revealed in their true value. She has been beaten to her knees, but the picture ends leaving one with the feeling that Scarlett's spirit is still unbroken and that, having nothing left but her body, which remains the one useful side thing in her broken world, she will go back to Tara where she will gain the strength to face the future, perhaps rebuild some of her losses, and build a new way of life.

You can surely fill in the details of this general outline—once it has been brought to your attention. I couldn't let your criticism go unchallenged.

Salem, Oregon — M-J LAU

### FURIOUS FATHER

I have just finished a brief sojourn in a cesspool's entitled *Babies Leave Me Cold*. The redundancy appears necessary.

It is of course possible that Mr (?) Stanley Jones intends to be a humorist. In the first column of this opus the author brings of his preferential admiration of little snotty pigs. That is as it should be, as we all have a natural preference for our own kind. Mr Jones therefore should prefer swine.

Possibly your friend, Mr Jones, has the Russian view that children should be wards of the state, that parental love is as laticous as his urbanity, that—but why waste ink on an ass or cast pearls before swine? I trust Mr Jones receives enough from you to enable him to remove himself to either Russia or Germany.

I had thought that there was only one man who boasted he didn't believe in God—Hitler—I now find there are two: Hitler and Mr Stanley Jones.

At the close of his blaying Mr Jones admits (?) he is married, and also may God have mercy on his soul—a lather!

To Mr Jones and the child or children, my deepest sympathy. To Mr Jones, my very sincere contempt.

Most sincerely,

San Francisco, Calif — WM R. WEILL

P S—Yes I'm a father, thank God. A daughter 19½, and two boys 15½ and 10½.

### HOPE THE TITLE WAS ALL RIGHT

Have just finished Sherwood Anderson's *Here They Come* in the March issue. What he and the Sports editor doesn't know about the sport of harness racing would—!!

First, Page 80, there is no such thing as a free-legged, high-stepping horse. Free-legged refers to pacers without hobbles, and a smooth desirable gait for a pacer is "trappy-gaited," referring to his going—

Next Ed Greer" never existed as a good "tail-setter" It was Ed (Pop) Geers, phrase note the difference. Also the big Cashmere was in The Hambletonian; note corrected spelling. Then two more things, Cox, Palma White, Parshall and Tommy Berry are all of Walter Cox's day and not youngsters in the game as is inferred in the story. Last and most important, no small wonder his friends son needed weeping for when taken to the races. His teacher knew less than the pupil. For further proof ask my Dad for fifty years as a driver of free trotters and pacers, the oldest active owner-driver in amateur harness racing in the U S A also the Veterinarian attending to all the technical illness of these horses since before Sherwood Anderson was a gleam in his father's eye.

Yours for a little editing

LEWIS F. BOOKSWEISER, D V M

St Louis, Mo

P S Wow, I almost forgot your illustrator knows even less, according to his sketch the horse is sure going the "wrong way" in the truck, the handrail (the pole) is always on the drivers left, not on the right as in the sketch!

### THE S & F ALWAYS ANSWERS EVERYTHING

In the March issue of Esquire there appeared an article by Dana Doten titled Encounter Vers of Washington. In regard to this article I have several remarks I should like to make.

In the first place the whole article is without foundation. It is utterly ridiculous. I would like the privilege of writing an answer to this article.

I will say to you that I was in Washington, D C, for four years. During that time I was neither diplomat, Senator or Congressman, our high government aid, but I do say that I am anxiously looking forward to the time when I will be able to return to Washington as my home. There is no finer city than the national capital in this universe.

Very sincerely,

Atlanta, Ga — J. CAL COURTNEY

### DINGBATS INTO BRICKBATS

For a brief period after you introduced the dingbats (##) to us guied readers of your magazine—I was uneasy. You had me muttering. I mumbled in my graying whiskers, and even teased you a few harsh invectives under my breath.

Just why I was insufficiently impressed by so brilliant an innovation on our part is one of those old and not easily explained problems. But I am of a hard school, you see, to be convinced only after extended meditation. I finally realized, however, the utter futility of bucking progress and, after days of profound thought, capitulated to the inevitability of your magnificent brain-child in its utero and future literature.

For, who was I to cast stones at a stroke of genius so explicable to Esquire's followers—their immense cross-section (and I do mean cross) of the nation's outstanding and respected intelligentsia?

But I warn you solemnly that you have now reached the limit. In fact, you have already gone too far. Dingbat here—dingbat there, dingbat everywhere (##) in the name of those silent unorganized he-men who read your publications. I protest vehemently against this latest and really unspeakable perpetration which you pilloried curve and cross from the distinguished Aesculapian fraternity, and foisted sans phlebotis upon a slumbering theatre.

Esquire, even in safe-dingbat days was no choice medicine believe me but it use shut the eyes pinched the nostrils, and swallowed quickly, he could gulp it with maximum gagging. When, however, you suddenly force untested, individual doses pitched at random upon the bewildered patient is it any wonder that you give him severe nausea plus an ante pico in the bulging anatomy?

The underpaid self-appointed committee of one insists that it is not yet too late to make amends. How about it?

Anxiously

Philadelphia, Pa — JOSEPH KASTON

### SWEET SINGER OF MICHIGAN

I think that I shall never be
Able to pick from an Esquire tree
Will some wealthy subscriber
Take pity and see
That their canceled subscription
Is sent on to me.

Gaylord, Mich — LETITIA THATCHER

### WHAT'S ESKY DONE TO DESERVE THIS?

What a tremendous paper is Esquire! Dozens of cartoons, hundreds of pages, thousands of words! The spate of words is somewhat similar to the terrific output of advice and criticism from some American newspapers who believe in running Europe by remote control.

Some lines of Pope may have a certain application today:

"Words are like leaves; and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

There's a whole of a lot of fruit in Esquire and America—don't smother it.

London E C 3 — JOHN LANE

### DIZZYING DOTEN

Mr Dana Doten's article on Fascism in your February issue is such a subtle brew of analysis and propaganda that it is difficult to see where one ends and the other begins. Begging by excluding the United States from discussion, he tries to explain on the basis of history and philosophy, the "little man's" susceptibility to the creed of Fascism. He points out that the World War destroyed the little man's religious faith in a just God, that his problems of adjustment to the machine age require a cosmic solution, that Fascism has defined the little man in all his weakest weakest aspects, that the thinkers and leaders have to date betrayed him, that better and real gods will have to be substituted for Fascism if civilization is to be saved; and that this can be done by the concentration of our best modern thought on the problem.

The authenticity of his historical analysis may be demonstrable, but it seems to me that it is hardly new. At the time of the French Revolution the little man were much in perhaps even greater physical wretchedness than now. Their lives were more rigidly circumscribed by poverty, illiteracy and ignorance. Then the little man wanted a solution to their problems and someone gave them a creed. They rose in masses and tried to make a dream of liberty, equality, and fraternity become a living thing only to find that it was lost in a welter of blood and violence. The tragedy of losing the goal on the way must be as old as man's history. It has happened more recently in Russia, where the little man were fighting for one of the rational and idealistic solutions that Mr Doten recommends. There they made a valiant effort to think, though Mr Doten denies them both the ability and the desire to think.

If this is true, then it must be hopeless ever to expect the little man to subscribe to a rational and idealistic creed, so to make a success of one.

A further torrnsistency might exist in the statement that we should outcurse the little men, but the thinkers the geniuses, the leaders who "analytically and always have betrayed the trust of the little man. Yet he follows it immediately by a paragraph saying that it may not be too late to save the little man from disaster by returning the thinkers to power. He blames the World War on the carelessness of the thinkers, the little man's reaction the World War, and comes around again to believing that the thinkers will save the world.

In his style, I believe Mr Doten to be guilty of the very sentimentalism which he deplores, and a few grammatical errors besides.

Lincoln, Neb — (Miss) W. H. SWARZEE

Continued on page 14




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*(including white sidewall tires)*

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**SHOE SHINE, BOY?** When you're constrained to shine your own shoes, remember what we told you. What we told you is about a new and quite simplified method of doing the shining. It's an apparatus that consists of a collapsible tube of shoe cream fitted into a nickel-plated handle. On both of these is screwed a brush head with a slit rubber valve in the center. A slight turn of the key at the bottom of the tube shoots cream up to the brush with which it is spread on your shoes without muss or fuss. The tubes are replaceable and contain about enough cream for one hundred shines. In a compact, convenient kit to cart around with you and is a quick shoe shine process, either at home or abroad.

**YOU DON'T NEED BEEF**—the new gridiron game—Football-As You Like-It—calls for ingenuity and a head for tactics. Which makes it somewhat unique in the realm of parlor playthings. You've got to know your football to keep your team in the running. Very little is left to luck. You call your plays and if you call them right, and the opposition quarter doesn't outguess you, you'll move down the field. Otherwise, you'd better give up. It's a fine way to kill chill spring evenings, for the game has everything but female headleaders and a quick kick play. It's a good lesson too for Monday ayem quarterbacks.

**LIQUOR LOCKER**—for your potables—a fine, enamelled, all-steel cabinet that will hide out in your closet or similar not-in-the-way locales. It's sensibly arranged with a top shelf for two dozen liquor bottles, a lower one honeycombed to house eighteen bottles of wine. Has a strong chrome handle and lock so that your wife's brother will be forcibly restrained from entering.

**PITY THE CITY DOG.** Even his bed is being modernized. If floor-space for your hound's resting-place is limited give a look at that folding bed that's just appeared, long awaited by many an urban dog-lover. Spacious and roomy when open, it accommodates by diminishing to a width of about four inches when you want to fold it up for closet storage. Made of lightweight, natural finish three-ply wood, it's put together with all brass screws and hinges. Folds up like a card table, stands about two inches off the floor, it arrives with a mattress of heavy drill in any color you specify.

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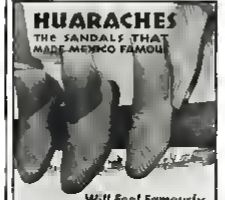

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"Isn't the telescope that flatters them, Alice! Anybody who looks *that* cool under *this* sun has found the hats I've been looking for."

*Style is only half the hat news this season!*

Before another day passes, let your own head and your Mallory dealer's mirror confirm the glad tidings.

New Mallory refinements on the old hat-making ways now permit every smart version of the Spring style swing—*in felts with barely a hint of the usual weight.* And though blissfully weightless, they'll stay good-looking longer than you'd even dream—because Mallory hats (and *only* Mallory hats) are 'Cravenette' weatherproofed.

Most styles are $5. *The Sportabout* $4. Others $7.50 and $10. At your Mallory dealer's now in the favored Spring colors.

**The Sojourway** (on left above) brings image weight comfort in a noble dimensional hat notable for the graceful up-curve of its backbrim and its expensive looking Mallory *no-welt* edge. In Midtone shades. $5

**The Travel Lite** (on right above)—a Mallory feather-felt—highlights the sweeping new zephyr lines with cord $5 or coconut in the sleek bound edge.

MALLORY

FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### WE LEAVE THIS ONE TO THE PEOPLE, YES?

Ah, at last I can find something in your very excellent magazine about which I can so vehemently complain I can consider myself in that class where your subscription-contributors are when they rave they will stop their subscriptions if you dare to do something or other (Do

you remember the irate reader of all irate readers who threatened not only to cancel his subscription but to withdraw his $5,000 (?) a year business from the sources who recommended Esquire to him? That was several years ago and I sure would like to see his name in print so I could see how much he spends as much as he said he did in one store!)

But I am mad. I wouldn't write at all, but I am afraid you may fall into a habit—if you didn't intend to, my apologies But (again) please stop putting plain advertising gags and punches in a heavy black frame in the center of your pages. I know they are merely to sell more magazines—you admit that is your aim—but I don't want the rest of my Esquires cluttered up with them! After all, we readers are not forsaking you, and we don't want to be continually reminded we should buy the next copy! At least I don't

This reason is only secondary, though. You know as well as I do that it is customary in printing magazines and papers to reserve those heavy black frames for only extremely important items like deaths, dividends, changes in policy, or refusals to pay any more of wife's debts, and on every page where you stuck them they drew my eye and I practically held my breath, only to find the notices said the next issue was going to be good. And, aren't they all? I hope these frames won't be permanent in your policy

Very truly yours,

Canton Ohio L. C. ALEXANDER, JR.

### THE ANNUAL NATHAN VIVISECTION SESSION

May I use your department to say a few words to and about your critic Mr G J Nathan? Out of the hundreds who have perhaps done it and the myriads who have wanted to, I think I deserve my turn

Although you, Mr Nathan, awkwardly quit Maxwell Anderson over the same pale embers in an effort to administer the critical hotfoot you are—in person—the perfect picture of a man watching himself write. Long have I considered the playwright a projection of himself as his talents into his vehicle, and long and ardently have you squeezed Mr Nathan into every criticism of your contemporaries. It may be an open question whether the real art of the drama, and hence, the point of critical attack, lies in the writing, the presentation, or both. If it lies in the presentation, box-office results will obviate the necessity of a paid critic, but if it lies in the writing, be consistent enough, Mr Nathan, to realize that the playwright's art and your own are exactly the same and criticism that will apply to him will also boomerang. If Mr Anderson's metrical lines are too much, Mr Anderson, Mr Nathan's repetitious bombast is entirely too much, Mr Nathan, and if you want to know what I mean, submit one of your Esquire articles to Reader's Digest for condensation. When they get all of the meat out of it they would use it, if at all, as a footnote and apologize for the length. Some people call it stylism. I call it wrist-writing, with its only possible raison d'être the probability that you are being paid by the word

I talked once with a professor in a College for Girls. He said he occasionally had some bad nights when he lay awake trying to correctly gauge his intrinsic importance in the Scheme of Things. Are you ever bothered in that respect, Mr Nathan? Is that why you constantly champion, if only by inference, the status of the critic? Of course I, as a salesman, am apt to feel that salesmanship is the most important cog in the wheel of Industry. But if I constantly impressed that fact on my customers instead of selling my bill of goods, soon some other salesman would replace me as the Cog

Did you ever kneel down in the privacy of your own psyche, and ask yourself why the drama critic was widely enough read to rate space in a national magazine? And did the answer come to you that it was probably because you were painting for your readers a world they secretly wished to inhabit? The splendor of tinsel and the glamour of lights? And that their perversity was such that they gloried in your nerve in openly giving such a wonderful world a slap in the puss? And letting them in on it for fifty cents? And did an impish little voice ever tell you that people go to the movies for the same vicarious pleasure and you awoke in a rage at finding yourself in the same category with that most hateful of all mediums of amusement the Bingo-lums?

The original modern drama critic was the local editor who felt it his duty to tell the town natives that the play showing at the Odeon or the Gem was not fit for the eyes and ears of little Beulah. If that be your basic purpose, Mr Nathan, I suggest you put the facts on a sandwich board and parade before the theatres. It'd be much more effective if you could find a way to make it pay

Respectfully,

Jackson, Miss. A. A. HUFFSTUTTLER

### ON KEEPING ONE'S CHIN BACK—OR OUT

In the March issue of Esquire there appeared an article entitled *All Is Not Golf That Glitters* by Tommy Armour, exposing the Roll Your Feet and Keep Your Chin Back Gospel heralded by the Malignant Alex Morrison

I happened to read the article authored by Mr Rice and at the time was befuddled to a certain degree as Mr Rice referred to Mr Armour as quoting that the Malignant Alex was a tool of professionals. Being a professional myself and respecting very

highly Mr Armour's golfing ability both as a tournament player and instructor, lessened that estimation to no small degree on reading Mr Rice's above mentioned quotation

I am very much pleased, however, that Mr Armour used the columns of Esquire to clarify the situation which has baffled not only myself but numerous professionals thus replacing himself in the category of normally sane individuals

Any sound golf teaching professional will admit that the Roll Your Feet and Keep Your Chin Back Hole Writ as Mr Armour calls it, is the greatest drawback to any one trying to learn the fundamentals of the game of golf

I recall several years ago the Malignant Alex wrote a book and after the golfing public began rolling their feet, etc., the instruction department of the golf professional's were picked up tremendously. I for one hope Alex writes another book

At this time I take the liberty to express my congratulations to Mr Armour and the editors of Esquire for their fine work

Yours truly,

Springfield, Ill JOHNNY TAKACH

### WANT-AD FOR A SECOND HAND TUX

Tsk! Tsk! In regard to Dana Doten's article in the March issue of Esquire concerning Washington, *The City It Ain't Quite*, my, my, how sour he just too good at the nation's capital?

Well in a way you can't blame Mr Doten. I can just picture him stuck at his desk some-

place behind a filing cabinet, covered with an inch of dust. No doubt the janitress mistook him for a discarded dictaphone and hasn't bothered to clean him off for the last fifteen years. The government isn't forcing you to stay there Mr Doten. Why don't you come out of your cocoon and try your wings? Sometimes worms turn into butterflies

And concerning living quarters, I certainly would move out of a stable that would put me in such a morbid, dull-gray state of mind. I am very happy with the place whereas I have established myself, and I am hard to please

I knew only one young lawyer when I came to this city and through him I have met a number of young married couples, some government employees, some lawyers, and quite a few newspapermen. Most of them have cozy little apartments—some live in their own homes, just as the average young Mr and Mrs in the average city in any state in the Union

As far as the street cars are concerned—thank heaven they are fresh green and not dissipated orange. Of course they ding-dong around the circles whereas in most cities they dong-ding around the block, which makes a big difference.

Perhaps I should explain my station in life. I am a government secretary. I like my job and I'm having a good time and I'm certainly not pining away for a transfer from Washington. I haven't seen the dives here but I never frequent such sections anyway. I understand they have them in New York and San Francisco too, but that is only hearsay

And that one-half hour lunch period! How I should love to make a sketch of our conscientious Mr Doten with his head buried like an ostrich in his 25c special luncheon trying to gobble it down in exactly twenty-eight minutes (two minutes to get back to the office). I can hardly keep from smiling! But lacking the smock and beret variety of artistic talent I find myself armed to the teeth with pen and ink dribbling a few sadly ineffective words across this sheet of paper. How I wish I were gifted with some spark of literary genius—wouldn't I like ried reader write a stay rebuke contradicting Mr D's article? What a time an only little letter ever reaches the *Sound and the Fury* I'll buy myself a second hand tuxedo and pretend I'm a newspaper-columnist.

The only complaint that I have so far is that I fell from a horse last Thursday (Washington's birthday) in one of our lovely parks. He was a Washington horse too, but nevertheless I do not hold that against him. I generously accept the blame (and consequences) for my inadequate riding knowledge. I could try to blame the park but that would be too far-fetched

By the way, Mr D, have you ever taken off your dark glasses to really look at the cherry blossoms? I'll bet they stank even then. And if you want to vote why don't you move to Vermont or Oregon or Pennsylvania, or any old place, and just vote your fool head off. It's more fun than anything

As a parting word—so you have to be a Senator to enjoy Washington? Well—you'd probably like to live in the White House too, but you're not the President. Nee-yah!

Contradictorily yours,

BETTY WHITELEATHER

Washington, D C

### NEW ENGLAND COMES BACK WITH A BANG

In your article *Cops Are Lousy Marksmen* in the February number of Esquire, which I heartily agree with for the most part, you say most police are lousy shots, most police officials don't do anything about it, and that the average citizen doesn't know or care that this situation exists

You make a few exceptions, including Los Angeles and Detroit, but why leave us out?

I am enclosing a few copies of the literature of the New England Police Revolver League. I hope your interest will be aroused, because our whole reason for existing is to combat the very situation you have pointed out. Notice that the heading of

our paper, "Cartridges cost less than Pensions" is price rule with a sub-heading of your article, and we have been using it for over seven years

The New England Police Revolver League numbers over one hundred and twenty-five police departments from northern Maine to southern Connecticut among its membership

Our qualification course is set up on a reduction of the regular fifty yard target for indoor use at fifteen or twenty-five yards, and is slightly stiffer than the regular army course, but over 4500 police officers of New England have qualified over it and are entitled to wear the qualification bar in one of the three regular classes.

We have three series of Postal matches each winter season which are fired in by between one hundred and fifty and two hundred police teams each year, and if a police officer fires no other shots he will have shot three hundred and sixty rounds by the end of the season

We hold at least one outdoor shoulder to shoulder match each summer which is attended by police officers from all over New England, and usually comprises two full days of matches for medals and merchandise that is donated by business firms and private citizens in this territory

This League was organized by the citizens you say don't care about conditions. Most of the actual work of running the organization and keeping the matches going is done by either civilians or retired police officials who consider this work a worthy continuance of their public service

We try through publicity and personal appeals, to back police officials who need our help in attempts to get appropriations for ranges, guns, ammunition, and through our efforts many police departments are now shooting regularly on adequate ranges who had not fired a revolver in years

So Mr Journey, an organization which you entirely overlooked in your article has been working for over seven years throughout the whole of New England, doing just the lines concerning which you say nothing has been done, and thousands of citizens of the cities and towns of New England walk the streets more safely because of that work

We think it is about time you knew about it

Sincerely yours,

Boston Mass. CHARLES T. HAVEY
Revolver Instructor, Cohasset Police Dept., Secretary Instructors Group N.E.P.R.L.

Continued on page 20



# WHEN MONEY DOESN'T COUNT...

*For $10,000 you may own this exquisite ... in 1810, it is now offered for sale by Hammer Galleries, Inc. Here is an example of the great art treasures which may be yours, if money doesn't count.*

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While you don't have to have the wealth of an emperor to enjoy it, Lord Calvert is the costliest whiskey blended in America. Here is a whiskey to yield the utmost in bouquet, flavor, and smoothness—the ultimate artistry of Calvert's Master Blenders. The great pride of the host who serves it and the rare enjoyment of the one who tastes it, commend it to you—*if money doesn't count.*

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. . . a man comes into his own. New gay colors, brighter bolder patterns. A chance to really put some life and zip into your suits. But regardless of the pattern, the cloth or the color . . . remember! For perfect appearance and individual styling you'll want a suit that's . . .
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Simpson offers you individually tailored, made-to-measure suits at prices within the easy reach of every man. A Simpson representative will be glad to call with a complete line of the latest in summer fabrics and fashions.
Write Dept. E-5 for interesting, Illustrated Digest of Spring and Summer Fashions and Fabrics
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Oh for a Bass BARGAINGRAM!
Send today for this seductive (illustrated) catalog of Still Cameras and accessories. Also separate Movie catalog. State preference.
Bass CAMERA CO.

Don't PULL HAIR FROM NOSE!
May cause fatal infection
use KLIPETTE
NEW INVENTION
Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back
HOLLIS CO.

**WHAT'S IN A NAME?** We encountered a handsome, practical table the other day and its name turns out to be Tilt Top Tillie. Obviously no name for anything practical, or otherwise. And Tillie does a lot of things. Holds your book up for you so you can read comfortably in bed, or anywhere else. If you have a considerable stint of writing to do, Tillie makes it possible for you to do it in bed, or in your favorite armchair. You can type on it, sketch on it or use it for an end table. Its height is adjustable and can be used from either side of bed or chair. Tillie comes with a top of lacquered walnut or mahogany and has a steel frame. Tillie is a stout girl.

**COME SPRING . . .** come white shoes and also comes a new sort of white shoe polish to put a lifted face on last summer's pair of buckskins. This soap works extremely fast and whitens up any kind of once-upon-a-time white footwear. You'll find that it penetrates, keeps the leather soft and pliable, prevents breaking and cracking. White shoes, like the girl you take home to mother, shouldn't have that painted look. This soap nicely takes care of that. P.S. And it won't rub off.

**DICTATORS.** Up Boston way, a game called "Dictator" recently devised by an M. I. T. engineer is giving local burghers the vicarious pleasure of beating Mr. Hitler at his own game. It's an affair of diplomacy and strategy, and as you may have guessed from the title, the idea is to become dictator before your opponents beat you to it. This is accomplished by manoeuvering battleships, planes, propaganda systems and nice, crisp million dollar bills, all supplied by the house. When you've taken the Ukraine-wheat, Manchukuo-iron and Dutch East Indies-oil, you're it.

**OUTDOOR LIFE** If you or the good wife are in the process of wondering what to do about summer furniture, here are a few good reasons why—a cocktail cart in the new frosted finish rattan, built along the sweeping curved lines that seem to be big things in outdoor equipment this year—has plenty of serving surface and room for drinking equipment, is liquor and warp-proof . . . an impressive and practical double chaise-lounge of the finest of rattan, made so that you can sleep while the good wife (same as above) reads the latest novel—has a center umbrella, two revolving and movable arm tables, non-spill receptacles for glasses . . . new version of the deck chair, adjustable to various angles of inclination by means of arm rests—made of highly polished hard wood, it's a fine thing because you don't have to get up to adjust it . . . another snoozer of the same ilk is the siesta-chair—sliding the body backward and forward until the right degree of inclination is reached accomplishes the necessary adjustment—made of fine rattan, finish is stain-proof varnish. This and pieces above are all covered in colorful bright fabrics and there's a wide variety to choose from for all of them.

*Ranger*

*For answers to all queries send self addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.*

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# Goodrich Presents

## The Smartest Thing on Wheels

### Custom-Built Appearance Custom-Built Service . . .

Here is the most distinguished tire ever to carry the Silvertown name.

Engineering-wise it inherits all the knowledge gained by the oldest tire builder in America. Here are more than generous amounts of rubber and cord . . . for the thousands of additional miles this tire is meant to give.

It helps carry you . . . light as air itself . . . over uneven roads. You'll make the delightful discovery that its cushioned comfort is literally like having extra wheelbase added to your car.

Whether your plans include keeping your present car or getting a new one soon we suggest getting in touch now with your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store about a change over. Goodrich Patrician Silvertowns are an investment you'll be happy about for a long time to come.

*Quiet as a kitten on a velvet rug . . .*

The new type all-rib tread pattern of the new Patrician Silvertown gives you a "hushed" ride on all types of road surfaces. It operates quietly . . . on city streets or country highways . . . quiet as a kitten on a velvet rug.

*Reversable sidewalls*

One sidewall of this new Goodrich Patrician Silvertown is white . . . the other one black . . . and you can show either to the world! When the white sidewalls become too badly curb-marked, the tires may be reversed . . . with gleaming black sidewalls to again enhance the "under the fender" appearance of your car.

Katherine Lipton Fortune

H. B. Wood

Julia A. H. R.

R. Wurtzoff

# Last Call—for roses that last

## Right now is this year's last chance to order and plant these beautiful Willowbrook Standard Tree Roses

You still have time to "glorify your garden or make a garden of your lawn" beginning this year and continuing for years to come this easy economical new way, with Willowbrook Standard (Tree) Roses. But you will have to act quickly, because these rose trees should be planted in late April or early May (the latter in the case of the North Central states) to begin enjoying their generous yield of fragrant blooms with the month of June.

Planting is a simple matter as the trees reach you trimmed, ready to plant, and individually moss-wrapped with their own proper soil required soil carefully packed about their roots with a guaranteed-instruction tag bearing simple, easy directions for the relatively little care they require.

Each tree has three grafts, making a perfect round crown of roses. Each will bear from 40 to 60 beautiful roses, this summer and every summer for 10 or 12 years to come.

Unlike the Standard Tree Roses which have hitherto been in use in America, Willowbrook Standard Tree Roses do not require removal and storage in greenhouse frames for the cold months of the year. Once they have been planted they may stand in their place for years on end. (Ten to twelve years is their average life expectancy if our directions are followed.) That means "you shall have roses" dozens this summer and every summer for years to come, for as little as 50¢ per season!

Willowbrook Standard Tree Roses come in the four varieties shown at the left. They also come in four sizes, ranging from three to six feet tall. Be sure to specify both size and color in ordering.

| | |
|---|---|
| 3 foot trees | $4.00 each |
| 4 foot trees | 5.00 each |
| 5 foot trees | 6.00 each |
| 6 foot trees | 8.00 each |

Orders for six trees or more enjoy a 10% discount. All orders must be accompanied by check or money order.

IMPORTANT NOTE: It is possible that by the time this advertisement appears we may no longer be able to supply all four varieties in all four sizes. So please give a second color choice in whatever size tree you order.

*Address all correspondence and orders to the personal attention of Walter Dawske, in care of*

**WILLOWBROOK NURSERIES—GOLF, ILLINOIS**

SHETLAND HUNTING TWEEDS, [illegible] and hand woven [illegible] Shetland Tweeds are among the finest materials for Odd Jackets. At Brooks you will find Shetland Jackets in a choice of many different patterns, $52 to $58. Other jackets in other materials are $40 to $48.

COLLAR ATTACHED SHIRTS are illustrated with three of Brooks famous collar styles [illegible] button-down (left); Golf round cornered (middle) and Tennis pointed and [illegible] (right). In Cheviot from Scotland (Pink, Tennis or Golf in plain colors, $5—[illegible] and Golf only in striped patterns $6). In dress Cheviot (pink, blue or white [illegible] $4). Golf and Tennis also made in broadcloth (English $3.[illegible] Dress in cotton $4).

## COUNTRY CLOTHES

Country Clothes have always been a specialty at Brooks Brothers. We have probably introduced more new styles and materials in this field than any other American store of our kind. Today, with more and more people living out of town [illegible] and *everybody* participating in some kind of sporting activity [illegible] our assortment of Country Clothes is greater than ever. Jackets, Shirts, Neckties, Hats and Shoes such as those illustrated are just a few suggestions.

*Are Knickerbockers coming back? At Brooks they have really never "gone out." For Spring and Fall country use in certain climates many of our customers have continued to find them just as indispensable as Odd Trousers in flannels or other materials. Knickerbockers in imported Tweeds and Shetlands in excellent patterns and colors. And Stockings from Scotland.*

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

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[illegible] applied [illegible] Hat [illegible] the material [illegible] High conical crown with sweeping brim [illegible] at the back. Narrow hand tied silk band. Many [illegible] choice [illegible] with brown band $8. (Game feathers are 50¢ to $2.50 each.)

COUNTRY SHOES [illegible] this moccasin type [illegible] Hot rail [illegible] of hide. Tip grain cowhide, with four brass eyelets and sturdy tan or yellow laces, $14.

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# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

### EX LIBRIS

Sportsmen and men of letters seem to have one thing in common—pride of possession. The connoisseur puts a collar on his dog and a bookplate in his books, as the best insurance against loss.

Bookplates, or as they are known to the rognoscenti, "Ex Libris," have been used since the fourteenth century, when Albrecht Durer was among the earliest known designers of these miniature works of art. In the days of knights and nobles, when many people could not read, the coat-of-arms was the symbol of individual ownership. Later these arms printed on a slip of paper bearing the words "ex libris"—from the library of—and usually the name as well, would be pasted into the inside cover of that most prized possession—a book. These examples of the engraver's art, small as they were, were not despised by many of the greatest artists of each period. They were the very essence of design, embodying as they did in later times, the tastes and interests of the owner, condensed as though through a reducing glass to a balanced and beautiful emblem of ownership. Through them can be traced the history of design and the tastes of changing eras—recognized and valued by the greatest collectors, and identifying and enhancing the works of famous libraries.

Although books have now become a good deal less rare, bookplates seem to be no less highly prized. Due to the growing interest in bookplates in recent years there have been some important shows. The current one at Bitter and Loud, 209 East 72nd Street, is devoted to the work of Dorothy Sturgis Harding, one of the half dozen leading bookplate designers of this country. As Rockwell Kent puts it in an article he wrote for the 1937 Year Book of the American Society of Bookplate Collectors and Designers, "No wonder we want books. Now having them, that we identify ourselves with them by yielding to the embrace of their covers that epitome of ourselves which is—or should be—our bookplate. Of designers of bookplates there should be as many as there are people to be understood. There are not nearly so many. There are very few who bring to their work such fine design and craftsmanship as distinguishes everything that Mrs. Harding does. A bookplate should be beautifully made: hers are."

Her method of approach is a carefully studied one. Once a client makes up his mind that he likes her work, and orders a plate, she will make any number of sketches and go to seemingly endless pains to create for him a design which will be solely his own, expressing his tastes and interests, and incorporated in the cartouche, frame, or entablature a style which is suited to him. She will find out first, for instance, whether he wants a purely armorial one, or if he prefers to incorporate his arms in part of the decoration with other features of significance added. Some want a pictorial plate, showing house or garden,—stylized to comply with requirements of fine book decoration—or perhaps simply a handsome piece of decorative composition. These decorative compositions may have, inconspicuous to the casual observer, emblems of significance, to those who know the owner. Such abstruse subjects as economics may be represented by scales with the signs of capital and labor in the balance. In the plate designed for Mrs. Roosevelt she couldn't cope with the First Lady's innumerable interests, but used her coat-of-arms in a purely decorative frame, with the American eagle only of personal significance. She seems to have a new thought for everyone, and from her long experience a certain understanding of their requirements.

A member of the American Society of Bookplate Collectors and Designers, her prints have been twice featured in their Year Book, last year with the appreciative text by Rockwell Kent from which excerpts were quoted above. She has specialized in this work for over twenty-five years and made more than ninety-five bookplates for distinguished people both in this country and in England. Her clients include Sir Wilfrid Grenfell, Professor William Roscoe Thayer late of Harvard, St. Paul's School, Dr. Smith Petersen, Boston surgeon, George Lindsley Burr, New York banker, Charles

*Continued on page D*

# THROUGH THE CLOUDS

Penetrating the clouds of confusion which enshroud even the trivial, the World-Telegram offers New York a vivid, clear-cut chronicle of the international day. News the day it breaks—World-Telegrammed—skillfully reported, clarified and condensed. ★Here is a newspaper whose pride is a quick, candid, interesting resumé of the basic issues—a newspaper purposely patterned for the million alert, open-minded adults in over 400,000 of the City's "best families"... people whose high I. Q. appreciates the keen reporting and able interpretation of its every-evening favorite: The World-Telegram.

New York World-Telegram
BY-OF-AND-FOR NEW YORKERS
A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER

## THE HOOF IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE

WHO SAID cows were "dumb" animals? We think they're pretty smart. Why, just think, a brown cow eats green grass and gives white milk that makes yellow butter! How is that for black magic? But cows have to be even smarter than that to perform for Borden's customers. The milk they so magically produce must be absolutely pure and extra creamy and rich before we'll let it be labeled "Borden's Golden Crest." That's where we help Elsie perform her trick . . . with regular health inspections, with supervised diet, with the very strictest cleanliness in milking, transportation, pasteurizing and bottling. A good performance in milk magic? Millions have been saying so for 83 years. Why not give us a chance to show you how extra creamy and extra rich milk can really be? Borden's Farm Products.

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TAILORS AND BREECHES MAKERS
888 FIFTH AVENUE—53rd ST.—NEW YORK


# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

*Continued from page B*

Coolidge, architect of the Fogg Museum at Harvard. Godfrey Lowell Cabot of Boston, Ellis Ames Ballard of Philadelphia who owned one of the most famous Kipling collections in this country and for which Mrs. Harding designed a special plate. Many of her prints are in the permanent collections of the British and Metropolitan Museums as well as in private collections in this country and abroad. At the moment she is at work on a plate for "Jack" of 21, incorporating his iron gate, his western saddles, and a general atmosphere of geniality. She is the daughter of R. Clipston Sturgis, Boston architect and an ex-President of the American Institute of Architects and lives and does most of her work on a farm in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Her show is something that book lovers should not miss.

### A WORD IN PRAISE OF LOCAL STREAMS

What with the trout season opening up in New York State last week, there's been a good deal of talk about the condition of local streams. Opinion seemed pretty well divided. There was talk of overfishing streams fished out, not like the good old days, and so on. Others claim modern stocking practices have greatly bettered conditions and trout fishermen should be properly grateful. We had a word with some authorities who know the answers, just to settle the question for ourselves but the answers seemed worth a word of print. Appears that the optimistic group was right. Very much so.

There are more trout to be caught today, we're informed, within a hundred miles of New York than there were fifty years ago. Trout fishing is on the up, and is no more a lost art in this part of the world than political oratory. Many of the men, it seems, who gave up fishing years ago when trout began to disappear glumingly aren't aware of the widespread stocking activity that's gone on in the last few years, that has added so many adult fish to public streams.

The hatchery breed of trout in re-stocked streams shouldn't be looked down on by a long shot. It's a better fish to catch and has it over his native ancestors on several counts.

First and foremost, the indigenous trout was never an abundant species. His natural enemies killed him off by the millions in early life, and only a lucky member of the tribe grew to be a sizeable catch. He wasn't a particularly hardy specimen—water had to be under seventy degrees or his life was a short one. Diseases that come from settlement of surrounding country took their toll. The hatchery type are huskier, this being due to selective breeding and a developed immunity to the run-of-the-mill fish diseases.

Brown trout and rainbow, we're told, are now found in many of our local streams. Both burgeon in water up to eighty degrees, reach larger sizes than the native stud, while they have a caution and cleverness of their own, they take to the fly and fight well.

Millions of this hatchery breed are released each season. Most of them are old enough and large enough to be caught during the season in which they're released. So get down your rod and dust her off. This is one time when the grass isn't greener on the other side of the fence. Our local streams are doing nicely, thank you.

### SPOTLIGHT—HOME MODEL

There's a new instrument on the market that should come in very handy when Junior begins to have tonsil trouble or when you're in the mood for a nice, private investigation of your own molar deficiencies. The instrument is a throat-light with a "neck" of DuPont's remarkable lucite. Because of lucite's unusual properties—it transmits cold light from a flashlight bulb and battery through a curved path and out the instrument's end—it clearly spotlights the throat and mouth and makes a thorough investigation quite simple. Because the lucite part is curved it also serves as a tongue depressor. Handle is of black plastic, both battery and bulb are easily replaceable.

*Ranger*

# Most of these Old Inns are gone, but their Choice Whiskey lives on

Famed in history and story are these Old Pennsylvania inns, and famous, too, is the fine whiskey that was served there.

It bore the name of Old Overholt, and even 130 years ago its rich, full bodied flavor was known from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh Landing.

A great whiskey then, it is a great whiskey now—the most popular of all U. S. bottled in bond ryes.

With a good repute that dates back to 1810, Old Overholt today is most reasonably priced, too, for a whiskey of such outstanding excellence and sterling character.

THE HOTEL INDIAN QUEEN
*was the Philadelphia headquarters of such illustrious patriots as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams and Robert Morris*

*A copy of this etching (11 x 14 inches) and free others of old Pennsylvania inns will be mailed for a limited time on receipt of 10 cents (coin or stamps). Address National Distillers Products Corporation, Department L, P. O. Box 17, Wall Street Station, New York, N. Y.*

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# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

### SWING AND MR HOAGLAND

There are rumbles of revolt in Tin Pan Alley. Musical reactionaries are evidently getting the upper hand and that thing called Swing seems to be in for a beating. Not in a considerable while have there been any riot calls at the Paramount Theatre where the jitterbugs used to pile up in the aisle for a holy roller demonstration favoring their favorite hot-jockster. The waltz is gradually heading back to its former popularity and there seems to be a belated retrogression to the old-fashioned song.

An unusually polished illustration of this sudden trend—one that has the swingsters considerably confused—is the situation at the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria where a young Californian has donned the robes that were once the personal property of Benny Goodman. His name is Everett Hoagland and he has firmly established himself in this, one of the nation's top orchestral spots, with a new and lilting kind of tempo.

Hoagland can best be described as a musical opportunist with a fine knack for musical prophecy. A few years ago his music jumped in the best jitterbug manner. He had a "hot" band and his music sizzled like Mott Street in July. Then he sat down one day, figured the whole thing out. He reached the dangerous conclusion that the biggest fact to be faced was the old one—that to the ordinary individual all swing music is pretty much alike whether conveyed to the ear by the clarinet of Goodman, the trombone of Dorsey or the tympans of Krupa. And that is why, at a time when the swing vortex had caught most of the orchestras in the country, Hoagland decided he'd wait out its passing and resume in the band business when music returned to normalcy. He felt that in order to be different than any of the other bands playing their way through the camino real that joins the country's ballrooms, he had to forsake swing.

Over a year ago, he came east with Tony Martin as his musical director. He felt the above mentioned "swing away from swing" in the musical atmosphere and promptly returned to Los Angeles. He gathered together as many of his former musicians as he could find, junked all his swing arrangements, and dressed his orchestra in a new guise. Finally, this summer, his present group for which he had waited nearly five years, became a reality. He was now a specialist in "music designed for dancing."

Some people have said that Hoagland was just a lucky guy blessed with the "breaks." On the surface it seems that way for, only a few months ago, he was breaking in his twelve piece orchestra at Jenkinson's Pavilion in Point Pleasant, New Jersey. Then followed an engagement at the Cleveland Hotel where, on one of his numerous Mutual broadcasts, he was heard by Lucius Boomer, first lord of the Waldorf. Looking for a successor to Goodman at the Empire Room, Boomer instantly flew to Cleveland and signed the band, just like that.

In back of this surprising rise, however, is the usual story of hard and conscientious work, of a man who has seriously studied music all his life and who refused to become an orchestra leader until he felt that he had fitted himself for the job. One of the outstanding reasons for his present success is a thorough knowledge of the black magic of arranging, a talent that earned for him the title of head of the music department at RKO when he was only twenty-three. His music, which is soft and compelling, frequently calls upon subtle swing interpolations that give an unusual combination resembling both Goodman's infectious rhythm and Lombardo's ingenious melody. His arrangements utilize the ultimate degree of rhythm without once distorting the melody that the composer created.

The young maestro began his musical training at the age of six, studying in succession a variety of instruments which, if he could play them all at once, would enable him to cut down on a piano player: violinist, trumpeter, saxophonist and clarinetist. He refuses to play any instrument with his orchestra, however believing that the musician who has spent his entire career concentrating on one instrument is the better performer.

When he was sixteen, Hoagland was already a member of the Musicians Union, his entry in this all-important body following some years of work as one of Hollywood's youngest extras. After several years as a studio musician, his talents at creating arrangements to be played as backgrounds for ten

*Continued on page 11*


FOLLOW THROUGH WITH
RUPPERT

The Ruppert fleet now on sale everywhere is brewed according to the "Old Knickerbocker" formula that made the name Ruppert famous —— Have you tried it?

● Perhaps no other beer has the same happy way of fitting so many occasions, so many tastes, as Ruppert "Old Knickerbocker." That's because it's the "happy combination" of age, flavor and lightness all in perfect balance.

After a round of golf, follow through with a foaming glass of Ruppert "Old Knickerbocker." Add to the enjoyment of your meal with this light and mellow brew. Keep a good supply of "Old Knickerbocker" in the icebox, always ready to refresh and satisfy!

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RUPPERT "Old Knickerbocker"
YOU COULDN'T ASK FOR BETTER BEER

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

*Continued from page F*

der love scenes won him a coveted Oscar" from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for his skillful handling of the scoring of 'Masquerade,' a Fox picture.

His activities with the music-sheet and pencil led to a position as musical director at Warner Brothers where he made about forty-two pictures including 'Forty-Second Street," "Gold Diggers" and 'Footlight Parade." Curious about the musical tastes of the country, Hoagland, who was born in Colorado Springs and moved to Los Angeles when a child, organized a band and toured the Publix circuit.

Returning to the coast and the brothers Warners, he became musical boss of their radio station KFWB, in which position he plucked out of the hordes who besieged him for a break, a little known chap with a wart on his larynx named Bing Crosby, a deep-voiced singer with a light personality called Phil Harris and a trio of sisters named Boswell. He payed the latter the sum of $75 weekly—for all three.

However, it is an old axiom in axiomatic Tin Pan Alley that once a man leads a band he will want to lead another until he hears Gabriel's own particular type of melody. While still continuing at KFWB, Hoagland again picked up his baton, gathered together a few sturdy-lunged, firm-fingered musicians and began swinging in earnest. The first engagement of the new band, which pioneered swing on the West Coast was at Balboa Beach, a resort near Los Angeles which enthusiastically greeted the new type of rhythm he presented—and this was before Benny Goodman made his debut at the Palomar in 1935. In fact, he feels that he helped pave the way for Goodman's sensational debut for the California youngsters became attuned to swing music at Balboa where Hoagland remained for a number of years.

A unique feature in the Hoagland ensemble is the absence of a female vocalist. He steadfastly refuses to hire a girl singer, not due, however, to any woman-hating proclivities. He's convinced that every girl vocalist he's ever met has one eye cocked at the microphone and another, figuratively speaking, aimed in the general direction of Hollywood. Girl singers don't as a rule remain with an orchestra long if they are as beautiful or as talented as he'd like his vocalist to be.

He is married to the former Loma Burton Laughlin, a Fort Worth, Texas Junior Leaguer, whose family owns the Humble Oil Company, one of Standard Oil's largest properties. Amon Carter, the Fort Worth tycoon, is his brother-in-law and Ben Allen Ames, the famous Oklahoma attorney, is another. The Hoaglands have been married a year and a half and despite the recently advanced theory of a group of psychiatrists that bandleaders make bad husbands, they are extremely happy. Mrs. Hoagland has even given up reading the Junior League bulletins for *Variety*, a disturbing fact to her friends since before her marriage she was interested solely in serious music. She has made her family and the Fort Worth Junior League jazz-conscious. Which is, you'll admit, quite an accomplishment in its own right.

### GIFT DEPARTMENT
### VERY FEMININE DIVISION

If you have a belle mademoiselle in your life who goes in for the definitely feminine aspect of things, you might present her at some really auspicious moment with some of those sachets-in-new-get-ups that have been recently appearing in female shops. The get-ups are uncommonly attractive and what a sachet can do for a musty bedroom or closet. For instance, there's a cocktail tray containing six sachets with silk cords, to hang in linen and clothes closets. The tray has many after uses, holds six glasses. There's a cornucopia made of a marble-like composition that holds four of them, a small bottle of perfume and a sachet pillow. Six pillows and two sachets are housed in a metal garden basket and a straw sailor hat holds perfume and one sachet. There are also sachet hangers that come in many colors and luxuriously dress up a feminine closet. The variety is great and take it from us, they all smell wonderful.

# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

### THE DUKE IS BACK AGAIN

If you're weary of knotting your cravats in the same old way and want a change of pace in the region of your Adam's apple, take a good look at the accompanying diagrams. They're a blow by blow picturization of the new tie-tying method that threatens to become epidemic in these parts. And the handsome gentleman adjoining box 7 is the source of it all—Edward, Duke of Windsor.

The story of the 'Windsor Knot,' as it's been christened, really goes back to the days immediately following the war. It was then that the small opening tab and short pointed collar became popular in this country. In at the same time came the companion of necessity to these collars, the small, snug knot. Until recent years, these held the up-stage position in the neckwear region. Lately, however, there's been a general unloosening—

Country shirts went comfortable and looser. And then came the widespread collar for business and country wear. And, of course, button down collars have long been popular with university men. The knot we were all used to didn't fit the change, couldn't fill the gap. Into the picture came Windsor, with a high batting average in changing men's dress habits. He'd already introduced snap brim hats, plaid sport jackets, reverse calf shoes. And his knot, because it's down right practical, is having similar success. Ever since young Doug Fairbanks brought it over from abroad, it's taken firm hold.

While the tying procedure as herein illustrated may seem complicated at first look, after a few times, you'll find it becomes as automatic as knotting a well-grooved shoe lace. If you have a batch of wide-spreads in your domestic haberdashery department, the results should justify initial hit-and-miss efforts. The Windsor knotted tie is altogether smart, distinguished and authentic.

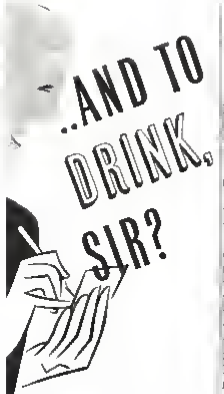
### YES, NO FINGERPRINTS

If the keeper of the house is troubled with the problem of soiled fingers on lamp shades, you might politely inform her that glass fabric shades will quietly relieve all pain. The fabric, which is indestructible, comes in a variety of interesting patterns and like the traditional Irish linen damask, they're designed in good taste. No cigarette burn can harm them, no liquor or fruit juice can stain them, no stormy weather can shrink them. All the care they need when dusty is a "dunking" in a tub of soap suds to restore them to their original gleaming appearance. And her own original designs and ideas can be reproduced in color on the fabric. The combination certainly ought to please her.

### IT TOILS WHILE IT SPINS

The underlying and questionable principle of the new "Roto-Costumer" is that anything that rotates helps to make living that much simpler. However, with this garment holder, a touch of the finger and the Roto-Costumer revolves, and practically hands you your hat and coat. It's an appliance that looks like the top of a coat tree, but has no base and is fastened right on to the wall or the door. There are four arms that look like inverted canes, on top of which can be placed one's hat, while the coat is slipped on to the bottom hook. The holder rotates easily, takes up little space and is fine for the guest closet. It is made entirely of chromium-plated steel in a modernistic design, has four large double hooks. If fastened to the door, it leaves the floor clear of obstruction.

*Ranger*




AN 'ENGLISH MARTINI'

COCKTAIL

Did you ever try a Martini made with real, imported Nicholson's English Gin? It's different—It's delicious! Nicholson is a crisp dry gin. It has a flavory richness that meets vermouth half way, to create a smooth and subtle blend of flavors. Since a cocktail is exactly as good as its ingredients, mix your next Martinis with genuine J & W Nicholson Gin. You will find that the difference in taste is distinctly noticeable. The difference in cost is pleasingly slight. Why not take home a bottle with you tonight?

NICHOLSON
IMPORTED
Gin

NICHOLSON'S GIN IS BOTTLED IN LONDON AND IMPORTED BY JULIUS WILE SONS & CO. INC. N. Y. C.
Distilled from grain
94 PROOF


# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

### A STAR IS BORN

A motion picture will be released in Manhattan soon that has an unusual Cinderella story behind it, one we thought worth passing along. The picture is "The Biscuit Eater" and its star is a dog.

The story begins eighteen months ago in London, England, when to a thoroughbred pointer (as Arkwright) is born a litter of seven pups. Six of the puppies are beautiful. One is not so beautiful. There's nothing wrong with him, he's just the runt of the litter. Because within his veins runs the blue-blood of a thoroughbred, he is given the fancy name of Tiverton Invader. He is called Bing, however, but nobody knows exactly why.

Time passes and the brothers and sisters are bought, go to live at fancy British homes. As each leaves, Bing's awareness of his own defects grows. Finally, even Bing's mother leaves. Left alone, the pup becomes ill. He is, the kennel master explains, suffering from loneliness, inferiority.

And then fate takes a hand. Paramount is going to make a movie called "The Biscuit Eater," and they need a thoroughbred pointer dog.

Search proves no Arkwrights of the right age and size to be in the United States. So a letter is written to the Tiverton Kennels in London.

And only Bing, now fourteen months old and beginning to display the beauty and grace of his heritage, fills the bill. Too, by now Bing has proved himself a magnificent hunter, an animal possessing astonishing stamina.

Paramount purchases him for $500. He comes to America, in style, as befits a blue-blood who is under contract to a motion picture studio. In Bing's trunk is his pedigree, which attests the fact that his strain is clear from the year 1800 on.

He arrives in Hollywood, comes to Paramount, passes his screen test with ease. Publicity men begin to tell his story, photographers take his picture.

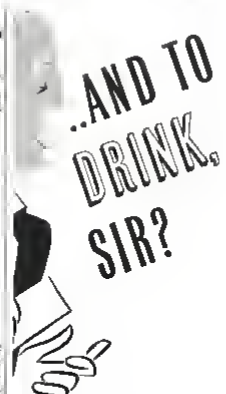
Soon those picture of Bing—pardon, of Tiverton Invader—will reach England, appear in the newspapers. It's too bad that for a proper finish to the story his brothers and sisters won't see Bing's photograph, remember him as the runt of their litter, the one who became a Hollywood film star.

### FASHION FOR THE CAMERAS

Dame Fortune may be a fickle lady, but Dame Fashion is close on her heels with a fine reputation for inconsistency and unpredictability. In recent years a determined effort to tame her has been made through the medium of fashion newsreels which adapt the latest trends in style for the feminine population of America. Although Fifth Avenue Salons and Paris designing houses set the pace, these films examine the cream of the fashion crop and show only those styles which the average woman could adopt for her wardrobe without undue harm to either her budget or her own unwillingness to wear anything extreme. Those who produce these guideposts to mass smartness must also be able to select styles which will definitely become a part of every best dressed woman's wardrobe since these camera predictions are made many weeks before the film is shown in approximately 20,000 neighborhood theaters in the United States.

Ten years ago a young woman named Vyvyan Donner, who at that time was designing stage sets and writing fashion copy, set to work with borrowed equipment to produce the first one reel fashion comedy based on the adventures of grandma in the infancy of the automobile industry. It was complete with early motoring clothes such as linen dusters, goggles and long flowing veils. The short was remarkably successful and Miss Donner sold it to Pathe at an almost 100% profit. Even today footage from that early film is still being shown in theaters throughout the country. On the strength of her success as an amateur director, Miss Donner went to Twentieth Century-Fox and proceeded to convince its production chiefs that fashion newsreels would be a good investment because they would appeal to women just as the usual army-sport-politics newsreels appealed to men. She was confident that fashion films were the answer to women's needs for practical guidance in clothes' problems. And Twentieth

Continued on page A.


BEFORE THE MEAL
*CHILLED*

DRY SACK

A delicious and zestful wine to start the meal is world-famous Dry Sack Sherry. "Dry Sack" is the name of a great wine—not a description. In body and color, Dry Sack is classed as "medium." It is not sweet yet not overly dry. The flavor is unique . . . crisp, nutty, mellow, rich . . . a proud achievement of the great English-Spanish sherry house of Williams & Humbert. There are many dry sherries—but there is only one "Dry Sack." Try it!

DRY SACK
A WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
Sherry

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ALCOHOL 20½% BY VOL.

ONE OF THE
GREAT WINES OF

BURGUNDY

The famous slopes of Burgundy produce wines so noble that long ago they earned the title "King of Wines." One of the great names in Burgundy is Chanson. It is a name which you will do well to remember in ordering any Burgundy wine . . . the white, dry Chanson Chablis . . . red full-bodied Chanson Pommard . . . festive Chanson Sparkling Burgundy. You can order any Chanson Burgundy with complete confidence . . . only the wines of great years are permitted to bear the Chanson label.

CHANSON
BURGUNDY
Wines

CHANSON BURGUNDIES ARE BOTTLED IN BEAUNS FRANCE—IMPORTED BY JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y. C.


# MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

*Continued from page J*

Century-Fox was so thoroughly won over by her presentation of the possibilities of fashion films that it turned over an entire production staff. She immediately went to work on the first of her weekly fashion forecasts in black and white.

There are other film companies who have taken up the idea of screen studies in fashion but Miss Donner is the only woman director who has charge of every phase of the production of a fashion short. She now has a $3,000 budget for her weekly films which run for 1½ minutes on the screen and a $30,000 budget for her technicolor films which run for ten minutes. This is an investment comparable to that made for any 'quickie' which runs into four or six reels, and she must therefore deliver a sound technically perfect and stylistically accurate film once each week.

In order to make this investment pay at the box office, Miss Donner has developed a thorough and scientifically accurate procedure for making her films. First she decides upon a theme, plans out a rough draft of the costumes to be used in carrying it out, designs her own scenery, and writes the script. Then she goes into conference with the manufacturing houses to see what they are producing in the way of new materials or revivals of old-fashioned materials which may be the important news of the moment. Then, since Paris is still the high court of fashion, French designing houses must be contacted through a personal visit or through a representative. Miss Donner makes two trips yearly to the Paris fashion mart. In addition, important American designers throughout the country must be consulted and silhouettes discussed with the leading corset houses. When this information is complete, she follows through by detailed research on all kinds of accessories: millinery, bags, gloves, shoes, furs and make-up until finally the necessary groundwork is completed for the assembling of the costumes.

The hiring of the models is a problem in itself. Miss Donner usually interviews 50 or 60 girls for one film in which approximately 10 models appear, and her criteria include photogenic possibilities, a pleasing smile, a queenly walk, and an ability to wear the particular type of clothes which are to be featured in her production at hand. Usually the models are fitted to the costumes eight unseen because models, like dresses, come in sizes, but in the actual shooting, last minute alterations and adjustments are frequently necessary.

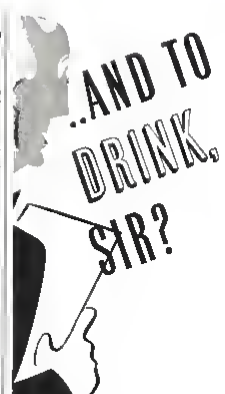
In her final selection of costumes for a fashion short, Miss Donner has her eye on several factors: style news, color, line, unity and harmony in the film, and—most important—the photogenic possibilities of the costume. Then she confers with the prop men, camera crew, electricians, and wardrobe women, and finally the camera is wheeled into place for either a long shot or a close-up depending on the requirements of the script. Huge cranes rigged up with pulleys bring the cameras into focus at any conceivable angle, and the powerful Klieg lights bring every detail of the costume out sharply. Individual close ups are usually made after all the other shots have been taken and the commentator makes her remarks for the sound track after the film has been assembled in the cutting room. That's the reason for those singularly apropos remarks when a model looks too coy or when an unusually attractive gown is shown. As a final touch Miss Donner supervises the cutting and assembling of the film with the sound track. All this thoroughness is definitely necessary. 40,000 American women trainse to the local cinema palace weekly.

### OUTSIDE

All set for the days of al fresco drinking which are almost upon us is a new-to-this-department type of outdoor bar stand that has considerable merit to recommend it. Originally constructed, it's made of half a beaded, oaken wine barrel, has a compartment for ice, spigot for draining, and copious racks for glasses and bottles. There's a 3-legged support also in the barrel manner to harmonize with the bar proper. It's a solid affair, should withstand in good style the buffets of many summer shindigs.

### HANGING ARSENAL

A word on another novel type of compact, in which department designing fancy seems to have very free reign. This one, designed for the young and lovers of popular music in the jitterbug manner, has a top embossed with miniature Columbia records of the latest and hottest variety. They are 3½" in diameter, have large mirrors, sifters, puffs, and are not recommended for Mother's Day.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GARNIER
FRENCH
Liqueurs

GARNIER LIQUEURS ARE BOTTLED IN THE SUBURBS OF PARIS AND IMPORTED BY JULIUS WILE SONS & CO. INC. N. Y. C.
*ALL 60° PROOF

*Science says*

# DRINK THE NEW WAY

**INSIST ON V. V. VITAWATER WITH YOUR LIQUOR**

*(You owe it to yourself to take a minute to learn why V. V. Vitawater is better for you)*

V V VITAWATER contains, with its sparkling bubbles, the necessary Vitamin B factors to help you assimilate (metabolize) liquor better.

After years of intensive research, eminent authorities have concluded that many after effects formerly ascribed to alcohol are very often caused, not by alcohol but by lack of Vitamin $B_1$ in the diet. Vitamin $B_1$ is the vital element needed in the process of "metabolism"—which is simply the burning up and converting of carbohydrates (sugars and starches) into energy. Alcohol is also a body fuel, and like bread and sugar it needs Vitamin $B_1$ to metabolize it.

***Smart people recognize its plus values***

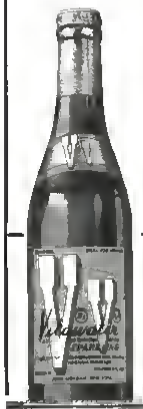
V V VITAWATER is a delicious, clear, sparkling water containing certain tasteless ingredients, that help to make you feel better. Use V V Vitawater as a mixer—or as a chaser—*you'll enjoy your liquor as always.* And your system will know and appreciate the difference.

*New-Sparkling*

# V·V· VITAWATER

**Plus values at no extra cost**

Ask for V V VITAWATER instead of ordinary club soda and note how it orders a drink. Try one bottle (10 cents) at a convenient carton of 6—in your home (58 cents). W. W. Halliday plus factors IT COSTS NO MORE. 24 bottles in a case $2.00.



Every bottle of V V VITAWATER contains 200 international units of Vitamin $B_1$ and 100 gammas of Vitamin $B_2$ (g). The water itself is especially processed and the vitamin potencies preserved by rigid scientific control.

V V VITAWATER has been tested and approved by scientific authorities.

*"Served where all smart people congregate" featured at*

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| Colony Restaurant | Nine O'Clock Club |
| Cafe Rouge | Stork Club |
| El Morocco | Versailles |
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*Blended by* **NATURE NATURALLY** *it's Better*

LAIRD & CO (MONMOUTH CO.) SCOBEYVILLE, N. J.



*Distinguished Smartness*

Hine & Lynch Fine Shoes

Men who revel in trim smart lines, prefer Hine & Lynch Shoes for comfort and style

45 Styles all widths from AA to EEE featuring a complete line Vici Kid in all lasts.

Al Jolson—George Raft—Milton Berle—Joe DiMaggio—members of New York Football Giants and hosts of others, appreciate the long wear, superb fit, comfort and economy of Hine & Lynch Shoes.

PRICED $7 to $9

*(Illustrated)* The FENWAY Last

At all Good Dealers

FOR OVER 60 YEARS MAKERS OF FINE SHOES

*Hine & Lynch*

FINE SHOES FOR MEN

LOOK FOR THIS STAMP ON INSOLE





WATCH THIS SPACE NEXT MONTH FOR

*An Important Announcement*

In honor of the most expectant crop of Fathers in the whole Nation's History*

* Expectant mothers are no news to America or any other land, but expectant fathers are another story. For way back before 1938 . . . before Esquire started beating the gong around for Father's Day, most fathers had little to expect from their friends and families for the good they did . . . except a few doodads at Christmas or a card or two on their birthdays.

But Esquire changed all that . . . and not from altogether altruistic motives either . . . though it was fitting enough for the nation's only specialized Magazine for Men to climb into the old man's corner. And today no longer is Father's Day (June 16th this year) the vague idea that once glimmered but faintly in the nation's consciousness. Today . . . millions of fathers are expecting, more than ever before, the gifts that are their right on the day set aside for them. That's why Esquire is going on a BIG giving spree next month by declaring an important Father's Day dividend in celebration of this new national holiday.

So let's make it a date in honor of Dad. Right here . . . same time . . . same place . . . Next Month . . . for your share in Esquire's 1940 Father's Day gift surplus. DON'T MISS IT!

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## FOR PUZZLENUTS ONLY ALL OTHERS STOP HERE

EDITOR'S NOTE. *From this point on the Sound and the Fury is devoted to the presentation of new problems and "brain busters" and correspondence concerning old ones*

## HALL'S HARD ONE

Say, what s the idea of putting easy problems in *The Sound and The Fury* department? It s supposed to be for real mathematicians Why, with only a few hours work I have solved most of those in the March issue already

Solomon s Sisters
Jane and William, Mary and John, Agnes and Frank
D Amaro s 15 Minutes
124 times 80809 equals 10020316.
MacConkey s Triangle
7 11/12 feet—7.91667 feet
Rexroad s Trains
120 M P H and 60 M P H.
Etc, etc

Elementary elementary (if my answers are right)

Why not give a real hard one Here s one that I have been working on for two years and have not solved yet.

There are two straight roads that intersect each other at right angles Ten miles from this intersection on one is a six mile circular lake Now, engineers wish to build a straight short rail road tangent to the other side of the lake at a minimum length Where should they start this new road?

Also, by the way how can Wentz get away with that angle trisection? In his third step he draws line AML when neither point M nor point L have been established I know this because I lost a Ten Dollar wager under a similar construction

Yours very truly,
Butte, Mont WALTER S HALL

## ANSWERING D'AMARO

George D Amaro s problem which you dub the Quarter Hour Special in the February *The Sound and The Fury* just suited me swell I did it in a little less than 15 minutes just straight logic no trial and error I think this as well as the other problems that you are publishing are 100%

```
          80809
124 ) 10020316
       992
        1003
         992
          1116
          1116
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Sincerely yours
EDWARD J HASSELL
New Cumberland, W Va

## MacCONKEY'S EGG BEATER

After having been a contributor and a reader for years of your *Sound and Fury*, I am of the opinion that what this country needs is not a good five cent cigar, but a good publication of interest to mathematicians There are magazines printed for mathematicians explaining many principles and methods of the complicated workings of the great science, but none is printed merely for the interest and amusement of amateur dabblers in algebra, trigonometry, geometry, and some of the higher branches

I believe there is a place for a magazine of this type. Maybe if you'd think about it for a while, you, too, would think the same, and would decide it was worth a gamble to publish one You might put the proposition up to the readers of *Sound and Fury* to see what response you d get.

Every problem published in your section devoted to math gets several correct answers, and sometimes (as in the ladder problem) twenty or thirty answers—here s one that will bring not more than one answer I ll guarantee I think a prize of a leather medal or an egg beater should be given for the correct solution

*Find a point P such that the feet of the perpendiculars from P to the sides of a triangle are the angular points of an equilateral triangle*

The outside triangle should be a scalene triangle—that is—no special triangle such as a right, isosceles or equilateral This problem is no snap, as it caused considerable consternation among the instructors at a great university It s not just a problem of construction, but you must be able to prove your solution of the problem

I will offer the egg beater myself for a good logical unquestionable proof of the solution

Chicago, Ill L H MACCONKEY

## KIBITZING WENTZ

As usual the trisection of an angle by Dr Wentz of Arkansas in the March issue, contained the same flaw that has occurred in previous solutions Euclidean geometry permits the use of compasses and a straight edge Call it a ruler if you desire but it cannot be used in the way that Dr Wentz used it. His moving the ruler to make LM = MO is not, repeat not, a sound mathematical step, and therein lies the fallacy of his "proof

I discovered that fallacy a few years ago in high school when I unsuccessfully tried to trisect an angle I dare say Archimedes discovered the same fallacy several hundred years ago

Sincerely,
Midshipman P F ECKERT
U S Naval Academy
Annapolis, Maryland

## CORNELL SIDESHOW

Several months ago one of your correspondents maintained that he could represent every number from one to two hundred by the use of four 4 s and as we understand it, you published his list the following month

Without looking at his solution we have not only been able to represent every number from 1 *to 1000* by using four 4 s but also with *three* 4 s In addition to this we have been able to represent *every number from one to two hundred by the use of only two 4 s*, and have no doubt that we can continue indefinitely by the methods which we used As a matter of fact, a great many of these numbers can be represented by *using only one 4*

With four 4 s and three 4 s, the problem is comparatively simple. However the representations with two 4 s and one 4 are often very intricate It is because we fear that the average reader will be unable to fathom the complexities of the two 4 representations and also because we are not sure that you will be interested in publishing it at this late date that we are not enclosing a copy of it However, if you are interested in the method, or if you care to publish some of the numbers or the entire list, *we will be glad to mail you a copy of every number from one to two hundred using only two 4 s, enclosing a detailed explanation of the methods employed in each number*. Or if you would like to print this letter, we will answer any personal inquiries sent to us

Yours very truly,
JERRY NATHAN
1955 Hertel Ave , Buffalo, N Y
Cornell University
WILLIAM WOLFHEIMER II
316 Highland Rd , Ithaca, N Y
Cornell University
(Answer this letter to J N )
(1955 Hertel Ave , Buffalo, N Y )

## RANDALL'S CIRCLES

As a most inconstant reader of your ponderous periodical I only yesterday discovered that *Sound and Fury* devotes space to the beauty of the figure mathematical I am sorry not to have found it out earlier

After two assumptions I would interpolate the bottom of Cauvel s ladder 5 8 from the wall If that is not exact perhaps it will bend

Here is one that some of the geometricians may enjoy

"Inscribe in any given triangle three circles each tangent to two sides of the triangle and to the other two circles

The finished result looks something like this The problem is to start with the triangle than put in the circles

Dr Wentz may have another stunt like the one about laying off a fixed distance between two lines along a straight edge which swings about a point in neither line

Sincerely,
Bethesda, Md HENRY RANDALL

## NEWCOMB'S HUT

Undoubtedly ESQUIRE enjoys an enviable reputation for being a modern and progressive magazine with its literature art fashions and, of course its cartoons, having an up-to-the-minute freshness However, this vivacity is sadly lacking in one of your most widely read departments. I refer to that erstwhile respectable institution *The Sound & Fury* and more particularly to the mathematical contributions which have flooded its pages in the last few months

Where do the *S & F* ites dig up all these old be-whiskered problems? I recall my father coaching me to spring the silo and cow problem on my fifth grade arithmetic teacher, and years later I whiled away a few hours working it not only as given in the January issue, but with a triangular square and hexagonal silo as well And, digging back in my notes, I find a solution for Mr Cauvel s old ladder and packing box problem of approximately 9 5236 feet

So while we're getting all these old timers out of the mothballs, let s have a crack at this one, which smells strongly of Mr Cauvel s ladder problem, but is slightly more difficult

While Grandpa Snazzs is contentedly reviewing the last page in the harness section lightning strikes a 100 foot pole 15 feet away from the building, which is 40 feet high The pole breaks at such a point that it touches the roof and the ground at the same time.

Grandpa is now concerned with finding out how near he came to being hit by lightning and asks us how high up the pole is the break?

Of course trial and error will get it but it s more fun to set up a few trig relationships and solve the mess

Very truly yours,
Ellswood Kansas C E NEWCOMB

## SETTLING SOLOMON

Re H R. Solomon s Problem in *The Sound and the Fury* in your March issue

In answer to Mr Solomon s problem the brothers and sisters are
William & Jane
Agnes & Frank
Mary & John

William is 23 and has $529 00, Jane is 22 and has $484 00 Frank is 7 and has $49 00, Agnes is 2 and has $4 00, John is 9 and has $81 00 Mary is 6 and has $36 00

SOLUTION

Since William is 17 years older than Mary, then Mary must be the sister of John or Frank because the minimum difference in the bank accounts of William and Mary in 17 years would be $289 00

Since John is 7 years older than Agnes, then Agnes must be the sister of William or Frank because the minimum difference in the bank accounts of John and Agnes in 7 years would be $49 00.

Since William is at least 17, because he is 17 years older than Mary and since $45 00 was added to William s account on his 17th birthday we know that there is one year s difference in the age of William and his sister, and that William s age will be the same as his birthday on which $45 00 was added to his account We know then that William s age is 23 and his sister s age is 22

We know that Agnes cannot be William s sister because John is 7 years older than Agnes and if Agnes was 22 and John was 29 then John s bank account would have more than $45 00 more than his sister s bank account.

Since Mary and Agnes cannot be William s sister then Jane must be his sister

Since Jane is William s sister and Agnes must be the sister of William or Frank then Agnes must be Frank s sister

Since Jane is William s sister and Agnes is Frank s sister, Mary must be John s sister

Since William who is 23 is 17 years older than Mary we know Mary is 6 years of age, and since at six years of age Mary would have $36 00 in her bank account we know that John must be 9 years of age and have $81 00 in his bank account.

Since John, who is 9 years old is 7 years older than Agnes, we know that Agnes is 2 years of age and has $4 00 in her bank account Therefore Frank must be 7 years old and have $49 00 in his bank account.

Respectfully submitted,
JOHN GRADY O HARA
LaFollette, Tenn

EDITOR'S NOTE *This problem was also answered correctly by Max Engelman of Pittsburgh, by use of algebra and by Mrs John B Barndollar of Summit, N J, by use of "paper and pencil, a knowledge of simple addition, one part horse sense and two parts observation"*

## ANSWERING CAUVEL

My humble solution to the Cauvel Ladder problem calls for two answers for X distance from the wall
Thus $X_1$ equals 5 66 feet approx.
$X_2$ equals 9 66 feet approx.
The corresponding values for Y height are the following
Thus $Y_1$ equals 10 58 feet approx.
$Y_2$ equals 7.25 feet approx
The proof of the above $(X_1)^2$ plus $(Y_1)^2$ equals the length of the ladder squared, or 144
The sum of the squares of $X_1$ & $Y_1$ equal 143 872, (1) of $X_2$ & $Y_2$ equal 145 9747 (2)
The square root of (1) equals—
11 998833 feet
The square root of (2) equals—
12 081909 feet
The amount of error is to allow for the dust so the box that Cauvel dug this one out of
Very truly yours
Ventura, Calif DICK CURTIS

NO DOUBT, the gentleman above is one of the thousands who answered questionnaires sent out by 43 leading stores.

80%* of these men apparently have reason to believe there are slide fasteners that slip open jam closed or fail in some other way

For they all sound a warning—that there are now bad slide fasteners on the market.

But also—the vast majority know how to side-step faulty slide fasteners. *They want the TALON slide fastener—and no other*

In fact, the preference for "TALON" over any other brand is not just 2 to 1 not just 10 to 1 but actually *more than 70 to 1*

• • •

In other words, if you talked to thousands of men, you d learn

**First,** that most of them have found it necessary to watch out for unreliable slide fasteners.

**Second,** that—almost to the man—they ve discovered the trademark "TALON" to be the sure guide to trouble-free service

When *you* buy trousers profit by the experience of the majority Always make sure the slide fastener is marked "TALON"

**All statistics are based on the number of replies to each question*

*Because it's the dependable slide fastener—men prefer*

"TALON" 70 to 1
REG. U S PAT OFF

**PROTECT** yourself always look for "TALON" on the slide fastener

**Yesterday**—trousers were closed with five fastenings, had offensive gaps bulges.

**Today**—the Talon fastener keeps you well groomed—gives you ease, security

TALON SLIDE FASTENER • MADE BY TALON, INC. • MEADVILLE, PA.
Reg. U. S. Pat Off

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See my exhibit at the New York World's Fair

**Buy Your TIES the HABAND way—**

Diamond Dust you lose some from H.C.O. Of time in the photo. Dust put yet every HABAND. Hundreds. Instantly stop the loss right. They are so in for out free portfolio of shoe [illegible] who millions of men have been [illegible] this very economical way—Get a proper hat do not outrage your sense of geographical Width-Depth.

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World Famous FOR EVERY PURPOSE

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Pencils to match $3.00

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**NEW PARTY RECORDS!**

(Not [illegible] records) Album No. 2 of songs by Straight Plate, music and famous first album. Songs [illegible] Wicked's a river [illegible] the Pain Down in Colombia and Jamboree, Africa While [illegible] Sweet Big Waterin' The Cabin in Tropical Bird, and the Last Dance.

In Special Deluxe Album $1.00 (42 records). Not in the Catalog. [illegible] order one Straight Plate Album [illegible] $5.00. We Pay [illegible] Postage. [illegible] a very Record Last.

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**John Surrey's TASTE SENSATION**

THE NEW "CHERRY-SMOKED BRIAR"

See the tobacco actually and the bowl. Smoke it [illegible] made only by [illegible] of [illegible]-colored Briar Pipe with Wild Cherry tobacco.

Pipe [illegible] with almost imperceptible surface flaws have been used to introduce this new sensation.

$5 (Actually) Pipe Baked Taste sensation. Breaking in completely eliminated

Save as of? Have one for each day of the week FREE with each [illegible] of Wild Cherry Tobacco

Fitty Pipe Guaranteed

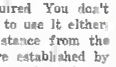
Special $1

Check Shape Restored

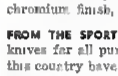
John Surrey, Ltd. 509 Fifth Ave. Dept. 8 N.Y.C.


**BACHELOR BROILING** As most males who go in for a spot of cookery now and then know, there's nothing like broiling to bring out the best in a steak. The difficulty of the procedure is that traditional methods are sometimes uncomfortably awkward when you're operating in a small, two-by-four apartment kitchen. Even in men-sized kitchens, many a cook for convenience sake resorts to the frying pan instead of the fire. Thus we find merit in a new, electric broiler, that sits on the end of your dining room table and broils away while you chat. It simplifies the serving problem, lets you dish up a dinner with assistance from flunkies not required. You don't have to be a blue ribbon, French chef to use it either. Correct temperature and the right distance from the coils to the meat for best results were established by laboratory research. A removable aluminum plate—shaped to fit the base—catches the drippings, and there's no smoke and spatter to contend with. In addition to broiling meat and vegetables, it can be used for toasting open sandwiches and canapes, is a noble worker for cocktail parties. And it's a honey for breakfast à deux. Broiler has a high chromium finish, operates A.C. or D.C.

**FROM THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW** . . . those fine Finnish knives for all purposes, Puukkos, of which sportsmen in this country have recently become aware of—as the manufacturer proudly puts it, "produced by a people who have carved in the old traditions of sheath knife making through more than thirty centuries"—they're entirely made by hand with blades hammered from Finnish cutlery steel, carefully tempered, beveled and ground—there are all sizes and shapes . . . for lighting up outdoor fires this summer look into the possibilities of the new kindler flares that have been perfected by them as should know—they're conveniently small cubes that light with a match, burn in any weather, even when floating on water—good for camp fires, fire places, stoves as danger flares and emergency work lights . . . fine new rods and reels for the once again popular spinning method of fishing which inland fishermen will appreciate—approximates the joys of fly-rod fishing, recommended for salmon, trout, bass, pike, wall eyes and even pan fish.



**NIGHT AND DAY** Everything in this column seems to turn up with a double purpose. Now it's a pair of pajamas that are serving double duty, and newsworthy they are . . . a new variety of lounging pajama, appropriating the informality of popular summer sportswear in the manner of the shirt and slack combination. Comfortable, sensible for bedtime wear, they re styled so that you can wander around the house in them, park in the parlor on Sunday afternoon or procure yourself a late bite-to-eat. They fit well, project a trim appearance. Coat can be worn in or outside trousers. These lounger-sleepers come in a variety of materials, patterns.



**MISCELLANIA IN THE NEWS** . . . a silver plated or chrome little gadget who hangs up or lies down but always has his eye open for your old razor blades—a useful shaving accessory . . . a fine looking, small table or desk clock in the shape of a radial engine, with jet black cylinders and polished exhaust—runs electrically (A.C. only) or stem wind . . . the latest in the candle dept.—bowling pin and ball candles that actually look like their originals, fine for lighting up a buffet dinner table if you're interested in novel effects.

**PRIESTLEY'S NOR-EAST AIR-CONDITIONED SUITS**

Cool as a mother in law's frown. Crushless as cellophane. With stands Hands through heat most Yet holds its shape. Tailor-like dressy style. New Imported. 3500 dealers ready to tailor this famous fabric to your measure in many shades and patterns. Write for name of nearest dealer. Dept. E.

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Boomerang, dangerous peaceful "critter" figure eighter and [illegible] Normal [illegible] Medium [illegible] Large [illegible] Complete Instructions included.

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**15th**

**of every month is the day to look for the new ESQUIRE on the newsstands**




# Meet a man who is on his toes

If you don't believe it, watch him tomorrow. His job is a tough one, but he's not afraid of it. He greets each dawn as a dare, carries more than his quota of work—yet still finds time for civic affairs, charities and public problems. But, when day is done, he remembers that both body and mind must relax.. rebuild, get ready to tackle tomorrow. He lives with a purpose, so he turns to his family and friends . . to his books and pipe . . to his garden and hobbies . . to laughter and music. He enjoys life.

* * *

Many kinds of things can make your moments of well-applied leisure bright, friendly and productive. There's a time and a place for Budweiser in every one of your busy days. It's a companion when you're alone with your family . . a Perfect Host when you entertain.

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DRINK BUDWEISER FOR FIVE DAYS. ON THE SIXTH DAY TRY TO DRINK A SWEET BEER. YOU WILL WANT BUDWEISER'S FLAVOR THEREAFTER.

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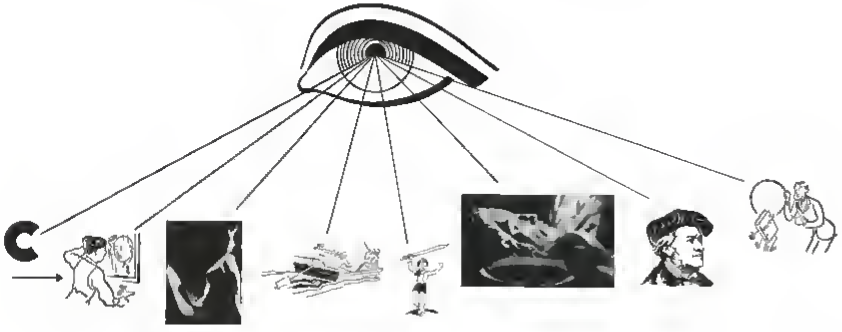
# *The Eyes Have It!*



**CORONET,** the most versatile pictorial magazine of its type in the world—is tops in eye-appeal

—and the April issue is no exception. There are 63* actual pictorial pages in this beautiful and stimulating pocket-size magazine which is read and enthusiastically enjoyed by young and old alike throughout America.

Coronet comes about as close as modern science can come to perfection in pictorial reproduction. But what is more important . . . Coronet gives you a great variety of pictorial features. For example, consider just a single issue of Coronet . . . the April issue which is now on sale at all newsstands. In it you will find at least *five* distinct types of pictorial features. But seeing is believing . . . so don't miss Coronet for April!

*Some Pictorial Features in April Coronet*

THE CORONET PORTFOLIO OF MASTER PHOTOGRAPHY . . . 32 pages of full-page camera studies . . . still lifes . . . human interest shots . . . nudes . . . scenic masterpieces . . . each photograph worthy of framing—a work of art in its own right. Reproduced by an expensive gravure process on fine paper made to bring out every line with knife-like clearness.

I NEVER FORGET A FACE . . . April Coronet inaugurates a startling new feature . . . a pictorial quiz . . . a brand new idea for a party! Coronet gives you a series of portraits of people such as you might meet at any social function . . . together with the name and a few pertinent facts concerning each. The object, of course—is to determine just how well you can remember not only faces, but also names and facts concerning the people you meet.

PIETÀ . . . By special permission of Pope Pius XI! In 1937 a Swiss moving picture company—filming a life of Michelangelo, secured special permission from Pope Pius XI to enter the Vatican and photograph the sculptures of Michelangelo there! A magnificent opportunity was thus accorded Ernest Nash, the still photographer in the troupe, for special lights and cameras are strictly prohibited in the Vatican. Now . . . April Coronet brings you the result of Nash's work . . . one of the most amazing photographic achievements in history. These are the first photographs ever made of the head of Christ on this world famous work of sculpture by the incomparable Michelangelo!

A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES . . . Coronet's monthly collection of interesting people in different occupations bids strong to become one of the most popular features in the magazine. Included in the April issue are: A man who made $1,000,000 in three years by donating to farming one of the greatest personal contributions in history . . . a woman who follows a completely unconventional style of sheet shooting—yet can break 359 clay pigeons in succession without a single miss; a man whose profession is petting the "hex" on prize fighters by fixing upon them his "evil-eye" stare at $250 per glance!

PORTRAIT OF IVAN DMITRI . . . Here is another Coronet object lesson in color photography—including the story of the brilliant young photographer Dmitri and a portfolio of some of his best color shots. What is Kodachrome? What are the latest developments in the new art of color photography? You'll find some sensational examples in the April issue of Coronet . . . bright—alive and beautifully reproduced!

**DON'T MISS THE APRIL ISSUE OF CORONET . . . NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS**

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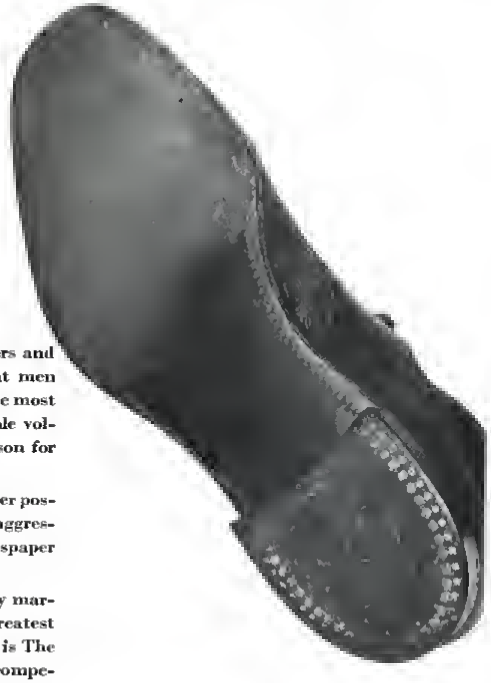
* Not to mention 29 separate and distinct editorial features . . . thought-provoking articles . . . timely discussions about your personal and intimate life . . . sparkling short stories . . . barbed satire . . . and a generous collection of priceless marginal selections on subjects varying all the way from the law to comparative anatomy!



# Will YOU be kicking yourself June 16?



**THAT'S FATHER'S DAY. And for manufacturers and retailers of products that men need or that men like, it's a great sales opportunity. Making the most of it means there'll be a big rise in profitable volume. Missing it will provide the perfect reason for kicking oneself unsparingly.**

**Here's the way to safeguard against the latter possibility—by being sure a product is advertised aggressively and consistently in a family-read newspaper like The New York Sun.**

**In New York, the daddy of all Father's Day markets, the paper that, copy for copy, carries greatest weight in the homes of substantial families is The Sun! This newspaper, with its annual $500 competition for the best Father's Day campaign and its powerful, practical, all-round program of Father's Day promotion is an advertiser's ideal medium.**

**Getting the most out of Father's Day and The New York Sun's comprehensive sales program this year is a matter of making plans now for an adequate campaign of advertising and merchandising. To have the facts about Father's Day in New York early, just use the coupon at right. But do it today.**

The Sun
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CHICAGO 180 N. Michigan Ave. | BOSTON Old South Bldg. | SAN FRANCISCO 681 Market St. | LOS ANGELES 315 W. 9th St.

THE NEW YORK SUN
Father's Day Department
280 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Please send complete information about The Sun's 1940 Father's Day sales program to the following address . . .

*Name*.....

*Street & No.*.....

*City*.....*State*.....

# PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

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ORRIN TUCKER
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Cover after 11 P.M. $1
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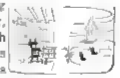
FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER FOR
Seafood
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL
RESTAURANT & OYSTER BAR

World's Fair, Flushing Meadow larkers have even greater pecking scope this year than last. The sumptuous French Pavilion Restaurant in command of the fireworks is dishing its glories. Pondside Belgium has bettered itself by arrangement with the Hotel Savoy of Brussels. Much swarmed Sweden is now under the flag of the Swedish-American Line. Italy, instead of one restaurant, this year has two. Little Switzerland got over so big it has had to expand. Finland proudly survives and thrives. Czechoslovakia and Poland are at home to their hungry admirers. Britain's begardened Buttery is back with a bang. Rumania is redivivus. Hungary has broken out a balcony for watching the fire show. Brazil again has the best orchestra, led by handsome Romeo Silva, Commissioner of Music no less.

Lower Fifth Avenue's cultural landmark, the Bravoort Hotel, which in hansom cab days was the nearest that authentic Paris had ever come to Washington Square, has got back its mislaid French accent to the extent of a Supper Club (cornered on 8th Street) offering selection-renderers picked by lanky Herbert ("Beef-on-ze-Roof") Jacobi who conducts Le Ruban Bleu in the heigh-ho loft of Theodore's at 2 East 56th. Ribbon revels don't get going till after-theatre. Brevoorterie is from ten on, with Norbert Facom fiddling the suavely sentimental, Livingston Garhart and Virginia Morley beatirring the ivories, and Peg La Centra throating her heart out. And others. Lyricism ranges from the ever-fresh to the slightly-soiled. Patronage, plentiful, includes representatives of the orchidaceous intelligentsia.

Now that the weather is getting warmer the Hotel New Yorker is again serving ice under skaters in one of its typical stunt and pulchritude carnivals . . . The small bar at Sardi's is the scene of a sweet melée during theatre intermissions on 44th Street. Fat men are apt to need special extrication at dashing time . . . Glass Hat diners and dancers at the Belmont-Plaza are vouchsafed a pousse-café of entertainment, the formula changing every fortnight or so . . . Twin pianos successfully operated upon by Chas. Bourne and Frank Froeba at the Torch Club, 18 West 52nd, with carrot-kopf Jimmy O'Brien emceeing . . . Somebody ought to tell off certain Broadway entrepreneurs on the subject of high pressure flashlight photography. If patrons were tin horn sports hankering for a tintype studio, they would have gone there rather than to a night club; yet at the Cotton Club, for example, they find themselves treated as fair game for stalking. And here particularly it is just too bad, for the Cotton Club provides rolling good entertainment in the sepian manner, and lots of it.

Hellzapoppinist Ole Olsen, worried at his freedom from responsibilities, has gone host of a whistle-sanitarium entitled 4-40 Club located, by a remarkable coincidence, at 4 West 40th Street. Yon corridor your way aft to a dropped den monikered Fifth Avenue Tavern which has hieratuhe chairs and checked tablecloths and other features of old-fashioned sangness, melending a bar displaying arrays of worthwhile brands. The waiters do you the compliment of asking you to state your brand when ordering, and you really get it—a policy which augurs well for the permanence of this establishment. Directly over ye tavern is an ultra modern circular room done in gold, with a tiny balcony for entertainers, who sing and perform at a Hammond organ. On the same floor is a reproduction of a Bowery dump, tagged Sloppy McNasty's, dedicated to sawdust sentimentalists. "People like imagination", says Charley Guarino, resident partner in the enterprise.



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BE GAY IN MAY
WITH EDDIE DAVIS
N.Y.'s No. 1 CAFE STAR
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TARPON!

. . . . . they're catching the BIG ONES . . . . now . . . . off EVERGLADES, FLORIDA!
Don't wait! Now is the time to catch that whopper you've always wanted. Pack your bags—grab your tackle—and come to Everglades at the gateway to America's famous fishing grounds. THE 10,000 ISLANDS!
Where to stay? At Everglades Inn, of course—where you'll find the guides who know the best places to *fish* and the best place to *stay*. Everything about Everglades Inn—its clubhouse atmosphere—its informality—and its easy accessibility—makes it a Fisherman's Paradise. Write *today* for complete information and rates.
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No cover ever

BAR at the SHERRY NETHERLAND

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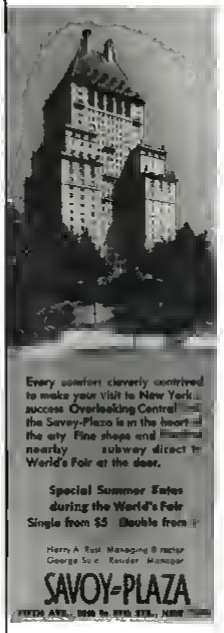
If this column were a mile high we'd put at the top of it the turtle stew (jellylulah!), served on toast in a soup plate, that led off the pageant of nourishment at the Mascotte, 19 East 50th, with a well-chosen dry sherry on the side. The party at the next table were trying to figure out what made the suitably dramatized hot hors d'oeuvre they were exclaiming over, taste the way it did. But we didn't bother with them and plunged on into pigeon swathed in mushrooms with artichoke-bottom accessories, teamed up with a basketed bottle of Chambertin 1926 than which the Burgundy region has emitted mighty few better wines. And then giant asparagus, sauced not with the usual paperhangerish Hollandaise but with a delicate something of the same name, which gossamered on the tongue. And finally, rolled crepes, thin as paper, containing Bar-le-Duc jam, liqueur-panned by Bernard in person, with 50-year-old Cognac chaser. Hunger had had its coup de grace.

Prancing master Eddie Le Baron, having danced the nap off the podium at the Rainbow Room, is now as much a fixture there as is physically possible for one of his electronic agility. His pleasing chore includes introducing a terpsy pair of blonde figurines newly imported from Holland, the Van Greners, whose lightsome whimsies are performed with the novelty of no hoisting. And Egypt has released magician Gali Gali, the human incubator. All of which helps explain why 65-floor elevator traffic continues heavy these evenings, with Francois smiling full width on the quarterdeck.

Men who have cantoned and canteened their way through Switzerland experience no difficulty in acclimating themselves to the chalet atmosphere of the Alpine Grill in the lower innards of the Gotham Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 55th—especially with genuine-Swiss Fred Huegli patrolling the cheese Berner Platte, consisting of boiled beef, sauerkraut, sausage, and boiled bacon, is on tap, with appropriate moisteners. And other Swiss dishes and Swiss pastries of all kinds. Pale people undergo a change.

All Times Square can't manage to crowd into the Astor Bar (44th St. corner of that hostelry), but the brave attempt is made—from eye-opener hour till time to get fitted with a nightcap. Sightseeing visitors suddenly feel the need of resting their elbows. Producer meets bankroll. Commuter trysts with what's keeping him late at the office. Attenders of speechification lunches and dinners in the Grand Ballroom or the many banquet rooms upstairs sneak here pantber like for sweet relief from oratory. Even those heroes who sit and take the last speech of the evening compensate themselves with a parting shot in this spot of refuge.

Mallet-wielding activity at the Pegasus Club out in George Washington Bridge territory at Rockleigh, New Jersey, where Douglas G. Hertz dispenses fields and fields of polo for the public, has become so lively and so populously attended, that now the problem of adequate food and drinks in the restaurant and bar of the layout requires expert handling. Accordingly, this master of chukkers and hounds combed the metropolis for a restaurateur who could be trusted to be near horses and yet not on them, and picked rotund Carlo, who has been Meadowbrooking at 52 East 55th Street for 16 years without ever taking his feet off the ground, and partner Paul Carle's slim shadow, who has had supervision over the Meadowbrook's cuisine. This treasured duo are now installed as operators of Pegasus' feedbag and quaffment trough, and severe are the appetites and thirsts they cope with, what with the effects of fresh air and equestrian exercise, and even the exercise of lifting a pair of binoculars or Minnie the Cam. Seemingly steeds aren't the only creatures that enjoy snorts.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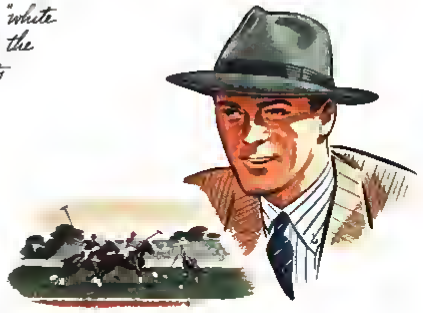

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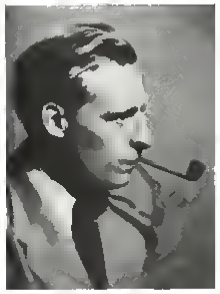


*Daniel Lundberg*

Writing from Hollywood, DANIEL LUNDBERG says: "At my last sitting here I enumerated What I Was Before I Became a Writer and hinted that Hollywood lay before me. Having at last sealed the Olympian Heights of pictures and radio with enormous success, I submit myself without further revelations. It is enough that life here is a dizzy whirl of gilt-edged contacts and connections: actors, directors, producers. If only I could get away from it all. Phone Grosvenor 1640."

•

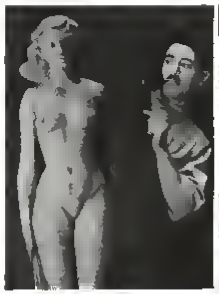
J. F. KEITH describes himself as a free-lance writer, white, married. Aside from pipe smoking (see page 77) he says his likes run to beer and the righteous jazz of Muggsy Spanier; his dislikes to café society and the symphonies of Bruckner. He once served a short purgatorial term as a school teacher. His home is in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

•

RICHARD ADAMSON says: "For the last three of my thirty-two years I have been sitting pretty exclusively in one spot (Los Angeles), trying, except for a few interruptions to be funny for the magazines. Previously I wrote and wrote, for years and years, as a ghost. And the recent interruptions also, were for work of a ghostly nature. Consequently it is very difficult when I am asked to speak up firmly and explain what it is I have been doing with myself all this time." His contribution to these pages, *How I Made My Start*, is on page 52.

•

The second of a sculpturing series by FRANK NAGY on The Types of American Beauty begins on page 117. Nagy says: "It is not only a job of art but a museum. The social upheaval of the last twenty-five years has liberated woman, and the girls have been growing bigger and better every season. The fact is that the older I grow the more beautiful they become. They are as fearsome and wonderful as an army with banners, a full-rigged ship, a sunset over the Rockies and a little bird nestling in the palm of the hand. Before age and infirmity creep up on me I must pay homage in the mute media of sculpture." A sculptor for the past three decades, he spent several sabbatical years as an officer in the Austro-Hungarian army, wandering through the galleries in Czechoslovakia, Holland



*Frank Nagy*

*André le Dienes*

England and France, working as a coal miner in Pennsylvania and a mason in New York. His relaxations are to work with the saw and the axe and to cook for kindred souls in the garden.

•

LOVELL THOMPSON writes short stories while he rests from his duties as Assistant Advertising Manager and Production Manager of Houghton Mifflin Company. One of his stories appeared in the last O'Brien collection. He got his A. B. at Harvard in 1925. He was married in '29. And *American Sugar Daddy*, page 42, marks his first appearance in Esquire.

•

DIEGO MARIA CONCEPCION JUAN NEPOMUCENO ESTANISLAO DE LA RIVERA Y BARRIENTOS ACOSTA Y RODRIGUEZ (DIEGO RIVERA) was born in 1886 in Guanajuato, Mexico. His paternal grandfather was a Spanish nobleman; his grandmother, Portuguese; from his maternal side he inherited Spanish and Indian blood. After studying at Mexico City's Academy of Fine Arts, he went to Paris, tried cubism under Picasso's guidance, later turned to classical art. He traveled in Spain, Italy and France, finally evolving his own style, adapted to murals. His sympathy with the workers inspires most of his painting. *Stalin, Undertaker of the Revolution* is not his first published article. He has written two books: *A Portrait of America* and (collaborating with Bertram Wolfe) *Portrait of Mexico*.

•

ANDRÉ DE DIENES, who is photographing The Types of American Beauty, was born twenty-six years ago in Hungarian Transylvania (Rumania at this writing). His father, a Hungarian banker and land owner, was ruined after the war. Both parents died of grief, leaving eight children. When André was fourteen he began the life of a vagabond, going from country to country and selling his water colors. In the capitals of Western Europe, misery was his share more often than not. Finally he left Paris for a hike through Spain and North Africa. He walked down to Gibraltar and from Tangier across Morocco and Algeria, mostly penniless, living on cheap fruit. In Tunisia his landscapes had much success and when he had made a little sum he sailed for France. Again in Paris he wrote a book which, because of his poor knowledge of the language, was never published. A few photographs of statues taken in the Parisian Tuileries Gardens met with the appreciation of several magazine editors. This started him off in a new direction, and he became a successful free-lance photographer. He went traveling again this time in style, and his photographs of France, Portugal and especially North Africa were widely published in European magazines. Over a year ago he came to this country, and at the moment is doing fashion photography in New York.

*Bernard J. Schalbach*

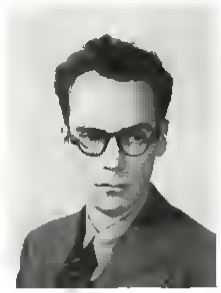
SINCE WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH last appeared in Esquire (June '37) he has written and illustrated a book on angling which Lippincott published in a limited edition. And he's at work on another book, this time on upland shooting and country life as well as angling. He has also found time to illustrate Dorothy Noyes Arms' *Fishing Memories*. He lives with his wife and children in West Hartford, Vermont, enjoys fishing, shooting and tall stories over highballs.

•

HAROLD HAWKS (*A Pair of Amateurs*) is an engineer. He is forty-three years old and has three daughters whom he is training to be motion picture actresses. He says look at what Mr. Bennett did and why can't he?

•

LOUIS ZARA's fourth novel, *This Land Is Ours*, was published by Houghton Mifflin in March. Mr. Zara has spent the last two years chronicling the palefaces-and-Indian struggle (1755-1835) for the old Northwest Territory from which the states of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin were carved. He has written three other novels and has appeared in Esquire almost from the very beginning of the magazine. *Afternoon of a Fan*, page 68, is his latest piece.



*Richard Adamson*

*Louis Zara*

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IF YOU COULD TASTE, separately, the five choice whiskies in *Golden Wedding*, each one would surely delight you with the one rare quality in which it excels.

But, in tasting each whiskey alone, you would miss the rare qualities of the other four. Think, then, how much greater is your enjoyment when you taste all five whiskies skillfully "wedded" into the one superb whiskey—*Golden Wedding*.

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CUISINE FRANCAISE
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FINEST VINTAGE WINE and LIQUEURS


That elegant architectural tureen, the Oval Room of the Ritz Carlton, maintains its status as the ultra-correct dining spot where a sprinkling of Washington's international diplomatic corps can be counted on—for this hotel is their regular New York headquarters. Here, with sage Albert tendering the menus, they have the opportunity of acquaintance with New England clam chowder. And a more American can sink a polite tusk into bosom of guinea hen Marie Tempest (coverlerted with puree of mushrooms, browned) with noodles and handpicked peas, which directeur de cuisine Louis Diat brain-waved. A string orchestra plays soft music.

For digestive dancing in a smartly informal atmosphere (evening dress and mufti about fifty-fifty) the Coq Rouge, 65 East 56th, wields its charm with no slip-up in sight. Host Frank Bonachim could make you feel at home on a desert island, and here he's got everything to pamper you with, including those starling sopranos, the Tisdale Trio, and the spirited little orchestra of Nicki Raymond, and a rhumba band and society-gal warblers. Patrons dine in relays till all hours, and the hardship of waiting at the bar for a table might be bitterer.

Assorted female grace on roller skates provides optical diversion for lunchers, cocktailers and diners at the Promenado Café of Rockefeller Center, English and French basemented to right and left of our fountain friend Prometheus. To assist the whirling effect, the management has one of the most complete cellars in town, thanks to the fact that this below-decks establishment is linked to the regal Café Louis XIV upstairs at street level. With the splash of the waters, the good looks of the flowers, shrubbery and what not, the whole deli thing is a picture you forgot to snap out of.

Large, personable Mario, who mesmerizes appetites at the Harlequin Room 12 East 60th (a side-bet of Hotel 14 East 60), serves Oysters Casino as lovingly as though they were pearls, and no delusion either. But where he really goes into action is in disarmoring your Lobster Fra Diavolo amid its delectable red sauce, a feat which makes you tremble for the safety of his immaculate white waistcoat—later jeopardized with equal sang froid for the sake of perfect Zabaglione beaten up to bowl at table. As for the attractively appointed room itself, it deserves more discoverers than it has been getting. And better ones.

Up where Madison Avenue and 69th Street get together, the smartly residential Westbury sports its Polo Bar for the benefit of congenials who appreciate good food and a drink list of a lengthy and fastidiously chosen sort whereon you will find only honorable brands. Décor is tasteful and service deferential and a general air of ease and spanness and well-turned-out ease prevails, with headwaiter Pierre (of Paris) greeting his patrons by name. It's the country club mood recreated in town.

French horn and flute dilodes becolor the slick music of wavy-haired Ted Straeter piano-chatting maestro, at Fefe's Monte Carlo, with Register folk frolicking on the same floor with the stars they have just been seeing at the theatre. Handholders on the parlor sofas along the wall keep nourished with Champagne and snacks of a Colony sort, since Gene Cavallero runs the catering show at both places. Gloria Blake has vocal affairs with the mike and Latin Nina quivers her rhumba equipment. The blue moonlight in the Bar gets beautifuller and beautifuller.

Fatted calf is the order of the evening at the Plaza's Persian Room in honor of the return of prodigal Eddy Duchin, key king . . . The Hotel Ambassador's Italian Garden, raked and pruned for the season, functions pleasurably to the tunes of guitarist Ramon Ramos and company . . . Much quaffing is being done with that premium beer from Baltimore which tastes like imported.


AH-HE'S DISCOVERED THAT AROMATIC LONDON DOCK TOBACCO!

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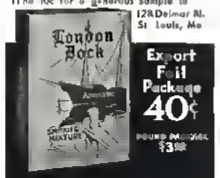


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**HELEN:** "I won't listen! You promised not to spend more than a dollar for a tie, and here you've—"

**RALPH:** "But, darling, that's what I'm trying to tell you. Amazing as it is, *this tie cost only a dollar!* It's a Velvet Faille, exclusive with Wembley. I'll admit Wembleys look and feel like expensive ties, but—"

**HELEN:** "Oh, Ralph, I'm sorry. I didn't think any tie could be so beautiful, so rich looking and *not* be high-priced. I love it—and you, too, darling."

*See the new Wembley All-Silk Ties in Velvet Failles and Foulards today. The Wembley label assures quality—the price is always $1.00.*

One Dollar

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Every bit as good-looking as all other Hart Schaffner & Marx suits. Gulfweight's zephyry fabric is ten to twelve ounces lighter, per suit than regular weights. In sizes for men of average build. Gulfweight weighs only 48 ounces—heavy enough for the tricky weather of spring and fall, plenty light for hot humid summer days.

Get that head in the clouds, feet on the ground feeling—change to Gulfweight, the 3 Button Suit!

THE TRIUMPHER LABEL

*A Small Thing To Look For* *A Big Thing To Find*

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# Stalin, Undertaker of the Revolution

**Incident in Siberia demonstrates a perversity which the blood of seven million comrades has not satisfied**

*by* **DIEGO RIVERA**

ARTICLE

Ten years ago, one Bolshevik remarked to another, "Stalin has tasted blood . . . how will he be able to quench his thirst from now on?" The Bolshevik was referring to the assassination of a single man. How many others since then have been killed? If in Russia the executed must be buried and paid for by the State and Stalin is the State, then Stalin has been the undertaker of seven million people.

According to the figures that were given to the public at different times by *Pravda*, the official paper of Moscow, more than 1,800,000 men and women have been killed for political reasons. Five million peasants have died as a result of the migration ordered by Stalin to solve the problem of the Kulaks. About six million political prisoners—men, women, young people and even children—are in jails and concentration camps. All of these people are destined to die in a short time from brutal treatment, starvation, torture and the hands of the firing squad.

Meanwhile, the great undertaker still has these six million customers. Perhaps Finland's "mistake" will save some. Perhaps this spring, the Allies might try to seize the oil in Southern Germany, Transylvania, and Rumania, convincing Italians, Yugoslavians, Bulgarians, Hungarians and Rumanians that they should join in. They might also move the 500,000 Anglo-French colonial troops who are already concentrated, and the 1,500,000 excellent Turkish soldiers destined to take the oil of Transcaucasia, to convert the airplanes, tanks, tractors and automobiles in Germany and Russia into a tremendous pile of scrap iron. If this happens, the undertaker might be taken under too one year hence.

One of Lenin's comrades, who knows Stalin well, once told an incident that he witnessed. When the comrade was in a Siberian prison, a cell-mate obsessed by the lust for revenge, talked incessantly about his blood-thirsty enemy who had put him in jail. Month after month Stalin listened and became more desperate at hearing the monotonous wails of his comrade. One day, mad from the imprecations, he pulled out a knife and, sunking deep into his own left thigh, pointed at the rivulet of blood and called to his friend, "Come, drink, son-of-a-bitch, and leave me alone!" The mad man did not drink. He was so frightened that, a few hours later, he was unable to annoy Stalin any more.

Who was more insane, the devil knows. But I am sure that the mad man who is still alive and ruling the lives of countless people, must be the worse lunatic of the two, for the blood of seven million has not yet quenched his thirst. Only recently, the blood of Kaganowitz, Stalin's right-hand man, and Sdanof, his possible successor, was poured out in libation to him. After all, a right-hand man has no more reason to expect to be treated better than a left thigh.

Bucharin, long since dead, told the same comrade about the afternoon he spent talking to Stalin. When the latter's baby, in the same room with them, did not realize the importance of their conversation and hence would not stop crying, the Father of the People suddenly inhaled deeply from his pipe, took the baby out of the cradle, and blew the smoke in its mouth. The baby choked and couldn't cry, but Stalin laughing long and loud, bounced the baby in the air and shouted: "Well, well, the damned fool is already learning!"

The baby did not have a chance to learn too much. When its mother died, Stalin married again and the new wife died, just like the others. But this time the undertaker did his job well. He gave the "suicide" such a wonderful burial that she might well have been a Georgian princess.

The baby? When I was in Russia in 1927 and '28, the guides of the workers' delegates (controlled by the GPU) took visitors to the Tiritkovskaya Gallery, to show them a big Repine canvas of Tsar Ivan IV, "The Terrible," killing his son for the unification of his country. The visitors were invariably told that Peter the Great, civilizer of Russia, *also* killed his own son *because he was unfaithful to his father*.

About this same time, Stalin's son was spending his time in the beer houses of Moscow. He did not like to study and preferred playing billiards. Incidentally, he did not speak any too well of his father, master of Russia, while drinking. When the son disappeared suddenly, not even the enemies of the Father of the Proletariat dared speak. It took a long silence to heal the sore spot of the Father of the People.

I hope that out of thousands of spies one might translate this article for Stalin. It would make me very happy to think that I had paid a tribute to the memory of the second wife, one of the meest persons that I have ever met, who was murdered by the Butcher of the Kremlin.

In spite of his many victims, Stalin is not unattractive to women. With sixty-three years to his credit, he has never needed to invent love stories to conceal his impotence and homosexuality, as with Brother Hitler. In fact, the GPU has always had a hard time concealing the activities of the Father of the People because of his handsome comrades—writers, secretaries, and even plain members of the party—who have sometimes fought with one another in the effort to monopolize the white light of the Sun of the People. For this reason, pictures of Stalin show him holding hands with a healthy peasant communist, a conspicuous favorite, and arm-in-arm with a mature comrade lady, physically attractive and hence only recently made head of a very important commissariat. Behind the scenes

*Continued on page 114*

*"I object, Your Honor, to the Prosecuting Attorney passing out cotton for the jury's ears before each of my rebuttals"*

# Johnnies About Town

**Supervised peek, with amazing disclosures, inside some of those doors marked: "Ladies"**

ANONYMOUS
• SATIRE •

Wouldn't you think that by now some enterprising individual would have gotten around to compiling a Guide for Gadabouts, a handy manual for those moments in a girl's life when she is far from home and yearns to be alone with her thoughts? We have ones for gourmets and cinemaniacs directories complete with stars, asterisks and precautionary notes for dancers drinkers and drama tipplers But the damsel in a dither is kept sedulously in the dark—she has no way of knowing where the tissue is softer the soap scented and the atmosphere dulcet as well as discrete

She can rent an apartment, hire a band catch a train or a husband attend meetings of the Anthropological Society and assorted sports events with the co-operation and blessing of a solicitous press But if she should suddenly develop a nostalgia for solitude she is exposed to the uncertain hazards of a stranger's whispered directions, a headwaiter's furtively bent forefinger Nobody warns her that she can't comb her hair in the Metropolitan Museum Ladies Room Or keeps her posted on the around-the-clock facilities at Grand Central where she can give herself a shampoo, read a novel, get a shoe shine acquire allure via a slot machine marked *L'Amour C'est L'Amour* (the sentiment alone is worth the dime) and find she hasn't even begun to exhaust the possibilities of its Women (They're pretty forthright about it at the Terminal—it's Women on both levels.)

The Savoy Plaza thoughtfully shifts its Ladies from North near Telegrams to South closer to Dwight Fiske and the aperient café the Rainbow Room management attaches a cute new mirror doodad to the chairs in front of the dressing tables to assist its clients in keeping neat napes but not a single plaudit makes its debut in print Saks installs a Supergadget the Waldorf and the St Regis are air-cooled, Lord & Taylor supplies needle and thread for recalcitrant runs, but an impenetrable haze of silence continues to surround this significant data Face to face with a Johnny, journalism seems to break out in a rash of inhibitions, the hints and helpful footnotes peter into a wordless drought and Ladies are left to languish forlornly in Limbo

Can it be that plumbing is risqué? In Pre-Chromium days when pipes openly performed their naked hieroglyphics, their rusty anatomies visible and unlovely, not so much moral as aesthetic scruples imposed a certain reticence To compensate for the deficiencies of the drainage the mere act of washing was cloaked in an aura of euphemism—only ablutions were socially acceptable But today the virtuosity of the winch (typographers will please resist the temptation to pun) has elevated plumbing to the sphere of Art one's original mission is obscured, forgotten almost when one steps across the threshold of a contemporary Ladies and encounters plumbing transformed, etherealized, a marriage de luxe between crystal and glass, chromium and conditioned air

True, none of our native Ladies goes to the impetuous lengths of a SIGNORAS I was privileged to visit in Genoa two summers ago, where the price of admission—one lira—included Giuseppe. Giuseppe was a sort of host-guide who conducted you to your little cubicle unlocked the door and pointed out the various accommodations for your comfort before effacing himself with a bow and a smile half-encouraging half-deprecatory After the first shock Aunt Loretta said he reminded her of a Radio City Music Hall usher To this very day a wistful gleam shines from under her bifocals when she speaks of Genoa and you don't have to be psychic to know that she means Giuseppe when she complains that "we have nothing here to compare with those old-world courtesies."

That's the trouble with being literal-minded like my Aunt Loretta and letting a few liquid Latin glances blind you to the romantic ardors of the lever and the valve You tend to overlook the chivalry (by proxy) of Gadgets, those versatile and ingenious devices that do anything from hiccuping little paper drinking cups to holding packages and drying your hands with a current of heated air. I, for one—I will come right out and admit it freely—had grown to be somewhat blasé about the little attentions Ladies ply their clients with But that was before my skirmish with the Saks Phenomenon Take it from me—there's never a dull moment at Saks (Fifth Avenue) Ladies. If anything life gets to be almost too strenuous up on Forty-Ninth Street. After all it's pretty disconcerting to deposit your nickel with a single rather simple idea in view and find you have become involved with SINISTER FORCES.

You come in and tap a mild-looking little push-button on the nose—how are you to know that practicing civic virtue and following directions is going to unleash a chain of events compared to which the Perils of Pauline were so much chinchilla? How are you to guess that a staple furnishing which from childhood on you've been accustomed to thinking of as steady and dependable as the Rock of Gibraltar, is going to rise precipitously from its moorings and accompanied by an insidious buzzing sound not unlike a vacuum cleaner in high, go sailing through space with a reckless disregard for gravity and convention? Still less do you dream that without any warning the object of your visit will then execute an aerial backward flip and disappear from sight altogether in an impregnable porcelain vault, a boxy affair that springs open and snatches the seat like a greedy female spider swallowing her mate

If you're a nervous type like me you emit a few sickly shrieks and teeter uneasily from one foot to another looking I regret to say like a frustrated Don Quixote battling invisible windmills. But Saks, it turns out is prompted by the purest, I should say the most prophylactic of motives A reassuring little placard explains that your seat is now undergoing a rigorous steam bath highly discouraging to vagrant microbes a little patience and it will return to you enviably pristine, antiseptic as carbolic sterile as a surgeon's cottons. And so it does a little too vigorously for comfort since in an excess of scientific curiosity you've been hovering over the mechanism and the sudden eruption collides briskly with your right eyebrow

But even as you nurse your wounded temple you are held spellbound by the languid the ineffable grace of this prosaic wooden object as it flutters slowly downward like a swooning adagio dancer and subsides at last gently as a feather into its immemorial, horizontal position. Speaking strictly for myself—you may be made of sterner stuff—the vicissitudes of Saks were too much for me A quarter of an hour later I was in the tranquil haven of Plaza Ladies reflecting that plumbing, and probably civilization, have reached a capitalistic zenith Up to now mechanical solicitude had been in its infancy a well-intentioned embryo a technological bud of which Saks (and Wanamaker's and McCreery's as well, my scouts report) is the effete, the distinguished flower

I can only regret that the *rapprochement* between myself and Saks Ladies is not all that it should be. It's like love. You admire and respect a man for his attainments, his choice of liquor and his repartee but you cannot bring yourself to care. Intellectually I admire Saks but emotionally we aren't compatible There are too many distracting influences and you can see for yourself, the atmosphere is hardly conducive to serious thought It's a different story at the Plaza. There's something extraordinarily soothing and beneficent about Plaza Ladies From the moment you enter and feel your feet sinking luxuriously into the carpet, nod to the maid in her arsenal of coat hangers and catch a hurried glimpse of your svelte self in the three-way mirrored screen, you are physically refreshed spiritually regenerated The very color scheme makes you feel plutocratic and pampered

Note, *en passant* that even the rigid contours of the telephone booth have succumbed to the decorator and emerged, curved, lady-like yellow sides swelling baroquely. (Any day now I expect Something to come of the propinquity of Telephones and Ladies—who knows perhaps a *mariage de convenance* arranged by the Bell System as a Boon for Busy Women But why dwell wistfully on future felicities when the present offers such amiable solaces at the Plaza?) Across the threshold in the Inner Sanctum a lyric mood prevails diaphanous curtains flutter gently at the windows a vernal vista invites you to a leisurely communion with nature Except on Saturday afternoons when the overflow from the Persian Room is large and vocal, here is an oasis of peace in a mad, bad world a secular cloister for revery and meditation.

But say a touch of bucolics lures you into the Park to feed the swans Should you commit the strategic faux pas of skipping Plaza Ladies you can always depend on the civic Women near the Zoo to come to your rescue. Beyond that it is unwise to put one's faith in Park Women. I don't know who was Park Commissioner when these rustic retreats were built but I am inclined to think he carried the community spirit idea a little too far Either that or he had a very short wife He may even have had no wife In fact taking all things into consideration the latter theory seems the most plausible He was a bachelor. The architect was a bachelor Could the Board of Aldermen and the Board of Estimates all have been inexperienced bachelors too? It seems a little improbable But there's no record of any shortage of wood to account for the half-doors in the booths of Park Women though under the circumstances 'door' seems a little optimistic Two frugal feet of wood hardly qualify as door Behind one you are immediately given to feel a rather strange kinship to a horse in its stall

Only no horse ever felt that silly It's enough to give anyone a case of acute nostalgia for the hush era There may be a few contortionists or a stray extrovert who could manage but for any female with the normal number of inhibitions Park Women spells frustration—a sort of psychic Waterloo Oh dear how could I? Let's go back to the Plaza and pretend it never happened. There's no law that says it has to be the Plaza. You may have a midtown destination or a literary mood you want to pander to A suppressed desire to mingle with celebrities may be gnawing away at your psyche There's only one thing to do—navigate your opera pumps in the direction of Frank Case's hostelry It's true the Ladies accommodations at the Algonquin are somewhat on the meager side but there's always the chance that an epigram or two may come wafting over the doors. Even more wonderful possibilities unfold for all you know within the week, mayhap within the hour, Dorothy Parker or Pearl Buck or Helen Hayes may have been eyeing the same crack in the same door in a mood of wistful contemplation

For that matter there's nothing like a little excursion to any of the better Ladies to keep the ego in fettle The psychological effect far transcends mere functionalism when a girl can hobnob with the élite, powder her nose in a mirror alongside of one that appeared in last Sunday's roto and in the best democratic tradition precede—or follow—a resident of the Almanach de Gotha into solitary Did you ever stop to think that Ladies supply the only orchidaceous note in many a humdrum life? Where else outside of the movies can the working girl have an innocent nibble at high life what better chance has she to sit however briefly in the seats of the mighty? I know of one young lady who regularly detours at the Ritz Johnny on her way to an eighty-five-cent table d'hôte dinner with her young man. She says the very murmur of the faucets has something suave and distinguished about it as she adjusts her stocking seams in this atmosphere reeking of Caron and international éclat she claims she can feel glamour rising in her like a geyser It takes her several blocks to get used to her young man's not being Raymond Guest or David Niven in tails but the lagniappe to her morale is worth it

The St Regis is nothing to sneeze at either when it comes to fostering delusions of grandeur Neither is the Waldorf Or the Pierre. Personally I have a weakness for the Waldorf because of a unique architectural feature in the Louis Quinze—or is it Seize?—anteroom A miniature double staircase complete with balustrade and handrails serves as Entrance and Exit to Ladies proper and there's something about a double staircase that I cannot resist. Aside from this which is

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# Pat Hobby and Orson Welles

**Pat felt that Welles belonged with the other snobs in New York and had no business edging him off the lot**

*by* **F. SCOTT FITZGERALD**

«FICTION»

**R**

"Who's this Welles?" Pat asked of Louie the studio bookie. "Every time I pick up a paper they got about this Welles."

"You know, he's that beard," explained Louie.

"Sure. I know he's that beard—you couldn't miss that. But what credits s he got? What's he done to draw one hundred and fifty grand a picture?"

What indeed? Had he, like Pat, been in Hollywood over twenty years? Did he have credits that would knock your eye out, extending up to—well, up to five years ago when Pat's credits had begun to be few and far between?

"Listen—they don't last long," said Louie consolingly. "We've seen 'em come and we've seen 'em go. Hey, Pat?"

Yes—but meanwhile those who had toiled in the vineyard through the heat of the day were lucky to get a few weeks at three-fifty. Men who had once had wives and Filipinos and swimming pools.

"Maybe it's the beard," said Louie. "Maybe you and I should grow a beard. My father had a beard but it never got him off Grand Street."

The gift of hope had remained with Pat through his misfortunes—and the valuable alloy of his hope was proximity. Above all things one must stick around, one must be there when the glazed, tired mind of the producer grappled with the question "Who?"

So presently Pat wandered out of the drugstore and crossed the street to the lot that was home.

As he passed through the side entrance an unfamiliar studio policeman stood in his way.

"Everybody in the front entrance now."

"I'm Hobby, the writer," Pat said.

The Cossack was unimpressed.

"Got your card?"

"I'm between pictures. But I've got a engagement with Jack Berners."

"Front gate."

As he turned away Pat thought savagely—"Lousy Keystone Cop!" In his mind he shot it out with him. Plunk! the stomach. Plunk! plunk! plunk!

At the main entrance, too, there was a new face.

"Where's Ike?" Pat demanded.

"Ike's gone."

"Well—it's all right, I'm Pat Hobby. Ike always passes me."

"That's why he's gone," said the guardian blandly. "Who's your business with?"

Pat hesitated. He hated to disturb a producer.

"Call Jack Berners' office," he said. "Just speak to his secretary."

After a minute the man turned from the phone.

"What about?" he said.

"About a picture."

He waited for an answer.

"She wants to know what picture?"

"To hell with it," said Pat disgustedly. "Look—call Louie Griebel. What's all this about?"

"Orders from Mr. Kasper," said the clerk. "Last week a visitor from Chicago fell in the wind machine—Hello. Mr. Louie Griebel?"

"I'll talk to him," said Pat, taking the phone.

"I can't do nothing, Pat," mourned Louie. "I had trouble getting my boy in this morning. Some twirp from Chicago fell in the wind machine."

"What's that got to do with me?" demanded Pat vehemently.

He walked a little faster than his wont along the studio wall to the point where it joined the back lot. There was a guard there but there were always people passing to and fro and he joined one of the groups. Once inside he would see Jack and have himself excepted from this absurd ban. Why, he had known this lot when the first shacks were rising on it, when this was considered the edge of the desert.

"Sorry, mister—you with this party?"

"I'm in a hurry," said Pat. "I've lost my card."

"Yeah? Well, for all I know you may be a plain clothes man." He held open a copy of a photo magazine under Pat's nose. "I wouldn't let you in, even if you told me you was this here Orson Welles."

**II**

There is an old Chaplin picture about a crowded street car where the entrance of one man at the rear forces another out in front. A similar image came into Pat's mind in the ensuing days whenever he thought of Orson Welles. Welles was in, Hobby was out. Never before had the studio been barred to Pat and though Welles was on another lot it seemed as if his large body, pushing in brashly from nowhere, had edged Pat out the gate.

Now where do you go? Pat thought. He had worked in the other studios but they were not his. At this studio he never felt unemployed—in recent times of stress he had eaten property food on its stages—half a cold lobster during a scene from *The Divine Miss Corstairs*, he had often slept on the sets and last winter made use of a Chesterfield overcoat from the costume department. Orson Welles had no business edging him out of this. Orson Welles belonged with the rest of the snobs back in New York.

On the third day he was frantic with gloom. He had sent note after note to Jack Berners and even asked Louie to intercede—now word came that Jack had left town. There were so few friends left. Desolate he stood in front of the automobile gate with a crowd of staring children, feeling that he

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*"There's an author dropped in with a manuscript, Fingers—what'll I do, give him a rejection slip?"*

*"I've had three colonels and a general shot from under me!"*

*"Good morning dear!"*



# Two Born Bachelors

**This after William and Howard had spent twenty-five years together, winking quietly over their brandy!**

*by* **STANLEY LOGAN**

• SATIRE •

WILLIAM COMERFORD-PYKE raised his glass and winked at Howard Pendlebury-Jones.

"A drop of 'The Old and Bold,'" he murmured.

"A few moments for 'Silent Prayer'," softly replied Howard Pendlebury-Jones—and if you had closed your eyes as he did at that moment you would have wondered which of these white-haired pink-cheeked old gentlemen had been the first to speak; as alike were the two voices in husky appreciation.

Then, opening one surprisingly blue eye, Howard closed it again in a returning wink at William. There had always been a serene wink; as serene as the benevolent old brandy that winked slyly back at them in the gleam of candlelight. It was a winking sort of room altogether. The crystal chandeliers winked back at the crackling fire, and Heath, the butler, having placed the decanters at his masters' elbows—"just so"—and "just so" indulged in a mental wink, which of course did not betray itself on his vast spoon-like countenance.

Yes, a blessed brandy to be sipped with a sort of quiet, well-bred triumph, as a tribute to a fine day—a all-rounded off. So did William Comerford-Pyke sip his, but—breaking the habit of a quarter of a century—Howard Pendlebury-Jones downed his at a gulp. And then, shattering finally all precedent in one horrid gesture—reached for more.

William almost choked—almost—not quite. This, he felt, was a moment for supreme self-control. Noiselessly placing his glass upon the mahogany, he gazed at his friend and—gazing steadily, William suddenly became aware of Time. Twenty-five years and a little more since Howard and he had first winked at each other across that table in what was surely the most placid—the pleasantest manor house in all the lovely wold of Kent.

"Born Bachelors," their generation had called them. Well, what male wasn't—if you came to that? Inescapable, of course. But thought William, all those years of loyalty and comradeship had bestowed a new dignity upon a commonplace. Born Bachelors!" Fine, robust, upstanding words.

Words with no meaning to this new generation though—what was it he had overheard that young Jevons saying?—"Escapists"? Now what the devil had the young sissy meant by that? Then again, "People who live together long enough come to look alike."

William gazed even more intently at his friend—saw him steadily and saw him whole. Did he—William—resemble him—Howard? Not at this particular moment, he hoped. For Howard Pendlebury-Jones looked—furtive. Yes, dash it, that's what the fellow looked. Furtive, and he had finished his second glass of brandy, finished! Flushed and furtive—dash it—"Steady," William whispered to himself. "Steady!"

Then habit reasserted itself. He picked up his glass again.

"Anything new?" he inquired.

The calm sound of his own voice reassured him immediately. He had recaptured ritual. It had never been so much a question—or a desire for information this—"Anything new" of his, but more of a pleasant opening to the after-dinner chat. After all, there never was anything really new. Just pleasant variations on an old theme—like Mozart's music. William was pleased to think.

"Anything new?" he repeated softly—squinting luxuriously through his glass as he held it up to the light. So the blow fell without warning. He failed to observe the look of abject guilt that had transformed the aristocratic features of Howard Pendlebury-Jones. Only the relentless speed of sound carried that dreadful strangled voice to him—across the room—their room—across the years—their twenty-five years—across their little world—shattering—devastating—

"I have to tell you, William, I am about to be married."

The words exploded in William's ear. He—himself, his whole "aware-ness" was blinded and deafened by them. Instantly those sentinels of the Upper Class English soul sprang into action.

"Steady," urged Eton. "Steady," pleaded Oxford and "Steady the Buffs," commanded his old regiment. And then—Victory!

"Anyone I know?"

He heard his own calm voice ask the question. Just that and nothing more. "Anyone I know?" He observed his own hand firmly lifting the glass to his owe lips and he felt himself sip! Even at that dreadful moment he did not gulp—he could still sip!

"No, I don't think you know her."

The voice was less strangled—almost calm.

"Ah?"

His own "Ah" was superbly calm. William thought—calm with a dash of anticipated pleasure. The "Ah" of a Bishop contemplating tea and crumpets. Perfect!

(Well played, Eton! Well done, Oxford!)

"She's a 'Fresh,'" went on the voice, almost complacent now. "Angela Hunter-Fresth—The Shropshire Freshes, y'know."

"No, I'm sure I've not had the pleasure; I hope you'll be very happy," said William Comerford-Pyke.

"Thank you, I hope so too," said Howard Pendlebury-Jones.

* * *

After what is known, for some esoteric reason—as "a decent interval" William was presented to Howard's fiancee and he found to his astonishment that he was possessed

*Continued at top of page 111*

*"Jarvis, I hear that you've been making passes at the maid—well, answer me—how'd you make out?"*

# American Sugar Daddy

**Advertising has played a godlike role in the molding of such American artists as Hemingway, Lewis, Petty and Thurber**

*by* **LOVELL THOMPSON**

• ARTICLE •

OURS is an age of hot air. From stone age to iron age, from iron to steel, from steel to tin, aluminum and glass; and thence to hot air—each product is more subtly and more inflexibly restraining than the last—it seems almost a predictable progression, almost a credible one.

Hot air is ballyhoo and ballyhoo is a sort of natural hogwash that can be drilled for anywhere in America. Those who refine this product are in some way advertisers. They may be political advertisers or propagandists, specialists in free advertising or publicity experts, but they are all advertisers—producers and purveyors of the great American ballyhoo whose stentorian echoes resound across the globe.

The power of American advertising is often spoken of, but is always underrated. People tend to comment on it with the same kind of surprise they bestow upon a precocious flea circus. Yet people generally have seen how advertising has made luxuries into necessities, how it has urbanized and standardized American life, and how it has hastened and extended the growth of civilization. That is not the record of a flea circus industry but rather of an industry of first-class historical importance—and it's just a beginning. The part which American advertising plays in the tone of the American personality is original, subtle and far-reaching, and not too well known. It has, in fact, all but rebuilt the structure of American thought.

This influence is nowhere more important than in the field of American art, for the tone of a culture is made by the art of the people, and the advertising industry is the greatest patron and director of our art. To see the extent and variety of the advertising influence, you need to follow advertising's back trail a short way watching its progress and method. It started slowly, ambled to a quicker pace, and reached flying speed within fifty years.

* * *

The ingeniously fertile Benjamin Franklin was the father, among other things, of modern American advertising. His paper was the first to use display type and centered heads, and when you have taken a first step of this sort you can but glance up at the whole flight. This means that, with a kind of evolutionary prescience like that of an echippus twitching in his sleep with uneasy dreams of a far off Derby Day, Franklin half-foresaw his name on today's *Saturday Evening Post*.

You can pursue the history of advertising from Franklin to Lorimer, type face by type face and column by column, but it's almost as instructive and a good deal easier, to hang this history on the figure of the American Girl—for the graph of the development of the American Girl as advertisers built her is curve by curve and hollow by hollow parallel to the development of advertising.

You find her in Franklin's day a little conventionalized running figure with a black face used to advertise for the return of runaway slaves. You find her a little later in the round on the water fronts of eastern ports, the beautiful, subtle figures beneath the bowsprits of American clipper ships.

These figures cut water in a good many uncharted seas, among others the attempt of industry to dramatize itself in the eyes of the public. That boldly busked woman leaning above the waves, eyes on the future is the wife of the cigar store Indian and the distinguished grandmother of the radiator cap. She told you at once of the adventure of trading. She symbolized an energetic commercial movement. That dizzy, wench-like, often fish-tailed woman was the American Girl—she who later came to be satisfied with only a Chesterfield and who goaded against her other weaknesses with Lifebuoy, Listerine, Lux and even Lydia Pinkham.

A picture of a conservatively sexy goddess of Fortune was proffering lottery tickets from the advertising columns of the daily news as early as 1820. Here was a sister to the mermaid under the clipper's bowsprit and the prototype of what later became the advertiser's dream girl. In spite of what lay ahead of her the mermaid a sister was to start with, an immobile woman. From 1820 to 1880 she hardly changed either her expression or her clothes. She just hung around in Columbia's reach-me-downs. Around 1880 the break came, she opened her mouth and displayed teeth brushed with Sozodont. It happened when two men founded *Scribner's* with the idea of going out after advertising.

"It is now well understood that a first-class popular magazine furnishes to all men who seek a national market the very best medium for advertising that exists. It is both widely distributed to the prosperous . . . and carefully read and preserved."

So said *Scribner's Monthly*. Up to that time, the reputable magazines had accepted advertising reluctantly, and had controlled its arrangement so as to minimize its display value. *Scribner's* made the hole in the dike.

This was what was behind the new smile of the American Girl. Magazines had seen that advertising could be made to support them, advertisers were being encouraged to take conspicuous space, and to make greater efforts to attract attention. About the time the American beauty smiled, W. L. Douglas and Lydia Pinkham made their appearance side by side in advertising columns. This is corroborative evidence and an explanation in itself of the mark that was standard equipment on the face of the great American Cutie.

If you will go behind the next change in the American Girl you will find another landmark in advertising history: about ten years after the girl in the magazine ad broke down and giggled, she went wild altogether and began to run through a procession of forms and faces as freely as the old man of the sea. Those who tried to wrestle her thinking they had got hold of a blonde, found her a brunette and before they could say "Oh well . . ." she had changed into a South Sea islander and back into a blonde and had sold them a trip round the world and life-long bondage to a deodorant.

Observing this, a shrewd man might suppose that this little girl had just got loose in a bargain basement with a blank check on the Federal Reserve. He would not be so far wrong. A simple mechanical device—the half-tone screen—had made pictorial advertising plates cheap. What the cotton gin was to the South, and barbed wire to the great plains, the half-tone plate was to the fertile territories of American advertising.

Accordingly, about 1900, when the monstrous growth of Industry was established, advertising men began to understand what those wooden sweethearts on the clipper ships meant to them. They realized then what simpler men had always known: that in America, mermaids and goddesses of Fortune had not been cultivated to the full extent of the law.

At last the commercial artist was permitted to draw the American Cutie and put his back into it. So it was that soon after the Lydia Pinkham period the mermaid of the 1830's flowered. Men like Gibson and Harrison Fisher lovingly escorted her on her way. The real American Girl looked at the ads and learned, and now she began to have such men as John Lagatta and Dean Cornwell to remind her that that fish-tailed Jane beneath the bowsprit had something she must't forget. Advertising made the American Girl the world's best paint job judiciously stuffed and mounted in a Jintzen. She had risen from an impractical cross between a honey and a codfish to become the flesh and blood chicken in every American pot. The American Girl as now exemplified by Petty's pets and by a dozen sleek and rangy movie stars—was advertising's first contribution to America's mechanized folk art.

The effect of advertising, whether in magazines or newspapers, is always the same—it disturbs the balance between circulation and price, and, since advertising charges are apt to follow circulation figures, it creates new pressure for circulation. Thus, about the time the American Girl was discarding Lydia Pinkham's wig and beginning to show herself in her true colors—which have since turned

*My hair-do was a riot,*
*No rouge adorned my pan,*
*I didn't know about B.O.—*
*But, Hell, I got my man!*

*As the Gibson Girl*
*The world proclaimed me*
*But I came to grief*
*Because men framed me!*

out to be mostly flesh tints—there was a big circulation war among the New York dailies. This war came just at the end of the century and the symbol of the struggle was Outcault's Yellow Kid. The Yellow Kid has since been recognized as the prototype of the current American comic strip and at that time, no less than now, the comic strip was an all important circulation getter. So novel and effective was the comic strip in this war that like poison gas it was considered unsporting to use it. These newspapers which by its aid survived were called reproachfully the "yellow press" after the Yellow Kid. Thus, with the Yellow Press at least, the comic became a necessity, and soon therefore it began also to be more respectable. Outcault himself all but deserted the Yellow Kid for Buster Brown, and Buster Brown's mother—of the iron hairbrush—was a Gibson Girl. In the face of this situation the boiler papers soon got themselves into comic strips; the comic had begun its rise to respectability.

Men like Jiggs and Li'l Abner are now the real American Ambassadors throughout the world. Comic strips have come to life in the animated cartoon and everywhere they go they carry the catchy American popular touch which is fostered by ten thousand advertising allowances. There were comic strips before 1900, particularly in Germany and Sweden, but only in America were they developed completely and only because Advertisers—by creating the necessity and the space for them, financed their development. The newspaper writer as well as the newspaper artist was affected by the new advertising flood. Newspapers grew livelier as well as longer. Mr. Dooley made a worthy rival to the Yellow Kid.

The reaction of American writers to the advertisers' needs is evident throughout the whole journalistic trade and it is particularly interesting to follow the course of this reaction in the magazines. The magazine was one of the most important channels through which the advertising river ran. When the river became a flood things happened to its bed. In the days before the War between the States, *Godey's Lady's Book* was the big magazine success. It had a giant circulation of 150,000. It actually paid its contributors. About a dollar a type page was what writers got, but illustrations in color cost six and seven hundred dollars for the plates. Nobody got rich on *Godey's* except Godey, but the contributors were much respected.

Even before *Scribner's* decided to go after advertising *Godey's* felt its stimulating pressure. A dozen advertising pages were not uncommon in an issue of *Godey's* but these if mentioned at all, were only mentioned on the quiet. None the less *Godey's* tripled its rates to authors, increased the number of its colored plates and numbered among its contributors (at around half a cent a word) Poe, Emerson, Holmes, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Stowe, Horace Greeley, James T. Fields and Herman Melville. Godey's Lady was behaving as if she had had a couple of drinks.

In the era of the half-tone when pictures ceased to be unusual, Godey's Lady wilted beneath her bustles and nothing was left but broken girders of whalebone and twisted wire netting. Godey's Lady and the rest of her sewing circle were advertising's first victims. For advertising upset all the old balances. The law of survival was no longer circulation at a price but circulation at any price.

*Scribner's* policy had established a new point of view. As this new policy developed, abetted by the new mechanical freedom, it brought about two essential changes. Magazines were able to pay far more for contributions than ever before; and they were able

*Continued on page 144*

*For a moment it seemed*
*As if I were in clover,*
*My net was a mere*
*But it wasn't HERD over!*

*My lines are loose and lovely,*
*My actions are quite rash,*
*And, say, the things I advertise*
*Aren't bought for PETTY cash!*

*Sophisticates think I'm divine,*
*But realists take a walk,*
*Some people think my stuff is art,*
*Some think it's double talk!*
—PHIL STACK

DRAWINGS BY E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

# Take These Things Hence

**Michael was young to be a soldier, tired from marching and it was his first night sleeping in a trench**

*by* **MANUEL KOMROFF**

• FICTION •

I AM so tired " he said I wish I could go to sleep and never wake up "

He breathed deeply His young face was grimy, the grime of road dust smeared with gun barrel oil His eyelids drooped

We were all tired It was the end of a long day a long haul We had marched since dawn and we carried heavy packs besides the rifle and our regular equipment

It was a long road and we kept well over to the right to allow the trucks to rattle by Some of them were empty Good gasoline going to waste! A war going on and nothing to haul! And we carrying heavy packs while the trucks rattle by empty! Hell The empty lorries could have transported half of our company And but a few more empty trucks and the whole gang could have ... Saved shoe leather and wear and tear And besides, when they send you to the front they should send you in style. I believe in style

The whole thing is crazy anyway What you've got in the army is only gambler's winnings Even your life is profit and your money whatever you happen to have in your pocket, is found money That is why in the last war I lived at the Ritz, I told him.

"Truly?" he asked in amazement

"Sure Why not? Even the Ritz was not too good for me What the hell! I had my pay and only three days' leave in Paris Room with a bath at the Ritz and a cake of fancy smelling soap to kill the carbolic smell that sticks to you after you come out of the cootie laundry You don't know how nice it feels! Lots of suds shampoo and a shave Better take it while you can Nothing lasts in this world Yes that's what we will do when we get our first leave The Ritz is none too good And after three days—well, then you are back "

"Wouldn't there be a nice farmhouse somewhere in the quiet country?" he asked

"Well sure there are places like that But what good are they? No conveniences not even running water And you get only three days so what the hell! For me it's the Ritz. I'm an old hand at this kind of business. Had two years in the last war I was young just as you are now in fact I had to lie about my age to get in How old are you?"

"Nineteen " he replied.

We marched along We halted and dropped the packs But not for long And we marched again And the trucks rattled by Some loaded and some completely empty

"Could have taken our stuff " I remarked "It would have cost 'em nothing "

He was silent and he merely glanced at me

"You don't think I'm a grumbler?" I asked. "Well sure I am But that is one rule in the army As long as luck is with you never forget to grumble If luck goes against you, then shut up and they will probably give you a citation That's a funny thing about me the moment I put on khaki luck is with me and the moment I take it off I'm in trouble Spent the last couple of years on the dole and now ... You just stick to me lad and I will teach you all the ropes. This is no war anyway No action No wounded No nothing We just got to hold the line while the navy starves 'em out Takes a long time to wear 'em down In the meantime your pay adds up and before you know it we get our three days in Paris "

Somehow or other this lad Michael and I hit it off from the start I don't usually hobnob with kids and as for him We had lots of young fellows and some from his college where he did one year but he took a liking to me from the start and I took a liking to him I was the oldest in our whole company and he was probably the youngest But there was one odd thing about him He had a small book in his pocket in fact he had two small books The book in his coat pocket was one of those pocket classics printed one page in Greek and one in English Then he had a small note book in his breast pocket and he wrote into it every evening

I would shake my head but he would just go on writing Young people have funny ideas It sometimes takes them years to get over it I told him that the book with the Greek on one side and English on the other side was as good at all And even if it were all printed in English I doubt if it could be any good It's too far away too ancient Sure, they had wars then also but nothing like we have It was all on a different scale And it is my opinion that if a fellow wants to learn something, he should learn something useful Back home the world is full of theories and unemployment and they varnish it over with a college education But out here where it's just man to man, I can teach a fellow more in three weeks than he would learn in a whole college career

I thought he would leave the book behind when we were packing up yesterday But no he has it with him.

But we had a long day a heavy push and we are now all in The Greek book will have to wait and the entries in his diary also His eyelids seem laden with sleep and ...

"A spot of rum?" I offered him the flask

"No thanks Donkey "

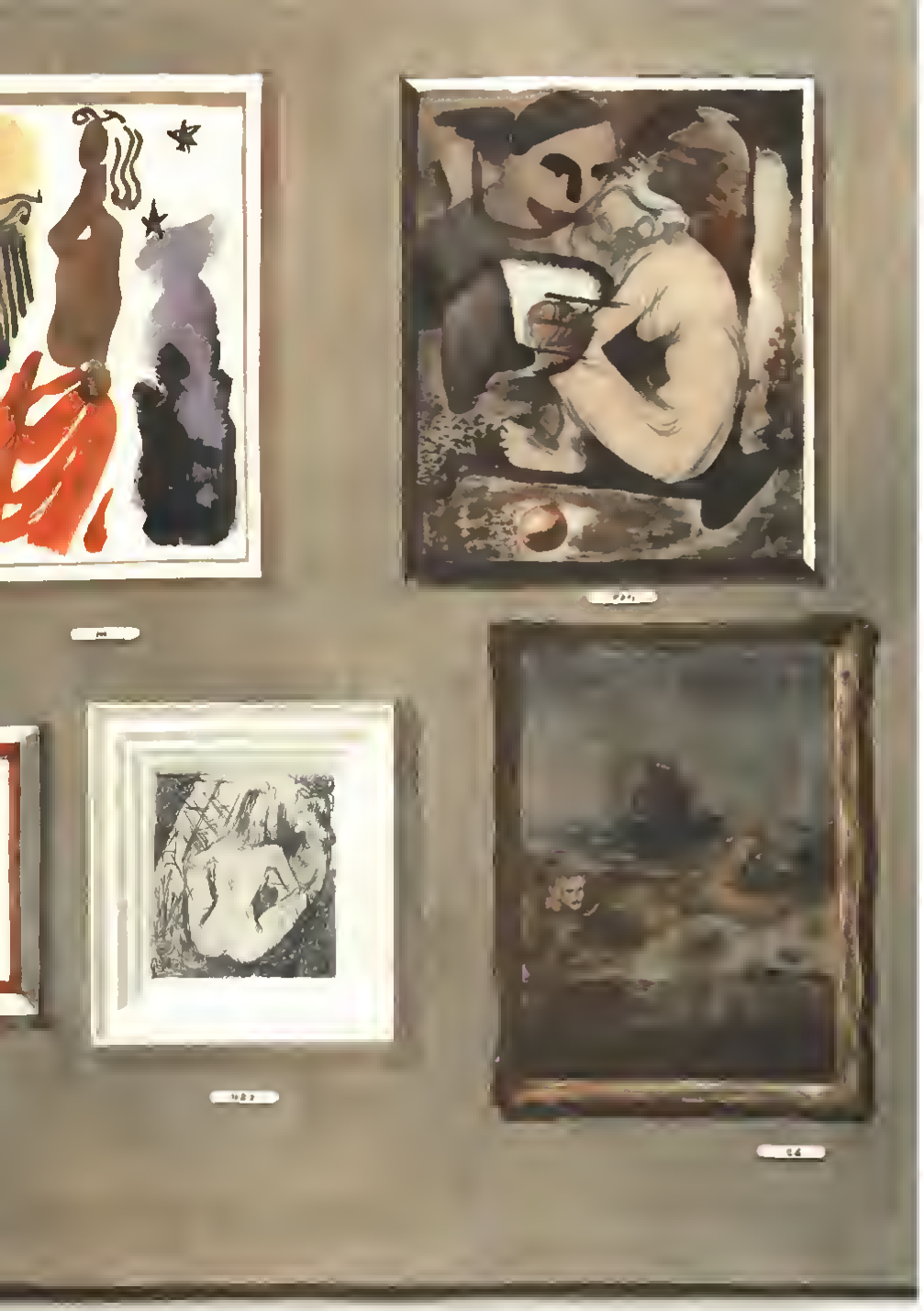
When we first got together I asked him to call me Donkey because that is what they called me in the last war My name is really Donald and for a while they called me Don but one sergeant said one day that I was such a damn fool my name should have been Donkey And from then on it was I liked it as well as the rest And it proved an advantage because with a name like that, too much was never expected of one

"Better take a drop of that rum It will

Continued on page 142

*"Seems dommed silly t' me—but orders is orders"*

*"Sh-h-h-h-!!!"*



**DORIS**—*the simple, appealing story of a child of nature*—*by* **PHIL STACK**

1–Doris was a farmer's child,
A child of nature too,

2–She'd romp out in the pasture
When her simple tasks were through

3–She loved to frolic with their Bull
While Mother cried: "My land!"

7–Her Pa and Ma decided
Since their daughter was so pretty

8–That fame and fortune might await
If she would seek the city

9–So Doris landed in New York
And just like You and You

13–"I'm lonely," thought our Doris,
"My cup of woe is full . . .

14–I'd love to be back on the farm
And frolic with a bull" . . .

15–So Doris asked an Irish cop
Where city bulls were found

—DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM PACHNER

4—For this was long before the days
Of gentle Ferdinand

5—But Doris grew as children do
And things were not so good

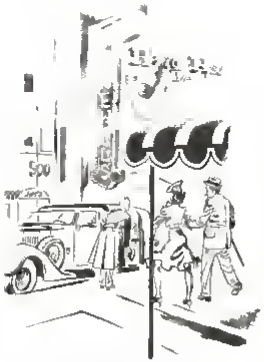
6—About the time she blossomed
Into lovely womanhood,

10—She visited Al Smith's abode
And Coney Island too

11—She went to the Aquarium
And legged it to Grant's Tomb

12 But sobs would shake her lovely form
Within her furnished room

16—He pointed to a Night Club
And he said to stick around



17—And Doris met the Wall Street kind
And NOW is MOST content

18—For after all the Bull at home
Had NEVER paid HER RENT!



# Horns of Jehovah

**The old man wasn't surprised, for this had been happening for five thousand years: only his body felt the terror**

*by* **SÁNDOR HUNYADY**

• FICTION •

SOLOMON VALIKOVSKY was a Roumanian Jew. Thin, little, old and sick. When he descended into the warm basin of the ritual bath one might have thought that a bearded old head had been pasted on top of a skinny child's body. In addition, he was timid and nervous. It was enough for somebody to look at him sternly to make him draw in his neck like a turtle, and his heart would start beating so wildly that he could feel its pulsations in his toes.

And this neurotic, weak old man was obliged to risk his neck twice a week. By profession he was a storekeeper, but on the side he had to engage in a little smuggling. He smuggled gold and dollars across the Roumanian-Polish frontier. Gold and dollars! One must not think of treasures; for a modicum of gold or for twenty dollars he would take upon himself the risk of crossing the frontier. He simply had to risk his honor, his freedom, and his life for even the smallest profit. He had a large family: a wife, five daughters, two sons. The daughters stayed at home in the wretched frontier village. They worked from daybreak until midnight in the little store. They sold salt, matches, petrol, yeast to the peasants. Their hands were red and swollen from the frost. The gleam of terror would appear in their black eyes at every knock on the door. Would it be a customer or someone else? The Valikovsky family rather felt than knew that their ancestors had experienced pogroms.

In his early childhood, when they still lived somewhere near Kishenev, the old smuggler had seen drunken peasants beat his father and mother to death and rock their store. On the floor there had been blood, salt and scattered peppermint candy. The child had inherited some horrible cunning: he pretended to be dead. There wasn't a peep out of him. He didn't open his eyes when they kicked him aside to reach a sack of flour. But now his two grown sons were at the Sorbonne; they needed money. There is a terrific force in such fathers.

The old Valikovsky had been operating for a long time in the poor and out of the way territory where the frontier station consisted of only a few ragged cottages, a filthy public house, and a one-story gendarme post. He had the whole business organized very carefully. The petty officials and the soldiers had been bribed, if one can call it bribing that sometimes they got from him a few *lei* and a few packets of tobacco. Everybody knew the old smuggler. Nobody hurt him because everybody realized that somehow his needs had to be met. For years the old man kept on crossing the frontier without encountering any trouble.

But the State had its own caprices too. One day, at a higher command, the entire frontier guard had been unexpectedly changed, and the unsuspecting Valikovsky found new faces at the boundary post.

The new men searched him, took all his things apart, and even combed his beard. Then they cut in two a cake of soap in which they found two wrinkled, greasy twenty-dollar notes and an ancient gold dental plate.

The valuables were confiscated, and after ten minutes the old fellow was marching in front of a soldier at the point of a bayonet toward the gendarme post.

The bearded little man walked slowly on the back of his faded black alpaca coat the print of a muddy boot where somebody had kicked him. Two steps behind him the soldier with the bayonet. This soldier was a young peasant boy. He was illiterate, and his virginal soul was darkened by all sorts of superstitions and by the sorcery of race propaganda. And yet he couldn't hate the mild-mannered Jew from the bottom of his heart. Rather, he felt sorry for him. If he had been able to express his feelings, this is what he would have said to himself: "Don't tremble on my account, you old woman. I'm not going to hurt you. If I weren't afraid of being punished, I'd let you go with the wind—to heaven or hell!"

Solomon Valikovsky marched humbly in front of the shining bayonet. His sly intellect, as far as his terror allowed, was darting in and out like a lizard. Was there a way to escape punishment? Fretfulness came to his mind. Only he couldn't explain why he had committed the crime. He smuggled because he had to. Because the brutality of the world had closed every other avenue to him. There was nothing else for him to do. It was the society which lived around him which had driven him to this. And now that he had been driven to the wall, the law, like a gigantic cat, was lifting its threatening paws against him.

A bird cage hung in the office of the gendarme post. Two canaries were leaping to and fro in it. The Commissar was standing in front of the cage whistling to the birds. There is a passionate love of music in all Roumanians. The Commissar would have liked very much to teach the canaries some melody.

His eyes were shining, he smiled, he pursed his lips. On his hairy hand, a heart shot through with an arrow was tattooed. He raised his heavy hand and stuck his index finger between the bars of the cage. He was happy when the birds pecked at his finger with their little beaks.

Then the door was opened. The private led in and handed over to his superior the poor old smuggler. He put the accompanying slips of paper, made out by the frontier guard, on the desk. He clicked his heels, saluted, and then disappeared. The victim was left alone with the inquisitor.

It was noon, terribly hot. The Commissar

*Continued in center of page 194*

*"I'm getting tired of being pushed around by Munbocher"*

# Flops to a Fortune

**Four million people yearly go mad with joy at the pratt falls in the Seltzers' Roller Derby**

## by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

℞

It ends where wrestling leaves off, this new nuttiness of the Roller Derby.

It is a charivari of the screwiest gay delirious but the contestants and the promoters who are in it aren't aware of the utter incredibility of it being on the up-and-up

It appears to be a racket, brazen and unalloyed A couple of guys have it fortified by patents and copyrights stronger than the Maginot Line—they think—and hope

It must stink, say the millions who haven't seen this merrily moronic entertainment of pucks whirling around and around on roller skates

It is swell It has opera tongue-tied, the movies blacked out, the radio clogged with static and literature in invisible ink, say those who constitute the 4 000 000 army that the Roller Derby drew in its three leagues last year

The 4 000,000 gate the three leagues, and the roster of competitors is about all the statistics the Roller Derby league provides. A man started out to work out figures on the total of hide skinned from the fannies—if laid end to end as they often are—of Roller Derby participants He got into what he called astronomic figures and gave up If you want figures on the Roller Derby you will have to look at somebody like Peggy O Neill, who is the oomph moll of the maple wheels and a very cute little Turk at that. It practically puts customers in the iron lung to see Peggy pursued by another female Derby dollie with a sawbuck of a patron's lettuce announced as added money for La O Neill if she gains a lap on the field. Little Peggy is addicted to munching on chicle, and in very vigorous fashion Those who have seen intense action in every kind of sport admit freely that they never have seen any exercise of the human form divine so strenuous and so perfectly coordinated as Peggy working her jaws and pumping her hams in the graceful strides of roller skating. You are intrigued trying to figure out which is working which, the jaws or the hams.

But skip Peggy for a while, and get to the other details of the Roller Derby Two brothers, Leo and Oscar Seltzer, got the hunch for it five years ago. They saw roller rinks scattered over the big towns and the tank towns The rinks were doing just so-so The frères Seltzer tried to figure themselves in They had experienced more than a bit of success with a dance marathon in Chicago This was strictly a fix exhibition and undistinguished until their press agent—a brilliant young gentleman who has gone onward and upward with the arts into the movies—rolled over in his bunk one night and grabbed his pipe.

The next morning the young gentleman went to a pal of his on a Chicago paper "Al Capone is backing a dance marathon team," he mentioned casually. Trying his damnedest not to violate his trust, the publicist finally told all The paper beat out with the Capone yarn smeared all over Page One and the press agent's friends on other papers rebuked him severely for not tipping them off The dream story scored Guess what team won that dance marathon? Anyway when the Seltzer brothers left their Chicago dance marathon, instead of having a man come after them to ask for the rent they were dragging a bag that almost gave them a hernia As the bag got lighter and lighter they looked at each other and wondered how they could apply the marathon idea to something that would make their income tax something more than a mockery

Spiderwebs on the doors of roller skating rinks gave them the hunch "Why not put the six-day bike race on the hoof?" Leo asked Oscar, and Oscar could think of no reason why not

And so it came to pass that the Roller Derby idea was born It wasn't so hot at the start. The Seltzer boys had to beg sports writers to come to the thing There was a bus wreck that killed twenty-two of the early Roller Derby troupers. A hurricane took the tent at Miami under which the Roller Derby was being held and transported the tent into the depths of the Everglades.

The thing was proving to be a superflop through forces beyond the control of the hopeful promoters On the credit side of their ledger was the echoes of gasps, shrieks and laughs as the skaters themselves flopped in a frantic tangle of arms, legs and torsos.

No idea in entertainment is so reliable as a thud or a flop on the fanny The brothers Seltzer never have read Thackeray's essay on that topic but they knew there was a deep human appeal in pratt falls. So they kept at it and converted flops into one of the few comparatively fat fortunes that have been made out of sports in recent years

The tide turned for them after certain notables had been lured in for expert advice There was Damon Runyon, who contributed suggestions that make the present routine of the Derby work out like a merry-go-round at Mindy's. Jack Miley, a premier diagnostician of fake fights, sat back pontifically on his abundant behind and thought up some stunts that would give the Derby the benefit of fighting and wrestling dramaturgy and the patrons a sporting chance Bill Cunningham, Warren Brown, Hype Igoe and others to whom the cabalistic book of athletic showmanship is as open as a pigeon's alimentary canal, thought up details that would have all the semblance of dirty work at the crossroads, but which, in reality, would have the sanctity of a broadcast by the Epworth League

With a right hearty heave-ho the experts who make fancy fiction stories out of sports conniving threw their everything into the Roller Skating Derby It bounced back as a sports event that seemingly, is so phoney one sniff of it will bore through the tightest sinus but which, actually is as pure as a child at mother's bosom S'help us Whatever the answer is, the customers go dizzy about it, and repeat like it is narcotic. You can't laugh off of seats 4 000 000 customers when all that major league pro football drew last year was 1 575 000

It has been exhibited in seventy-two cities although the only leagues that are operating now are the Eastern Midwestern and the Pacific Coast Mexico and Canada are going for it. The 3,300 roller skate rinks have been snapped out of the doldrums and the roller skate manufacturing companies have called the depression off

There are ninety-four regular and sixty-

four substitute skaters in the league The substitutes work out four to five hours daily, striving for mastery of speed rhythm blocking and jumping Teams are composed of five males and five females And these skaters really work!

After Runyon, Miley Cunningham Brown, Igoe, *et al.*, had submitted their suggestions for making the semblance of competition sparkle in the Roller Derbies do you know what the poor simple Seltzer boys did to capitalize the advice of the master minds and still retain the gate draw of their racket?

They thought of the easiest, surest thing in the world to make true competition Heaven alone must have sent them the answer They decided not to pay their skaters salaries!

Nobody works like the poor—WPA gags notwithstanding The Seltzers know that, having dug their fists into their jeans' pockets and butted into voids. So the impresario said, "there is a cash prize of $250 each night for the teams, and you guys and gals cut it up to your own satisfaction Nobody gets any individual guarantees"

This decision of genius in desperation apparently has made the Roller Derby competition honest The winning team takes 60 per cent of the series competition pool the losers 40 per cent Each team cuts its piece ten ways according to mutually agreeable rating of the value of team members There is considerable plus income to this take. One of the anonymous, but invaluable members of the Roller Derby cast is the announcer who teases the audience into contributing madness Some of the spectators will contribute as much as $20 per evening, in return for which all they get is having their names and business connections mentioned from twenty to fifty times to a susceptible audience of from 5,000 to 12,000 people The Brothers Seltzer do not mention, by name, their announcers, but these orators are stars of the first magnitude They can make a skinned knuckle sound like a compound fracture of every bone in all arms and legs. A gentleman or lady competitor who has run a splinter into his—or her—leathery pratt is made—by the announcer—to be expiring in the tragic manner of Little Eva or Sydney Carton The announcer implies that if you will stick around and put up a fin or two the speedster will die in public view and breathe his—or her—last in tribute to Mormiles Super-Jazbo Gasoline. Since the flooring of the skating surface has been covered with a non-splintering composition, the chances are that whatever samples of wood have been interned in the epidermis of the contestants have come from the wooden rails surrounding the tracks That is quite possible Blocking a feature of the Roller Derbies, which attempts to prevent the ambitious from lapping the field, tosses many a sprinter into, and over, the guard rails and out of bounds

Falls are frequent Some are the result of illegal blocking for which the offender is sent to the penalty box During occupancy of the penalty box the guilty one's team-mates must carry on leaving the entire squad of five boy-and-girl combinations deficient in the personnel necessary to put on blocks and keep the other squad from scoring

As the Derby is comparatively an infant sport, the faking of serious injury has not developed to the high histrionic level of wrestling The kids grimace and limp and rub They snarl and make passes at those whose tripping, grabbing or rump busts sent them dusting the tracks with their uniforms Trainers lug off the fallee, apparently to be shot. The serious mien of the trainers makes it known that the afflicted is beyond mortal aid and must be destroyed. The work is enthusiastically done but it lacks polish The announcers are ahead of the skaters in this respect.

Miss Grace Fried "the fighting blonde" of the Canadian squad and Miss Peggy O'Neill ingenue of the Chicago troupe provide the major part of the Derby's simulation of wrestlers' wrath. Peggy is a sturdy little bantamweight. The Fried lass is long and thin In a sprint Gracie bends over Peggy like a parenthesis

The routine is (or seems to be) that Peggy jolts Gracie (or vice versa) into a fanny skid at a "crucial" point of the sprint The fallen sister waits until her adversary returns to the part of the circular track marked X where the crime was committed Then the fallen sister makes a lunge and a slug at the one who caused her downfall They tangle and make faces and emit soprano versions of wrestlers' grunts and hisses After which encounter the one whose fair fanny has hit the dust, collapses from the pain of her injuries Thereupon she is lugged to a rub-down table in the middle of the track The Roller Derby is a highly moral enterprise It has two rub-down tables in the middle of the track, one for gents and one for ladies

While a nurse in uniform bends over the form of the stricken heroine the announcer goes into action In a voice reeking with emotion he declaims

"The young star looks like she is seriously injured Whether or not her spectacular career as the Queen of the Roller Derby is ended by this disaster, will be decided in the medical room in a few moments Now altogether folks, let's give the young lady a great big hand for giving her all that her team may triumph as this thrilling event nears its end Only two more nights, folks Here they come ... the internes to carry the young lady to receive the expert medical care those superb athletes of the Roller Derby circuit all get"

A couple of white uniformed men lift the sorely injured one to her feet She exits to the dressing room, generally chewing her gum in a manner that indicates she is not exactly at death's door And sure enough, she isn't. In ten or fifteen minutes the Derby maiden is back on the track apparently having received miraculous treatment from a physician

The girls are doing their best to provide dramatic highlights other than those of the whirring competitions, to the Derby, but as yet, none of them has exhibited talent classifying them with Duse, Bernhardt, Bette Davis, Katharine Cornell, Man Mountain Dean or George Zaharias, the Weeping Greek from Cripple Creek The Roller Derby boys at present writing are almost complete busts as athletic thespians They are inclined to take their bumping too much in the manner of collegiate footballers. In endeavoring to follow the script, they pick themselves up and try to distort their features in pain but seldom are able to register any more pain than that of peeling off a hangnail, although generous slices of their rumps, arms or legs may be hanging in shreds at the moment They rush at the male competitor whom they consider responsible for their crash But the rushing and punch-pulling is done in a somewhat casual manner It is against the chivalry of the Roller Derby for a male contestant to even fake a slug at a female skater, even

*Continued on page 165*

# How I Made My Start

**Naturally the way to get a job with the Botts Manufacturing Company was to get as chummy as Hell with President Botts**

*by* **RICHARD ADAMSON**

• SATIRE •

It was quitting time, and of the employees fleeing from the Botts Manufacturing Company, I accosted one

"You work for Mr E G Botts" I said "And yet, I'll bet you can't tell me one single fact about Mr E G Botts."

"Bet I can"

"Bet you can't"

"How much?" he said

"How much you got?"

"Say—is this a trick?"

"Of course" I said

"Well then" he said "I won't play If it's a trick—I won't bet I wasn't born yesterday"

"You're not so dumb," I said "And tell you what! I'll make a mind bet with you—"

"Then I'll know how the trick works?"

"Sure"

"All right" he said "How much of a mind bet shall we make?"

"Two bits."

He was disappointed "That's hardly worth while for a mind bet"

I raised it to a million dollars

"Now you're talking! But how about odds? Don't I get any odds?"

"Give you five to three"

"All right" he said "Now let's get this straight You're betting five million dollars against my three million that I can't tell you one fact about Mr E G Botts?"

"That's right," I said

"But it's just a mind bet—not real money"

"That's right," I said with great assurance

"All right," he said "Well, I know a girl who knows his secretary"

"That's a fact about you," I pointed out

"Wait a minute" he said "That was just to tell you how I know this fact about Mr Botts That's how I know that Mr Botts is never satisfied with his desk mottoes"

"You win," I said, and walked rapidly away

Heretofore, my investigations had always been more thorough Heretofore I had always gathered a lot of facts—to really familiarize myself with the problems of the business and the personalities of the men with whom I would have to deal

I had understood that this was the way to prepare one's self for the crucial interview with prospective employers But for me, the system hadn't worked Before getting around to the actual planning of the crucial interview, I always knew so much about my prospective employers that I wouldn't have taken a job with them if they'd given me the place

And since the years were passing with me not getting anywhere and people beginning to suggest that maybe I should take up show-card writing I realized that something would have to be done Thus my determination to discover one fact and one fact only, about President Botts of the Botts Manufacturing Company

A desperate measure But carefully examining the one fact that President Botts was not so satisfied with his desk mottoes I was gratified to find some very nice possibilities.

For instance there was the you-and-me-both approach

During the interview with President Botts, I could casually confide that I was never satisfied with my desk mottoes This admission would establish a bond of warm, personal sympathy between Mr Botts and myself It would be something for us to talk about in so intimate, friendly, man-to-man fashion It would be as though we both suffered from hay fever you might say And as we discussed our symptoms of desk-motto dissatisfaction what we had tried to do about it our hopes for the future and so on Mr Botts would develop a very kindly feeling toward one who was so to speak one of him Result the third vice-presidency

Or I might remark to Mr Botts as we discussed the chances for employment (this was the subtle-flattery approach) that it was beyond me how an executive with brains, imagination force character etc could be satisfied with any particular desk motto I would say I was suspicious of men satisfied with their desk mottoes And prone to regard them as either hypocrites or clods. Which should please Mr Botts very much, since it must be the way he himself felt down deep and he would offer me the second vice-presidency

Or again there was the fear approach—in which I scare the pants off President Botts and become president of the Botts Manufacturing Company myself As follows

When President Botts asked about my last position, I would explain that it had been with Mr B B Botts of another Botts Manufacturing Company (this detail having an aura quality calculated to put President Botts in the proper mood) And after his surprise he would ask about references and I would gravely mention certain difficulties.

Were Mr Botts himself now I'm sure he would supply the best of references But alas! He is at present confined to an institution"

Mr Botts makes noises indicating his sympathetic interest.

"Nervous breakdown" I say "And a particularly sad case in that it might have been avoided for Mr Botts was worried to take things easy"

"Ah yes!" says Mr Botts "Overwork! That is indeed the trouble with us big business men! Just don't know how to relax"

"I fear it was so in the case of Mr Botts" I say "Mr Botts—"

"Say!" says Mr Botts, "kinda eerie us talking about this Botts that's cracked up"

He laughs a little uncertainly

"Very well" I say "I shall call Mr Botts

Continued on page 114

*"It's the boss' son . . . he's devoting this week to learning the business from the ground up"*

*"We wouldn't need much furniture"*

*"Sure, we'd love to come, Wetzel. But don't you go telling me it's informal and then show up wearing a shirt"*

*"I'm expecting Mr. Ringgold, Alice, so you'd better leave the moon"*

*"We promised them a double feature for today!"*



# Pick Up Your Money

**Peter found a lot more than he had bargained for when he went through a manhole to bring back his quarter**

*by* **DONALD BARR CHIDSEY**

• MYSTERY •

THOUSANDS of dollars passed through Peter Carmichael's hands every day but the quarter he dropped when he started to run for the bus that Saturday night was his own.

At that he missed the bus. He waved—it was the motion of jerking his hand out of his pocket that dislodged the quarter—and shouted, running. But the driver, late already, was going fast and had all he could do to keep the big vehicle from skidding; he had no time for looking up side streets.

Well, there would not be another bus for forty minutes. There was no cover, and Peter probably was as wet as he could get anyway. So he went back to the middle of the block to look for that quarter.

He had last seen it rolling for the grate over a storm sewer. He had a flashlight, and he used this. There was no sign of the coin on the rainwashed pavement. Undoubtedly it had gone down the sewer.

The grate was loose. Moreover Peter knew that the sewer was brand new, for there had been a lot of fuss about the cost of it—taxpayers' indignation meetings and all that—the papers had been full of it—and the construction work had been completed only a few weeks ago. Peter knelt, playing the flashlight beam between the bars.

Three or four feet below was a narrow stream of rainwater moving fast. It looked deep. On either side, only a few inches above the level of the water, was a narrow concrete shoulder, a sort of catwalk, and on one of these, glittering brassy, was the quarter.

It was easy enough to remove the grate, but even when he lay flat he could not reach the coin. So he lowered himself carefully until he was able to get a foot on each catwalk, and he stooped.

"Put that thing out! What's the matter with you?"

The voice came from within a few inches of his head. He straightened, gasping, forgetting the money. The beam of his flash fell upon the face of a man who stood like him astride the stream.

It was not a pretty face. The nose was large, the eyes tiny, the mouth a loose wet slobber. Soap and water—a razor too—would not have hurt it, but the face would always be ugly, hard, cruel.

"What the hell's the idea? You want somebody to—Hey, wait a minute! You're not—"

A strong light smashed against Peter's face, blinding him. He heard the man curse. Then the light went out and something small and round was pressed against Peter's ribs.

"Listen, guy, I don't know what you're doing down here, but move very slow or you're cold meat, catch on?"

Peter, too startled to reply, couldn't see.

"Now put your own light on what I got held up against you, just in case you think I'm reciting nursery rhymes."

Dazed, Peter moved his flashlight and looked down. What he saw was the top of a large blue automatic pistol, the hammer back, the safety off, the muzzle out of sight in the folds of his raincoat. A hand large, strong and hairy held it.

"So now reach up and pull that cover over the hole again." And when Peter had obeyed, "O.K. Now come towards me very slow, not going any faster n the gat will let you."

Each astride the stream, their feet scuffling on the concrete shoulders, their heads low, they walked along. The man walked backward.

They were several yards from the manhole when the man said "O.K.," and snapped his flashlight on again. A hand went over Peter patting his pockets, feeling under his arms. Then the light went out. But the gun was still against Peter's ribs.

"We'll wait a little while."

"What—Listen, what's the idea?"

"Shut up. You'll find out."

Peter Carmichael, who measured 5 feet 10 inches, could not stand straight. He had to keep his legs spread, and there was barely room on each catwalk for a foot. But he was tolerably comfortable. The air was odorless and there was a drought. Behind him rainwater splashed through the grating from the street. Below he heard the soft, sweet whoosh of the stream.

A few minutes later he heard something else. The grating was being opened again. Someone slipped quietly down into the sewer.

"That you, Doc?"

"Uh-huh. Just about all set now, I guess."

"Listen, Doc, I got a guy here."

"You've got a *what?*"

"I got a guy. He came down here looking for something he'd dropped. Then after he picked it up—"

"I didn't pick it up." Peter said. "You didn't give me a chance."

"—well, anyway, I thought he was you coming back, Doc, so I spoke to him, and he put on a flashlight."

"What of it?"

"Well, he saw my face."

"Oh."

It was weird, standing in that odd position listening to two men you couldn't even see.

"Yes, if he saw your face—it isn't a face, anybody would have much trouble picking out of a rogues' gallery afterward. And it's certainly in plenty of them. Too bad. Too bad for him, too." The voice was peevish, tired. "Damn' nuisance. Well, let's take him to where we can get a look at him."

Something touched the small of Peter's back.

"Listen, guy, whatever your name is," the man in front said. "Doc's got a gun on you.

*Continued on page 165*

*"This is a stickup!"*

# Take Another Bow, Honey!

**Picture Clifton Webb and Milton Berle without their mamas. Paul Muni without Bella, George Raft without The Killer**

*by* **SIDNEY SKOLSKY**

• ARTICLE •

IT TAKES all kinds of people to make a show world. Besides the actors, the writers, the directors and the technicians there is a peculiar type of person who, having no special talent himself, finds his happiness in the reflected glory of a performer. These people are content to stand in the wings and push the actor forward to take another bow.

The most natural example of this species, of course, is the mother who guides her offspring. There have been many famous mothers in show business, notably Elsie Janis' "Ma," and today there is Mrs. Temple. The most renowned among the Park Avenue set is Mabelle, Clifton Webb's mother.

She is famous not only in story, but in song, for Cole Porter mentions her in *A Picture of Me Without You*. The line reads: "Picture Clifton Webb without Mother Mabelle." The truth is, no one can—not even Clifton Webb.

When Clifton was a small boy, Mabelle, who had herself wanted to go on the stage, transferred her ambition to her son. Mabelle took young Clifton to a dancing school conducted by a Mrs. Chamberlain, whose brother-in-law was later to become England's prime minister. Clifton was groomed for his stage career with great care and delicacy. He used to have to wear a veil over his face when he was outdoors, sometimes. Mother Mabelle didn't want the sun to spoil Clifton's complexion.

Mother Mabelle has been the guiding factor in the career of Clifton Webb. She brought him together with Mae Murray when Miss Murray was one of the brightest names in the theatre. When the act of Mae Murray and Clifton Webb was ultimately booked to play the Palace Theatre, Mother Mabelle noticed the billing: "Mae Murray, assisted by Clifton Webb." Mabelle announced to the manager and to Miss Murray that her Clifton wouldn't dance unless the billing were changed to read: "Mae Murray and Clifton Webb." It was.

In addition to fighting for billing and salary, Mother Mabelle directed the course Clifton's career was to follow. She insisted that Clifton leave Mary Hay after they proved a sensation dancing together in *Sunny* and in vaudeville and advised him to join the cast of a then insignificant revue, *The Little Show*. The move was instrumental in opening an entirely new field for Clifton's talents.

After an opening night, Clifton runs home to his mother. Mabelle throws a big party for him and for her friends. In the beginning, perhaps they have been Clifton's friends, but before long Mabelle has adopted them. Mabelle Webb loves parties, adores celebrities and enjoys Clifton's success. She is now having the fling in the theatre that she has wanted all her life.

Another type of stage "Ma" is Milton Berle's mother, Sarah. She is not a frustrated actress. She entered show business because her young son needed someone to watch over him.

When Milton Berle was six years old, his mother read an advertisement in which Vitagraph Pictures issued a call for boys who looked like Little Lord Fauntleroy. Mrs. Berle grabbed her Milton, who had blond curls at the time, pinned a lace collar on his black velvet suit and went out after the job.

Milton got the job in that Vitagraph special. He got more work in pictures. He was the child who was tied to the railroad tracks in *The Perils of Pauline*. He was the baby that Marie Dressler held in *Tillie's Punctured Romance*, and he was the boy who climbed on John Bunny's lap in *Bunny's Little Brother*.

He started out to be a serious actor. When Milton was twelve he played Romeo in a *Romeo and Juliet* sketch with Elizabeth Kennedy.

After this he got his first chance at comedy with Jack Duffy. Milton played the part of a fresh kid in the act. "It wasn't hard," Milton recalls now. "All I had to do was be myself." Mrs. Sarah Berle was always around to take care of her boy.

Now that Milton is old enough to look after himself, Mrs. Berle is still around taking care of him. Whether she realizes it or not, Mrs. Berle is an actress. She and Milton do an act. When Milton plays in vaudeville, Mrs. Berle is in the audience. If Milton does five shows a day, so does Mrs. Berle. She knows Milton's routine. She is the first to laugh at every joke and the first to clap her hands.

When Milton is on the radio, Mrs. Berle is in the studio audience, and her laugh goes into millions of homes. Milton made two motion pictures but without success, for as a columnist remarked, "Mrs. Berle couldn't be on the screen as an applause leader."

The critics and the profession have joked about Milton and his mother, but they don't mind. Milton believes this type of kidding has helped him, and so he jokes in it. One evening Milton walked into the Palace Theatre while Eddie Cantor was on the stage, and hearing a familiar laugh in the audience, said to the manager, "It's my mother. Don't tell me she's working for Cantor now and is playing the Palace before me!"

When Milton Berle eventually did play the Palace, it was a fellow performer, Jack Osterman, who made the best comment on the career of Milton and his "Ma." Osterman said, "Milton's mother was angry with him, so she sat behind a post for two shows."

But stage mothers are practically clichés in show business and there are stranger specimens in the "Take Another Bow, Honey" army. Strictly a Broadway product is the saga of Ruth Etting and Moe (The Gimp) Snyder.

When Ruth Etting was singing in vaudeville, Moe Snyder would stand in the wings and watch "The Little Lady." Ruth, after finishing her last song, would bow gracefully to the audience. The Gimp, standing there in the darkened entrance, would listen to the applause and his face would become covered with a grin. As "The Little Lady" approached him, The Gimp would touch her on the shoulder and say, "Take another bow, honey!" Then Ruth Etting would step before the footlights, again acknowledge the applause and take another bow.

Moe Snyder didn't always stand in the wings. But no matter where he happened to be, Ruth felt he was present and directing her to take another bow. On Broadway when Ruth was featured in Ziegfeld's *Whoopee*, Snyder was known as "The Colonel." The little "Colonel" had a special meaning there. Any fellow who had a wife in show business and who walked in the vicinity of the place where she worked was immediately labeled "Colonel." There came into existence a club of "Broadway Colonels," almost as numerous as Kentucky Colonels. Once, on the bulletin board at the Friars' Club was posted a list of Broadway Colonels whose wives were appearing on Broadway that week.

The Gimp was not ashamed of being on that list. He meant to do everything possible to help Ruth's career. He felt that he had put her on top and he intended to keep her there. Snyder took Ruth Etting from the chorus of a Chicago night club to stardom in Ziegfeld shows. Of course, Ruth's singing had much to do with her success. How far she would have gone without The Gimp's assistance, however, is still a question. He was in there fighting for "The Little Lady" at all times, and he would fight anyone.

The Gimp got this nickname because he walked with a slight limp. There is a legend as to how he got the bad leg. The story goes that when Moe Snyder was supposed to be a Chicago tough boy, he carried a gun in his trousers pocket. One day, during a heated discussion, Moe got excited, pulled the trigger, and shot himself in the leg.

Snyder spoke loudly, was frankly illiterate and often embarrassed Ruth. But he got her everything she wanted and everything he thought she deserved. The Gimp didn't fear anyone in show business. When Florenz Ziegfeld didn't like a song that Miss Etting had selected and ordered it out of the show, Moe charged into his office. Without bothering to remove his hat, he began, "You old plumber, what do you know about songs?" And the Gimp raved as until Ruth's song was reinstated.

Moe Snyder was always present when Ruth made phonograph records. He was there, to put it in his own words, "to see that 'The Little Lady' gets a fair shake." He looked a musical background, he couldn't read a note. But he supervised Ruth's singing and helped her to choose songs.

When Ruth Etting was singing in *Whoopee*, playing on the Ziegfeld Roof and making phonograph records simultaneously, The Gimp had little time for the club at Lardy's. Then Ruth got an offer to make a series of movie shorts. The Gimp was proud of the movie bid and considered it seriously for a time. Then he turned it down. "Playing in a show and a night club and making records is enough!" he said. "They ain't gonna give us consumption!"

Another prominent "Broadway Colonel" is Al Lackey. Sophie Tucker's husband. Colonel Lackey is Miss Tucker's third husband. When she was Sonia Abuza, she married Louis Tuck and had a son, Bert, when she was only seventeen. After divorcing Tuck, she changed her name to Tucker and continued in show business and in matrimony. She next married Frank Westphal, an orchestra leader. That marriage didn't last, either. Along came Al Lackey, a Broadway boy who knew the gang at Lardy's, played a good game of cards and spoke the same lingo as Sophie. They became partners.

Al was around singing Sophie's praises while Sophie was singing. He could generally be found at a corner table when Sophie was working in a night club. There he would sit, eating and drinking and welcoming his friends. When Sophie Tucker was the headliner at the Paramount Grill, Al told a friend at his table, "Sophie's quitting here next week. I don't like the food."

Al Lackey went with Sophie when she played the night clubs of London. He went to Hollywood with her when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer thought it had another Marie Dressler in The Last of the Red Hot Mamas. Metro didn't take up its option on Sophie, but Lackey took an option on Hollywood. When Sophie Tucker returned to Broadway and *Leave It To Me*, she had to face the opening night cheers alone. Colonel Lackey, in Hollywood, stopped playing bridge long enough to send Sophie a telegram telling her to take another bow.

The movies, before the advent of talking pictures, were a unique form of show business. But now, since celluloid talks, the screen is more closely allied with the stage. It is customary for a hit play to be purchased for the screen, and any new performer who gets good reviews in a play is immediately offered a Hollywood contract. The New York dramatic critics, without realizing it, have become talent scouts for the picture studios.

With the influx of Broadway players to Hollywood, it is only natural that the customs and habits of the theatre should accompany them on their trek to the West Coast sound stages.

The "Take Another Bow, Honey" league flourishes in the studios as it did behind the footlights of the two-a-day. Only the technique is different. When Paul Muni is making a picture, his wife, Bella, is always on the set. After Muni has played a scene, he looks toward Bella. If she nods approval, Muni is satisfied. If Bella looks doubtful, then regardless of the director's opinion, Muni plays the scene again. Every director, after the first hour's shooting of a Muni film, knows enough to look toward Bella.

She realized, at the outset, that there would be opposition to her insistence on staying on the set, but she overcame this obstacle tactfully. And now it is the duty of the assistant director to have a chair for her on Muni's set.

Bella Muni is an intelligent woman who understands her husband, his disposition and his talent. She is his chief adviser. She reads every script submitted to him and he has never made a picture of which she hasn't approved. They discuss each scene and the method of characterization Paul should use. Bella was formerly an actress, and met Muni when they played together in the Yiddish theatre. After their marriage she retired from acting to devote herself exclusively to Paul's career.

Mrs. Muni dresses in accordance with the role her husband is playing. When Muni was the Polish coal miner in *Black Fury*, Bella wore a dull black dress, because she didn't want to be a disconcerting figure on his sound stage. At present Paul Muni is cast as the English school teacher in James Hilton's *We Are Not Alone*, and Mrs. Muni comes to the set wearing a tweed suit. She says that she hopes Paul will never play a Johnny Weissmuller role.

It is odd that the wife of another actor who achieved screen fame by playing a gangster is likewise her husband's adviser. Edward G. Robinson's wife, Gladys, used to come on the lot frequently. The Robinsons didn't have signals, as the Munis do, but Gladys always told Eddie what she thought of a scene he had just played.

Gladys Robinson was formerly Gladys Lloyd, a Broadway actress. Like Bella Muni, she gave up acting after her marriage. When Robinson first came to Hollywood, Gladys played bit parts in his pictures, just to keep busy. Then she merely visited his set. Now Gladys Robinson has found other fields in which to keep busy. She writes a column, *Horrible Hollywood*, for Rob Wagner's weekly magazine *Script*. In this column Gladys tells how she flits from a social event to an event of social significance. She tries to prove that Hollywood is a fine place after all, and the title of her column is supposed to be satirical.

Despite her journalistic career, in which

*Continued on page 156*

# It's Sporting To Guess Wrong

**Sports writers are seldom bought with money, but they often fall for so-called "inside stories"**

*by* **CURT RIESS**
• SPORTS •

Some time ago I came across a pungent little story in a magazine.

A quite ordinary looking man with a haggard bored expression cautiously boarded a train. As soon as he had found a seat he took a large placard from a briefcase and fastened it to his coat. The other passengers stared curiously and read: Listen! I think Hitler is crazy, Washington is full of communists, business is going to pick up in a few months and I don't think he ought to have a third term. Wake me up in Spokane.

A man like that could never be a sports writer. The chief occupation of the American sports writer is repeating the same old arguments, chewing over the same old problems and telling the same old stories. He's somewhat like a dog with a collection of old bones.

Is Joe Louis the greatest boxer who ever lived? Has Tony Galento got a punch? Should the Yankees be broken up? Will the United States keep the Davis Cup? Can Glenn Cunningham come back? Will [illegible] could [illegible] should [illegible] are [illegible]?

The number of questions amounts to about a hundred every season. They have to be asked and answered every day in the year as if they were brand new and as if there were no more important questions in this best of all possible worlds.

The bane of the American sports journalist is that he must write every day. It's completely beside the point whether or not anything has happened that is worth writing about. The sports section must be filled every day. American sports writing is just as little play as American sport.

I am not so sure that America is the foremost sports nation in the world. Such doubts are blasphemous, of course, but I still cherish them. If you wanted to compare the size of the country and the number of inhabitants with [illegible] but that is another story.

One thing is certain: even if America doesn't lead all other countries in sports, its sports writers are unquestionably the best in the world.

Sports writing in different countries varies as much as the countries themselves.

The German sports writer "erstattet Bericht." He "makes his report"—that is the closest translation of the phrase. Note the military flavor. The expression, of course, was originally taken over from military realms. Not only this expression but the whole of German sports journalism is somewhat military in tone. A German sports review must be brief, very much to the point and written as if addressed to some higher ups.

The French sports reporter "fait un papier." He writes a "paper." The main thing here is his impression of what has happened. What actually took place is secondary to what the sports writer saw and how he felt about it. He must write elegantly and amusingly.

The American "covers a story." The writer is of minor importance. Completeness is the prime essential, telling everything down to the smallest detail. The reader must feel that he was there and saw the whole thing.

In Europe the newspapers rarely devote many pages to sports. Even the great dailies of Paris and London normally print only the most important and interesting sports news. European sports editors are forever lamenting their lack of space.

There's no question that American sports editors have plenty of space. The great American dailies devote between five and seven pages to sports. In order to fill these pages an enormous staff of editors, columnists, rewrite men, photographers and reporters becomes necessary.

Edgar Wallace, the great mystery story writer, who was at one time a sports writer, also used to say that every newspaperman should start with sports because there he learns to keep his eyes open. To write up a sports event you've got to see clearly and know what you're seeing. Imagination and style alone won't help you. As a political writer you might get by without observation or knowledge, but in sports you must know what it's all about. We offer the implications of this statement gratis to harried editors.

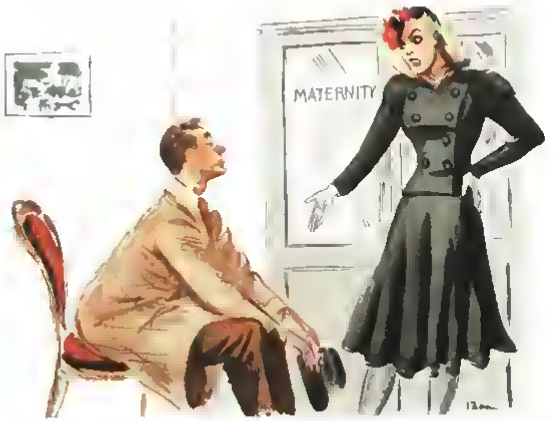
A good many of the best journalists in America started in sports. Not that those who stayed there aren't just as good. The sports section is generally more readable than any other section of a newspaper—high praise indeed! Sports news is written by men with wit and good taste who know how to write vividly. Most important of all they can write so well that some of their pieces remain alive beyond the day for which they are written.

Neither threats nor torments could revive in my memory what happened during the last few six-day bike races in New York. But I can recall word for word what John Kieran wrote in the *New York Times* about a little French rider named Letourner. There are few fights that I'm more anxious to forget than the one between Joe Louis and Max Baer—if you want to call it a fight—but I shall always remember what Paul Gallico wrote about that fight the next day. Instead of counting sheep I often think of golf tournaments when my insomnia troubles me. But I devour Grantland Rice's stories about golf as if they were mystery thrillers. The same goes for the track accounts of Bill Henry out in Los Angeles. I should also mention Joe Williams' irony, Jimmy Powers' wisecracks and a dozen others. May those I can't mention here for lack of space forgive me. It is their Christian duty.

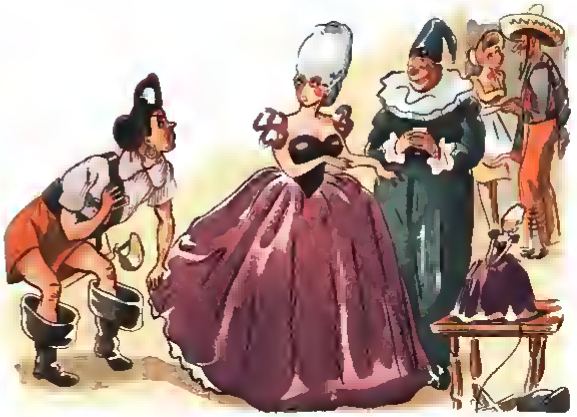
In American sports writing the accent is on ability to write. Those who can write need

*Continued in center of page 154*

*"Poor Hegeman—wiped out by a nasty peace rumor"*




*"It was just something I ate"*



*"Sorry—I thought the phone was here!"*

# Seven Moments of Love

## An Un-Sonnet Sequence in Blues

*by* **LANGSTON HUGHES**

DRAWINGS BY E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

### I—TWILIGHT REVERIE

Here I set with a bitter ole thought,
Something in my mood better I forgot
Setting here thinking feeling sad
Keep feeling like this I'm gonna start acting bad.
Gonna go get my pistol I said forty-four
Make you walk like a ghost if you bother me any more.
Gonna go get my pistol I mean thirty-two,
And shoot all kinds o' shells into you
Yal, here I set thinking—a bitter ole thought
About two kinds o' pistols that I ain't got
If I just had a Owl Head, ole Owl Head would do,
Cause I'd take that Owl Head and fire on you.
But I ain't got no Owl Head and you done left town
And here I set thinking with a bitter ole frown
It's dark on this stoop, Lawd! The sun's gone down!

### II—SUPPER TIME

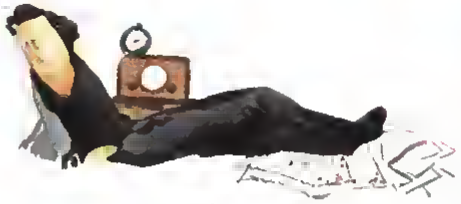
I look in the kettle the kettle is dry,
Look in the bread box, nothing but a fly
Turn on the light and look real good!
I would make a fire but there ain't no wood.
Look at that water dripping in the sink
Listen at my heartbeats trying to think
Listen at my footprints walking on the floor.
That place where your trunk was, ain't no trunk no more.
Place where your clothes hung's empty and bare
Stay away if you want to, and see if I care!
If I had a fire I'd make me some tea
And set down and drink it—myself and me
Lawd! I got to find me a woman for the WPA—
Cause if I don't they'll cut down my pay.

### III—BED TIME

If this radio was good I'd get KDQ
And see what Count Basie's playing now
If I had some money I'd stroll down the street
And give some old broad I might meet.
Or if I wasn't so drowsy I'd look up Joe
And start a skin game with some chumps I know.
Or if it wasn't so late I might take a walk
And find somebody to kid and talk
But since I got to get up at day,
I might as well put it on in the hay.
I can sleep *so* good with you away!
House is *so* quiet . . . Listen at them mice
Do I see a couple? Or did I count twice?
Dog-gone little mouses! I wish I was you!
A human gets lonesome if there ain't two.

### IV—DAYBREAK

Big Ben I'm gonna bust you bang up side the wall!
Gonna hit you in the face and let you fall!
Alarm clock here ringing so damn loud
You must think you got to wake up a crowd!
You ain't got to wake up *no* body but me
I'm the only one's got to pile out in the cold
Make this early morning time to keep body and soul
Together in my big ole dewy-home frame.
Say! You know I believe I'll change my name,
Change my color, change my ways,
And be a white man the rest of my days!
I wonder if white folks ever feel bad,
Getting up in the morning lonesome and sad?



### V—SUNDAY

All day Sunday didn't even dress up
Here by myself, I do as I please
Don't have to go to church
Don't have to go nowhere
I wish I could tell you how much I don't care
How far you go nor how long you stay—
Cause I'm sure enjoying myself today!
Set on the front porch as long as I please
I wouldn't take you back if you come on your knees.
But this house is mighty quiet!
They ought to be some noise . . .
I'm gonna get up a poker game and invite the boys.
But the boys is all married! Pshaw!
Ain't that too bad?
They ought to be like me setting here—feeling glad!

### VI—PAY DAY

This here whole pay check is just for me.
Don't have to share it a-tall
Don't have to hear nobody say,
"This week I need it all."
I'm gonna get it cashed,
Buy me a few things.
Ain't gonna pay a cent on that radio
Nor them two diamond rings
We bought for the wedding that's
Turned out so bad
I'm gonna tell the furniture man to come
And take back all them things we had
That's been keeping my nose to the grindstone.
I never did like the installment plan
And I won't need no furniture living alone—
Cause I'm going back to rooming and be a free man.
I'm gonna rent me a cubby with a single bed
Ain't even gonna dream 'bout the womens I had
Women's abominations! Just like a curse!
You was the best—but you THE WORST

### VII—LETTER

Dear Cassie: Yes, I got your letter
It come last night.
What do you mean, why I didn't write?
What do you mean, just a little spat?
How did I know where you done gone at?
And even if I did I was mad—
Left me by myself in a double bed
Sure, I missed your trunk—but I didn't miss you
Yal come on back—I *know* you want to
I might *not* forget and I might *not* forgive
But you just as well be here where you due to live.
And if you think I been too mean before,
I'll try not to be that mean no more.
I can't get along with you, I can't get along without—
So let's just forget what this fuss was about
Come on home here and bake some corn bread
And crochet a quilt for our double bed,
And wake me up gentle when the dawn appears
Cause that ole alarm clock sho hurts my ears
Here's Five Dollars Cassie Buy a ticket back.
I'll meet you at the bus station.

Your baby,

Jack.

*"That's $6.80, sir. D'ya wanna give up? No kiss is worth that kind of dough"*

# A Pair of Amateurs

**Her beauty made her seem unattainable to him and she was surrounded, perhaps by intention, with an air of mystery**

***by* HARROLD HAWKS**

**• FICTION •**

HABITUALLY, Will Gross sized up a business while he was coming through the door, he felt at once that this Rustless Corporation was a one-man institution; he could not, however, estimate its magnitude. It might merely be a name on a door, often a wealthy market operator would work out from some such shabby-seeming tucked-away control room.

Having but recently been assigned to the management of the Adams Building, quite a step for a younger man, Gross had not yet become fully informed about the occupants. Rustless, he understood, collected royalty on some metallurgical process. Mr. Alfred Batter, the owner, was one of those unprominent big shots, with several millions to maneuver in scattered operations.

The place was perfectly ordinary. A switchboard girl, a bookkeeper, then the private office. All through the building, switchboard girls, people at desks, filing cases—yet they might be engaged in anything from selling next year's wheat to manufacturing divorces.

The girl was reading *Death in the Elevator* with the settled air of one who does not expect to be interrupted. Her message pad was blank. Ordinarily, this might give one an impression of a dying business; instead, there was something solid about the very inactivity here, suggesting a smoothly cooldeot source of power.

The girl smiled; she had buck teeth. Mr. Batter was not in, she said, but perhaps Mr. Batter's secretary could help him. "In there," she indicated, and settled back to her book.

Gross opened the door of the private office, and remained standing there, confused by a sense of intrusion, of being in some unreal place: a sitting-room in the Waldorf-Astoria, a scene in a motion picture, a gallery in the Metropolitan.

There was a wine-dark carpet; a blond-wood desk, a couch, an easy chair. Deep in the chair rested a young woman smoking as she leafed through some typewritten sheets.

There were plenty of good-looking girls in the building: the carefully groomed chin-up kind with clear Vassar voices, and the Bronx rabbits jabbering like gum-chewing stenos on the stage. But this young woman touched him like some beautiful texture, some harmonious abstract design, some work of art. Her carbon black hair was arranged in a sculptural circlet, Juliet style. There was only one word for her features: classical, with the perfect line of nose and forehead, the winged nostrils. Will Gross noted appreciatively the warm Italian glow of her skin, and then her whole face and form became human to him, losing the sculptural largeness of features, her being flowed into life.

She had been sitting with legs crossed rather carelessly; just above one ankle was an irregular whitish streak that at first glance seemed a poor mend of a stocking-run, but then became apparent as a scar in the flesh beneath. It was scarcely a disfigurement, but she immediately moved her legs so that the scar, being on the inside, was hidden.

Will Gross introduced himself, and his business.

"Crawford lumber people, this floor," he said. "I know them?" She nodded, looking steadily at him all the while. "They're expanding, want the whole floor. I figured—now you people don't have to even consider this, it's just a suggestion, but if you wouldn't mind taking another office, the building would stand all expense, and I could give you a pick of locations." On the seventeenth floor, for instance, they would have better light, and express elevator service.

He realized he had spoken as if expecting a decision from her, and added: "That's what I wanted to see Mr. Batter about."

She said her employer was out of town and wouldn't be back for a week. That, Will Gross reflected, must be why the place was so inactive.

"But I'm sure it will be all right. In fact I can give you the okay now. Mr. Batter leaves all that kind of thing to me," she said. And rising: "Do you want to show me the other space?"

"Going to surprise your boss and be moved when he gets back?" Gross said, with feeble levity.

She replied, "Oh, in that case, the boss might not be able to find us, and where would we be, without the boss?"

It was the use of the word boss that was odd: she had mimicked him with a suggestion of cynicism. Yet her face, her bearing, retained that classic calm, impersonal and mysterious.

* * *

During the moving Gross naturally had several contacts with the girl. Always, she affected him with that same troublous repose; he felt in contemplation of true works of art. He doubted even whether it was some quality within her that gave forth this beauty; rather, he thought, it was all due to the accident of physical perfection.

Another disturbing thing was that he could not definitely place her: she might be just what she seemed, an efficient secretary who happened to be beautiful, and whose employer, quite aside from this, completely trusted her with the conduct of his office. Or else, was this some new system, in which the boss fixed up an office instead of an apartment for his cutie?

Through the entire moving transaction Gross had not yet seen the employer, Mr. Alfred Batter. And he had never yet walked into the place when there was any business going on. The moving job dragged until

*Continued in center of page 177*

*"Well, that eliminates the necessity of having a heart to heart talk with her"*

*"There's a legend Gran'paw tells about there bein' neighbors on t'other side o' them trees"*



# Home Ties of a Human Cannonball

**Tampa hurt something fine in the Zacchini family when it branded them Public Nuisance Number One**

*by* **MAXWELL HUNTER**

• ARTICLE •

There was no big boom—beam' with two human cannonballs hurtling through space when the greatest show on earth opened last year at Madison Square Garden Hugo Zacchini artist, patron of the arts horticulturist, originator of the cannon act and former ammunition for it was a long way from the playing bands

Other star acts were missing too their spots filled by lesser lights, but it took a keen circus fan to detect these substitutions. With the big cannon it was different. Absence of the heavy artillery that had belched fire, smoke and Zacchinis for twenty-five years could not be overlooked It had become a resounding circus institution that did not permit of substitution nor could the void be filled by the doublers in brass

The Ringling show had had labor troubles and was still in hock to the banks, but that was not all of it. 'Mr Jawn ' last of the Ringling brothers was gone and 'those people' running the circus thought Hugo Zacchini was just like other performers. That was impossible. They did not understand So Hugo and the rest of the Zacchinis were down in Florida watering their cherry trees, building a new circus and smarting under a new title, that of Public Nuisance No 1

The Ringling heirs might have made the mistake of thinking the Zacchinis were just like other performers but subdivision society at Tampa where they have their winter homes, was definitely convinced that they were unlike anything else on earth And had gone to court to prove it

Encouraged and egged on by certain of the Zacchini neighbors a mortgage company had charged them with infractions of real estate restrictions and otherwise wantonly making pests of themselves Charges listed a loose goat that munched public shrubbery, dogs that barked ducks that quacked exotic birds that chattered and whooping cranes that whooped far into the night also operating electric machines that interfered with radio reception practicing on flying trapeze scantily dressed cracking whips shooting cannons, causing traffic jams, and painting Hugo s house red

These acts, sounds and depredations it was maintained had caused a shrinkage in the fiduciary interests of the mortgage company, jarred the sensibilities of other residents and conducted painfully with the quiescence of the community

The goat a pet of Edmondo Zacchini's children, was the worst offender It had nibbled park plantings that had received the benediction of the local garden club This was indeed a sacrilege

As for Hugo and the three generations of Zacchinis *Santo diavolo!* What humiliation! Never had so ignominious a thing overtaken the sensational, world-acclaimed, death-defying human cannonballs

Ten years before the Zacchinis had purchased in this suburban development two fine residences which included half a block of lots The houses faced on a small park in the restricted zone The rear lots faced on a street restricted only on their side and on a block on the other side grown up in weeds and occupied by three unpainted Negro dwellings

The Zacchinis had purchased several lots over there behind the Negro houses for use in rehearsing their circus acts These alone had cost $6 000 and what happened to realty values afterward was enough to cause more fiduciary anguish to the Zacchinis than anything they might deliberately think up to annoy the neighbors. But they did not bemoan their bargain These lots, later on were to be the site of three temples dedicated to painting music and sculpture that Hugo had designed for the pleasure enlightenment and cultural enhancement of the public.

Despite realty deflation the Zacchinis had gone ahead, unemphatically improving their properties making additions painting and landscaping. On the semi-restricted street to the rear had been erected a brick machine shop where circus equipment was made Next door was built a $25,000 aviary to house a rare collection of birds which was free to the public, beyond that construction was under way on a garage big enough to hold the Zacchini cannons The investment in buildings and land had run close to $100 000 and the temples when completed would add another $250 000 Hugo estimated that the family spent around $75 000 annually in Tampa and now after ten years he had found himself to be a nationally advertised nuisance.

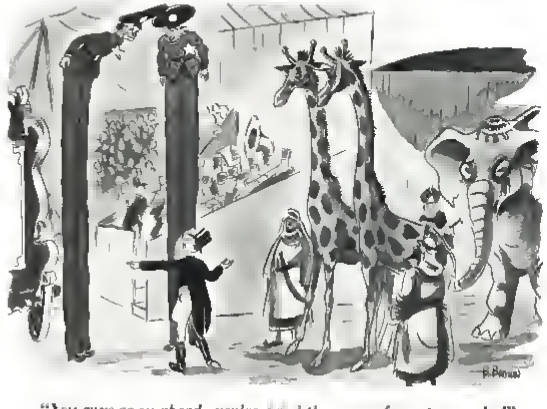
It was bad enough to be misunderstood by people who had inherited a circus But this! And he a citizen and taxpayer who paid his taxes promptly *Gran dolori!*

It had not been by chance or for profits, or yet because the Ringling circus had its winter quarters in near-by Sarasota that Hugo and the Zacchini households had come to Tampa to live. Not by a long shot of their double-shooting cannon. This was learned from Hugo, himself, along with other surprising things not evident from a reserved seat in Madison Square Garden nor having much to do with cannons and law courts

A visit to the premise several weeks before the Zacchini case was scheduled for trial disclosed instead of a peace-and-quiet truce as might have been expected enough feverish commotion to substantiate pending charges and furnish a supplementary list In the face of this, an inquiry as to future plans in case things went against the family got side-tracked and lawsuits, for the time being, faded into a drab minor irritant.

Begrimed workmen in overalls inside and

*Continued on page 151*



*"You guys go on ahead—you're gwin' them on inferiority complex!"*

# I Click While I Sleep

**And if psychoanalysts want to make something of it, wait till the next time I dream about *them***

**by PARKE CUMMINGS**

• SATIRE •

It seems to me that I deserve to retire from dreaming because during my life between the sheets, I have accomplished more than my share of great feats, enough indeed for a dozen men, and, frankly, I am getting a little tired. This is beginning to show in my dreams. My nightly miracles call for increasingly more effort on my part. I hesitate longer in undertaking them, breathe harder in their accomplishment, and am more weary when I am finished. Ten years ago I could lift a house single-handed across the street without drawing a deep breath. Last night I had to have an assistant, and I woke up dead-tired this morning.

Unfortunately I have never kept track of all the money I have made in my sleep, but the sum would go a long way towards clearing up our national debt—which, unfortunately, seems to have been piled up during our waking hours. The largest sum I have ever received at once was $5,000,000, a reward from a grateful tycoon for heroically saving his little daughter from a burning building. There was some risk entailed here, but inasmuch as I was capable of jumping out of a third-story window with the child in my arms and landing on terra firma without even feeling the shock, I escaped unscathed.

I am also rather proud of cleaning up in the neighborhood of $150,000 on ten shares of common stock. This I did by some diabolically clever manipulation which, unfortunately, I could not remember when I woke up. At one time my income was rapidly increased by a $200-a-week job shoveling snow, the highest salary, so far as I know, ever meted out in this profession. Although there was no actual money involved in the transaction I once shrewdly swapped three used golf balls for a brand new sixteen-cylinder sedan, just about as smart a deal, I maintain, as was ever pulled off between snores.

Athletically, when I get a couple of blankets over me, I am a super-combination of Jim Thorpe, Tyrus Raymond Cobb, and Jack Dempsey. My list of K. O. victims includes Joe Louis, Gene Tunney, Primo Carnera, Jack Delaney (I was a little ashamed of myself for picking on a light heavyweight), and an unidentified bruiser who was six feet eight and weighed nearly three hundred pounds but was absolutely helpless against the withering fire I directed at his mid-section. My toughest fight was with Louis. He hit me flush on the jaw with everything he had at least six times, but I shook him off, kept wading in, and finally wore him down.

In running I have never competed against any of the great ones like Nurmi or Paddock or Cunningham, but I can assure you that they would have had no chance. My opponents have been anonymous, and completely outclassed. They seemed virtually to be standing still when I turned on the heat. Unfortunately, I have never been clocked in any of my dream races, but at a modest estimate, I would say that my best time for a hundred is about one and three-tenths seconds, that for the mile in the neighborhood of half a minute.

But truthfulness compels me to state that in this sport I am dreadfully inconsistent, no man to bet on under any circumstances. Either I am red hot or absolutely terrible, and the funny part of it is that when I go into a race I never can tell which it is going to be. You'd think I'd be able to sense my general condition, but I can't. And when I have an off-day—or an off-night—my grandmother can beat me. (In fact she has a 5-3 edge in our series to date.) Sometimes I can't even get off the mark, and on a couple of occasions I've actually lost ground. I wish I could discover training methods that would have a tendency to make me more consistent.

Only a few nights ago I won universal acclaim as the greatest figure skater the world had ever seen. It was a crowded rink, people milling around in aimless fashion. Suddenly I heard music. I wanted to dance. I grabbed the nearest girl, and we were off. Lucky choice! She was perfect. We did steps that would have turned Sonja Henie and Karl Schaefer green with envy. And Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers green with envy too, because we did dancing that was never seen before on skates, never even conceived of, quick steps, intricate steps that would have been impossible for other mortals unless they had on ballroom shoes. We completely outclassed Joe DiMaggio and Dorothy Thompson who were also there. In case you don't know it, the team of DiMaggio and Thompson had hitherto been considered tops. Don't argue. I *saw* them skating, and they were good—until you saw *us* skate. But the worst of it is, I never even got my partner's name.

Among my victims on the tennis court may be numbered Bill Tilden, Fred Perry, Sidney Wood and Frank Shields. So far Budge and I have not met, but there will come a night—probably after a good dinner—when the famous redhead and I step out on the court together. I am confident that I will take him in three straight sets, four at the most—unless I get bad decisions. I had a tough time in one of my matches against Perry because the umpire called every ball I hit "Out" until I finally had to poke him one on the nose. At tennis, like running, I am inconsistent. The top-notchers are easy for me, but dubs in my class—the fellows I play in my waking moments—have a disconcerting habit of trimming the pants off me. I wonder why this is.

A recent notable exploit of mine—with an assist from Morpheus—was an amazing automobile trip from Connecticut to Texas in what I think was record time. At four o'clock in the afternoon I departed for a seven o'clock dinner engagement in Dallas. Before I left, I deliberated about undertaking this and had pretty nearly persuaded myself that three hours wasn't allowing quite enough time. Four hours would be nearer it, I concluded, but at the last minute I decided to take a chance. It was a good decision because I made it right on the dot. Moreover, when I arrived I was greeted with an affectionate kiss from an extremely beautiful young lady. (I hesitated about telling this one to the wife when I woke up, but finally came clean. She allowed it was perfectly all right because she had been out dancing with Tyrone Power herself.)

Musically, I report with pleasure, I am a nocturnal genius. I have composed symphonies that were acclaimed superior to Beethoven's *Fifth*, and several of my popular ditties are every bit as good as anything Kern, Gershwin or Porter have tossed off. Unfortunately I compose as I go along, and have neglected to set down on paper so much as a single note of anything I have written. Also my memory is bad because, on waking, when I try to hum my compositions, they all sound the same—a sort of cross between *The Wearing of the Green* and *It Ain't Gonna Rain No More*. Obviously this couldn't have been the sort of thing that enthralled thousands. To complete my musical record I have dreamed of successfully leading the following orchestras: Paul Whiteman's, The Philadelphia Symphony, Isham Jones', Bob Crosby's, The New York Philharmonic and a nondescript array which consisted of eighteen kettledrums and one flute. This last was stupendous.

Famous people I have met in my dreams (besides those I have already enumerated) include William Randolph Hearst, A. Hitler, Bette Davis, John Pierpont Morgan, Babe Ruth, Mark Twain, George Bernard Shaw, Calvin Coolidge, Frances Perkins, a fabulously wealthy and powerful Indian Rajah whose name I never did get, and F.P.A. (I've met F.P.A. when I was awake too, in case you think I never get around at *all*.) For what it is worth, Twain was the funniest, Davis the most attractive, Coolidge the least loquacious, and Shaw the most athletic. (He played left half on the Notre Dame team I quarterbacked, and averaged better than ten yards per rush.)

On stage and screen some of my leading mattress-pounding roles have been Charley in *Charley's Aunt*, Hamlet, Uncle Tom, Mr. Chips and Sadie Thompson in *Rain*, being, I have always maintained, badly miscast in that last role. I was once considered for Rhett Butler in *Gone With the Wind*, but that was as far as I got. On the whole I am not inclined to boast about my successes on the boards because I am handicapped by a rather unfortunate trait. I do not memorize my parts. In fact I don't even read my parts. I go out on the stage without knowing a single word I am supposed to utter, and trust on prompting to get me through. Keep this dark, but I have been egged and booed off the stage on several occasions.

My miscellaneous accomplishments include some exploits which would doubtless be regarded as miracles by less gifted dreamers than myself. I have walked on water on numerous occasions, and have without the slightest effort seen through wood, stone and brick walls. I have a favorite parlor trick. I stand in one corner of a room, push off gently with one foot, and float into the air, slowly circling the room, coming back to my original spot, revolving slowly three times around this spot, and then landing in my exact original position. You notice that I emphasize the slow tempo. I find this much more effective than whishing around like a bat or a bluebottle fly and getting people nervous. My method, with its precise timing and accuracy of position and direction, seems to soothe them.

I have saved my most skillful accomplishment for the last—deserting. That's what I said, deserting from armies. I have become particularly adept at this since the war broke out. Put me anywhere, in the trenches, on battleships, in fighting planes, in the espionage service, in the commissary department, surround me with lynx-eyed officers and generals armed with machine-guns, and what happens? I escape infallibly from the army and get the hell out of wherever it is that the war is going on. Nobody has ever stopped me yet. So far I am wanted for desertion by the French, German, Polish, Chinese, Italian, Spanish Loyalist, Spanish Insurgent and American armies. You'll notice that I'm apt to get in a war on any old side, but that whatever side it is, I always beat it. Don't get the idea that I desert to the other side. When I escape, I escape from everybody. Maybe the answer to this is that I don't like war even when I am awake. But of course it could be just a coincidence. ##

# Afternoon of a Fan

**Six years ago they'd called him "Joey 'Extra-Bases' Canfield" and he'd had a sizable parcel of fans**

*by* **LOUIS ZARA**

• FICTION •

THERE was a swirl of dust, wheat yellow in the sunlight and a familiar split-second tableau: the first baseman posed like the Statue of Liberty with a leather mitt where the torch should have been, the runner, an automaton of chalk with a dark cap and striped red hose, sprinting across the bag, and the umpire, a blue-coated penguin, standing over both.

Joe Canfield, his jaws tensed over an unlit cigar, saw the blue arm jerk back, he could imagine the thumb hooking the air in the old insolent jerk of authority. As the runner turned away from the baseline a roar like the sound of a fleet of express trains crossing a high trestle went up from the stands. Only when he heard the full-throated susurrus breaking like a waterfall upon the open ball field did Joe realize that he, too, had shouted. He grinned at himself and fanned his graying brown hair with his straw hat; he had been away from the game for all of six years but suddenly he had been filled with the old exhilarating feeling and a great desire to get down on the field again himself.

"Nice going!" gloated his neighbor on the left and smiled a mouthful of grayish teeth.

Joe nodded noncommittally and settled back on the hard seat. He had arisen with the others and, as though timed with the thirty thousand other spectators, he sat down when they sat down. His neighbor on the right, he observed, was a big man in a wrinkled seersucker suit, wearing a shirt minus a collar.

From the lower tier of the grandstand behind first base the crowded bleachers down the field looked like a white quilt patched with orange and black squares from the hats, trousers and sunglasses. Throughout the stands were straw hats, sailors and Panamas and girls' heads in colored kerchiefs or floppy-brimmed hats, all seated on the levels of the enormous stoop. Across the street from the ballpark the folks who lived in the adjacent houses were perched on the roofs and porches like odd pieces of laundry hung out to dry.

On the diamond the players moved back to their positions and Joe heard himself yelling impatiently with the chorus, "C'mon, pla-ay ball!"

The catcher waddled back from the infield conference and, crouching behind the plate, settled into his bird-cage mask. Behind him rose the umpire with the huge corrugated mat on his chest and a little blue cap on his head. The pitcher, who had been gyrating slowly, arms posed above his head, suddenly fired the ball in to the plate. The batter stepped back and lashed out with his bat. Not until the ball was well into its trajectory was the crack of wood against leather audible to the stands.

In the blazing light Joe could not follow the ascending white pellet. He shaded his eyes with his hand and wondered whether the fielders would lose it in the sun. At last he located it. The ball was dropping swiftly before the square block numerals on the green scoreboard. It was falling like a small bird that had been halted in mid-air by a heavy charge of buckshot. Dark arms came up and the centerfielder, his goggles a dark streak across his face, gathered the ball in. Joe applauded vociferously: "Yattaboy!" Whistles and handclapping drifted from the bleachers. The other stands were content with a low-pitched "Ray!"

Hardly had the inning ended then the white-coated vendors began to swarm through the aisles, waving bottles of saffron and rose and ruby-colored soda-pop, candy-bars in orange wrappers and wooden-looking hams. They called their wares in a monotonous refrain: "Getcharice coldirunur here!" They pushed into the rows to make their sales, jingling coins in their pockets. A man three rows ahead purchased a hot-dog and Joe thought he could get the faintly provocative odor of the meat. As saliva welled inside his nether lip he reflected that in all his years of playing ball he had never bought one inside the park.

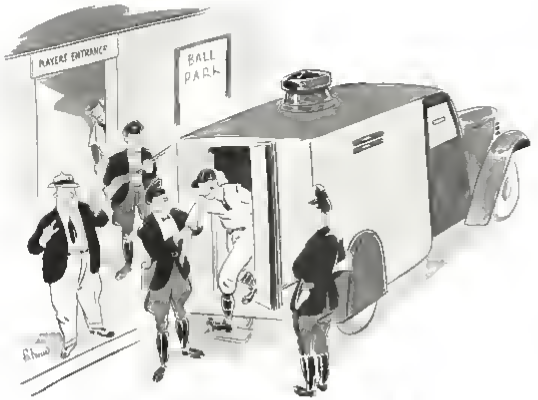
There was a sporadic clapping of hands in the tier below him. He rose with the others. Someone said Babe Ruth had just entered one of the boxes. "Hi, Babe!" But the applause was meager, as though time had strained all the enthusiasm out of the baseball fans. "Fame, hell!" thought Joe and puffed nervously on an unlighted cigar. Folks simply had short memories, even for the great athletes.

Of course he didn't consider himself 'way up there with Babe Ruth and Christy Mathewson, Ed Walsh and, say, old Grover Cleveland Alexander. But in his day he had had his own parcel of fans. Folks who had never even seen him play and had only read about him had sent him rabbits' feet and had written friendly letters. Once when he was spiked sliding to third and had been laid up in the hospital an old woman had sent him a sweater she had knit especially for him. Joe lit his cigar with a hand which he noticed proudly was as steady as a rock. But even those fans, he mused, had probably forgotten all about him.

There was another high fly going out, out into left field. The fielder backed himself up against the wall—and pulled it down. Joe sucked on his cigar and clapped his hands in appreciation. A good catch! He smiled ruefully—he could not think of it even now without a twinge—and recalled how he had once lost a ball in the sun.

It had been a crucial game with the score tied up; it probably wouldn't have happened any other time. A big first baseman—he had forgotten his name—had lifted the ball into a simple centerfield fly. Joe had waved the

*Continued on page 153*




*"Easy, boys, he cost us a hundred grand!"*

*"Hiding What? Where?"*

# The Jungle Quints

**So far the chief had six daughters and the Djukas planned a three-day feast to celebrate his first son**

*by* **WILLIAM LAVARRE**

(ARTICLE)

In the Village-of-the-Soldier-God there was great excitement. The chief had put on his ceremonial loin cloth made of white and black monkey hair, and stuck white duck down in his kinky hair. He paraded around the thatched houses, holding his fat stomach in his hands. Every now and then he stopped and made faces at the gathering Djukas, as though, spasmodically, he were in great pain. Women threw pieces of palm leaves and flowers in his path, ran to him and quickly patted his bare shoulders, and then ran off rubbing their hands over their naked stomachs.

I would have to spend the night in the village, my Djuka paddlers informed me. Everyone must stand by, now, they said, and wait—until the chief's baby arrived. We must wait and see if it were a man child or only another girl child. The chief's grimaces, as he went from house to house, increased. The wailing and chanting of the women hovering around him, grew louder and louder. Two ancient medicine men joined his parade, flanking him on each side. The chief put his big arms around their skinny necks, as though forced by sudden illness to rely on them for support.

*Boom! Boom! Bom!* The village drum boomed as a drummer whose black body was smeared with coconut oil and ashes hit the goatskin with a jaguar's leg bone. Far away up the river another village drum answered. Canoes, full of Djukas dressed in ceremonial loin cloths and many-colored togas, arrived from villages up and down the jungle river. Women brought baskets of casava, plantains, pumpkins, rice and bananas. Sometime during the night Mombai my steersman told me, there would be a great feast. If the *pekin* was a man child the village would celebrate its birth for three days and nights. The chief he said had six daughters but, as yet, no son.

"If it's a girl child" I asked impatiently "how long will the village celebrate?"

"No-no!" he said. "If the *pekin* is a girl they won't celebrate at all!"

The chief's hammock, of red and blue palm fiber, was hung under the thatched veranda of the village *kruta* house, where everyone could see him. The medicine men led him to it as his body seemed to grow weaker and weaker. They helped him into the hammock. Then two of his wives and two grown daughters each took a hand or foot and began massaging it. Every few moments the chief opened his eyes and groaned. The medicine men rubbed his stomach and chanted over him.

The chief, a venerable leader of his tribe, had been on a trip up river to report the events of his village and the lower river to Au-Tu-Dee-Du, the Grunman of the Djukas. He had just returned to find that his third, and youngest wife was on the eve of childbirth. She sat alone in a small hut used only for such confinements, it was so small that it looked like a dog house. Nobody in the village paid any attention to her. Alone, she squatted on a little stool and rocked to and fro in the shadows. Not even the dogs went near her. She had an old bell in her hand and every now and then she shook it strenuously so its chime could be heard above the village bedlam.

"Why does she ring the bell?" I asked Mombai.

He looked at me for a moment as though I were unbelievably ignorant. "*Gobio!*" he grunted. "She rings the bell to let the *pekin* know that everything outside is orderly. No dangers are lurking. The *pekin* can come out whenever it wants to. Nothing will harm it!"

*Boom! Bam! Bom! Boom!* The deep-voiced drum changed its rhythms cacophony. The chief groaned louder and louder. Women brought him coconut milk to drink, rubbed his forehead with sweet smelling flowers. I saw that it was no use arguing with the paddlers. I would have to wait. Among the Djukas men take childbirth very seriously. It is a time of great ceremony for the prospective father. For a few hours he is waited on, hand and foot. He is supposed to simulate great illness, appear to be passing through a body-shaking ordeal. His every desire is met with instant fulfillment. Does he want ten eggs well beaten in coconut milk? Then ten eggs are beaten up in coconut milk, no matter how scarce eggs may be, and the foaming gourd held patiently to his lips. Does he want his back scratched? Then eager hands turn him over in his hammock and scratch and scratch and scratch. Does he want a certain kind of fish to eat? Then hunters will hop into canoes, go out on the river and spear that fish for him—if it takes all day. He must be quiet, let people wait on him, carry out the ritual of *rouvard* in all its ceremonial detail. It is his all too-short hour of importance and, usually, he makes the most of it.

I joined the ranks of new arrivals who, one by one, were filing past his hammock, giving him presents, expressing their hope for his quick recovery. "*Gobio!*" I said, laying my hand on his forehead as others had done. "You are suffering mightily! I hope it will be a man child! Rest as comfortably as you can."

"*E-ya!*" he groaned, rolling his eyes. "I am suffering mightily!"

The medicine men shoved me back. This was no time, they said, for lingering. There were others who wanted to wish the chief good luck and a man child. I presented him with a bottle of rum. He stopped groaning long enough to order some of it poured into two gourds. He drank some while his two wives massaged his feet with rum from the second gourd.

I went down to the river to make sure my tent was undisturbed. Impatient to be off up

*Continued in center of page 140*

*"Next month is June, sir. Isn't it about time you started thinking up excuses for not hiring your graduating fraternity brothers?"*

*"It says 'knock on the third door to*

the right and ask for Cleo' "

"He says to Hell with the overtur

e—he's the father of an eight-pound boy!"



# Short Couples Have Fun

**You're an overnight sucker if some cycle hound will teach you and you learn how to drive in nothing flat**

*by* **DANIEL LUNDBERG**
• SPORTS •

EDDIE BERGEN went into a shop the other day and bought himself a new blue Harley-Davidson just like that. He uses it to take an early spin on before breakfast. Charlie sits on the jump seat when he goes along, although he probably doesn't do the driving. If Charlie were a girl now, he'd sit behind Bergen and put his arms around his waist and they'd be "packing double" or making a "short couple," as motorcycle enthusiasts define the cozy side of their sport. Hereafter Bergen will be the "motor hounds" pet comedian—if not because of Charlie, certainly because of the motor.

At night if you saunter along the noisiest and most heavily trafficked street in your city you'll suddenly come upon a nest, a row of these creatures askew on their saddles, booted, lounging, casual. The talk will be about girls and spills and will never venture beyond the range of those two all-inclusive subjects. If you stop to watch them take off you'll probably wait an hour. At any rate, all your rubbering will not interest nor embarrass them one whit for these beings live strictly in a world of their own. To them you are one of the uninitiated and known somewhat contemptuously as a civilian.

There's a certain reason for this aloofness. As a motorist you've treated these cyclists as though they were nine-lived. If you don't agree, take a ride on a cycle sometime. You'll find yourself pushed over to the curb or passed dangerously on the wrong side by people who race fetuously by, protected by doors, roofs and windshields. Incidentally, when you do drive your car again after that ride, you'll have a keen sense of dimensions you've never had before, an alertness toward dangers you'd never appreciated.

You don't find these engines parked outside of schools and universities—not many, anyway. Most parents turn thumbs down on what they consider a too-dangerous sport. So it's usually the kid who is on his own, with no mother to worry or forbid, who gets the virus. Nine times out of ten the discovery of this sport turns out to be a life-saver. It makes a social life possible, it develops a healthy extroversion that might have foundered in a chain of meaningless jobs-without-hope.

Maybe it's because they're young that these cycle hounds band into clubs as they do. (Ominous thought of the moment: why aren't there any old riders?) The attraction of belonging to the A. M. A. in a bona fide chartered club is appealing, and the sponsored "Gypsy Tours" and other benefits at the cost of a dollar a year make membership very attractive. The clubs go in for typically cops-and-robbers names: the Rebels, the Outlaws, the Falcons, and so on down the line.

Each group has its social rating with regard to the others. In Hollywood for instance the Vic McLaglen boys are quite snooty, and any member found parked on his black and white motor alongside the Main Street gang is in for ostracism by his mates. Not that this same "cross tracks" bunch is any less neat about its loyalties. The snappy stranger on the "Christmas Tree" who parks close to their own nondescript motors uninvited is likely to remain so.

The girls particularly are up on all this Blue Book legislation. A girl from this Main Street strata is likely to be employed as a car-hop in a drive-in sandwich palace. Or she may be a B drinker in a dowdy two clip joint. Whatever she is, though, business hours are crammed with gold-digging activity; just let that five o'clock whistle blow and then watch the anxious bankroll in the new Zephyr *try* to take her home. It's off to the races instead with the thin billfold on the old Bonneville Chief. The reward—a button from his cap she wouldn't trade for a dozen Harvard frat pins. Other "rewards" usually follow . . . she gets linked to "Straight-pipe Joe" legally so she can be his saddle-pal for life, and believe it or not she usually is, with the offspring conveniently turning out bowlegged (much to the parents' pride, for they see themselves founding a dynasty of hounds—even if their name isn't Baskerville).

Or take a couple who manage a shooting gallery until midnight. They'll buzz down to Mary's for their nightcap. On the way, as they pass parked cycles, the cry is "Where to?" and the answer is "Mary's!"—signal for a small parade. The goal is a mecca for thirsty hounds—and only hounds. Those outsiders who occasionally stumble on the place get chilled out soon enough by the feeling of specially chartered merriment. The nickel music machine is always on full and the disciples grow hoarse trying to make their shop talk visible through the smoke. Mary is an old hound herself, now kept busy scraping the tops off beers. She always needs somebody to help in the process and it's only natural that she recruit her assistants from the "crutch brigade." A skinny blonde is the current casualty, and it's her second term. "My busted pelvis interferes with everything except riding," she boasts.

For no apparent reason just as the impromptu party is at its height it is as suddenly over. Off goes the bunch in a sudden en masse movement, a kennel full of pups breaking out. The little room, so spontaneously emptied, is quiet and in the dark street outside couples pair up and pile on. Girls adjust helmets while boys work up a sweat over the kick-starter. Motors throb suddenly, headlamps crisscross, and they're off—definitely.

The chances are you don't know what that means—to be off—definitely. But if you're

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*"My husband thinks the rest of the proverb is silly"*

*"He left me one night and never came back—I guess I was just a passing fancy"*



# So You Can't Smoke a Pipe

**It's a simple art, capable of mastery by the veriest dope, but it has two vital secrets**

*by* **J. E. KEITH**

• ARTICLE •

**B**

AMONG adult male American slaves of tobacco the desire to smoke a pipe appears to be nearly universal. It is a rare cigarette-fiend who does not have a dusty pipe or two kicking around the house. Frequently he has a dozen. And at long intervals, when the memory of the burned tongue, the slugs, the bitter drafts, the gurgles, and that painful domestic scene in which the little woman, holding her nose in one hand and the offending object at arm's length in the other, depicted outraged womanhood in full cry—when these memories have subsided below the threshold of pain, often the poor duffer will buy a new pipe and a tin of Ould Reekie and try it again. Invariably the result is the same. "I can't smoke a pipe," he will avow sadly.

Thwarted desire, the psychiatrists tell us, brings in its train all sorts of ugly consequences—from gnawed fingernails to uxoricide. The fact that only one smoker in twenty does puff a pipe with persistence and satisfaction indicates a serious flaw in our civilization. Clearly, something ought to be done. As a matter of fact, something has. The investors have been as busy as beavers. The hatchings of their tortured imaginations now infest the shops so completely that it has become almost impossible to buy a plain, unstreamlined Model T smoking pipe. Every shank is fitted with an ingenious attachment guaranteed to make the smoke as innocuous and healthful as mother's milk. Science, the advertisements proudly declaim, has banished every bit of bite. Yet still the plaintive cry resounds through the land: "I can't smoke a pipe." In even a mildly neurotic circle a whole fingernail has become a curiosity, and not a day goes by, if we may believe the newspapers, but somewhere another wife welters in her gore. Whither, one is driven to ask, in the hell are we drifting?

The picture is a dismal one, but it contains a salutary lesson. The obvious truth which emerges is that in attempting to modify the pipe to fit the neural patterns of cigarette smokers we have tackled the problem wrong-end to. There is nothing wrong with the pipe. The pipe is all right. Leave it alone. It is the smoking habits of the frustrated would-be pipe smokers that need to be taken in hand. You can't, you say, smoke a pipe. Of course you can't, friend. You never learned how.

For pipe smoking is an art. It is a simple art, demanding no unique talent, capable of being mastered by the veriest dope. But it does demand a certain technical facility and a small, though important, fund of esoteric knowledge.

There are in particular two ironclad rules, seldom formulated and put into words, although every completely happy pipe-smoker follows them rigorously, if unconsciously.

But we had better begin at the beginning. The art of pipe-smoking falls naturally into four parts: Selecting a good pipe, breaking it in, smoking it, and caring for it. We will take them up in order.

It is probable that some of your troubles come from trying to smoke bad pipes. The market is flooded with them. A certain section of the American pipe industry is closely analogous to the china-pug-dog industry, or the little-canes-they-sell-at-football-games-industry. Such products serve a useful, but purely economic function. They buy the bread of thousands of honest workers, their wives and kiddies; they pay the worthy tradesman's overhead; they keep the deserving rich in caviar and Corona. But when one of these pipes has crossed the counter and your money has bonged into the cash drawer, the pipe has fulfilled its destiny. Speaking with strictest accuracy, it was made to sell, not to smoke. Don't try to smoke it. Give it to the garbage man—no better not make an enemy. Take it out and bury it.

So how then, in your innocence, can you avoid getting took? Unfortunately, there is no magic method. However, we can lay down one sound general rule. Until your education has advanced somewhat, buy pipes only from a dealer who knows pipes and specializes in pipes. Ideally, he ought also to be mildly insane on the subject of pipes. Such dealers, worse luck, are not too common. You will have to hunt for one. It's likely that you may find him in a drug store, railroad station, or hotel lobby.

A few questions will quickly disclose whether the chap behind the counter really knows the goods he is selling. If he is the man you are looking for, a distinct warmth will suffuse his manner the minute you begin to display an intelligent appreciation of his wares. Not many of his customers do. You will be calling each other Gus and Butch before you know it.

Gus will have a line of sound pipes. If unhappily, the rigors of life under capitalism compel him also to stock an assorted variety of junk, he will know his good pipes from his bad. And once he understands that you are a potential brother in the bowl, he would blush with shame at the thought of shoving off a petsy on you.

Having found a dealer you can trust, here are the things you need to know to select a pipe intelligently:

I. Pipe-buying is a gamble. Price is a relative, but not an absolute, guarantee of smoking satisfaction. (Unless the maker is reliable, it is no guarantee at all.) The briar expert can say with some assurance that a given pipe will smoke well, but the only infallible test is to smoke it and see. Pipes of any good make will average high in smoking quality. By careful selection you can increase this average

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*"Do you ever have days when nothing seems to go wrong?"*

# Roan Horse Climbs the Golden Stairs

**When he couldn't be moved by threats of Hell, Mrs. Mehaffy tried "the come-to-Jesus call"**

*by* **HOMER CROY**

(FICTION)

ROAN HORSE took off his shoes and crept up the back steps. This left his feet naked, for Roan Horse had no truffle with socks. Socks all foolishness. Rosa Horse hoped to ascend the stairs without being seen by Mammy Claire, the Negro cook. He was going for Mr. Harrington's pistol, and he meant to kill Jimmy Jordan, who had stolen Susie Moon and left Roan Horse so lonesome. Jimmy Jordan was dancing at the Chicken Farm and didn't know he was going to be killed. Roan Horse was Mr. Harrington's chauffeur, gardener and odd-jobs man, and lived in a lean-to behind the garage.

Roan Horse fished around in first one drawer then another, finally he found the pistol, and crept down the stairs ready to put an end to Jimmy.

Putting an end to Jimmy wasn't quite that easy, for Mammy Claire heard him and regarded him with her usual suspicion.

'What you hangin' around heah fo'?' she demanded. Receiving no reply, she repeated: "I ast you why you was lazyin' around heah."

Roan Horse tried to think why he might be lazying around heah. He was too honest to tell an outright lie. "Mo' rest feet," he said finally.

Thirty years old, strong and lightning-quick when he willed, there he stood in his bare feet and with a big black hat on his head. A big black hat is nothing unusual in Cherokee Springs, but it *was* unusual as Roan wore it, for he had added a golden cord which ended in two golden tassels. He wore yellow shoes, and on his wrist he had a silver good-luck boogie. At first impression he appeared half-savage, half-civilized, which was a fairly just estimate.

There was one person in the Harrington family he had never liked, Mammy Claire, who, in turn, didn't like him. The lean-to belonged to Roan and no questions were asked, but the kitchen belonged to Mammy Claire and plenty of questions were asked. Mighty battles raged between the two; and there were campaigns of suspicion, injected between forced marches of vituperation. Logically, all arguments should have been won by Mammy Claire, for she could fire her words with telling effect, but Roan Horse had a calm stolidity that nothing could pierce. Even her most dangerous fire arrows bounced off, smoked a while and sputtered out.

To an onlooker Roan Horse might have no reason for disliking Mammy Claire but Roan Horse himself "had plenty good reason." True, she was willing at any time to feed him the family left-overs and Roan Horse's pride was not hurt at accepting them. But what did hurt Roan Horse was the high-hat manner in which Mammy Claire dispensed her favors and her criticisms alike. Roan Horse sat in his lean-to many a night wishing there were some way in which he could make Mammy Claire feel subservient to him. It was all right by him that Mr. Harrington, family big chief, and Mrs. Harrington, his woman, should be his superiors though they never indicated any great difference as Mammy Claire invariably did. It was all right too that Miss Nell should be heap big superior, and Roan Horse worshiped her with a dog-like devotion. If only that by-dam nigger woman was out of the way, Roan Horse's life would be a bed of roses. She didn't have to be out of the way exactly. All he would really ask was that she treat him as the rest of the family did. They recognized him as a man. Mammy Claire's manner suggested that he was dirt under her feet.

Mammy Claire looked to make sure no pies or cookies were missing and went at the suffering man again. "Well, you kin take yoah tired feet and git them away from heah as fast as you kin lope."

That was exactly what Roan Horse wanted, and he started away with surprising celerity for one racked by tired feet. Mammy Claire went back to her work, but the more she thought about it, the more curious she became. This time of day! If he had had his shoes off, he must have been in the house. This was extremely unlikely, for he came into the house only to heave furniture around or beat the rugs. She would see anyway. Up the back steps she went but nothing appeared disturbed. She went from room to room . . . trying to puzzle it out. She pulled drawers open . . . and then . . .

She felt weak when she realized Roan Horse had taken the pistol. That crazy Indian might do anything. He wasn't out to shoot a rabbit, or a coyote. That wild look meant something. He wasn't up to anything good. How could she stop a fool Indian? Telephone the sheriff? He could pick Roan Horse up. But that would mean Roan Horse would have to go to jail, for it was a serious matter for an Indian to be caught with a firearm. He might even be sent to the penitentiary. Mr. Harrington would not like that. The responsibility was too much for her to assume. Miss' Nell. She'd find her and tell her what had happened.

She hurried downtown, asking here and there for Miss Nell Harrington and keeping a sharp watch for Roan Horse. It was the early dark of the evening; the hands had come in from the wells and were plopped down on stools at the club joints—eating with great earnestness.

Miss Nell was at the country club. She found. She took a taxi, in her most grandiose manner—and Mammy Claire could be grandiose plus. At the door of the club she sent in word, enjoying hugely the importance of the moment. She explained her mission to Nell. Roan Horse with a gun! They must find him before the law did. With Mammy Claire Nell drove up and down the street. They got out of the car and walked up and down but to no avail.

Perhaps he was at the Chicken Farm, Cherokee Springs' one and only night club, and its one claim to glamour. They walked rapidly towards it—the young white girl and her middle-aged, colored chaperone. Inside on the dance floor, couples floated by. There was a patter of handclapping when the music stopped, and then the couples drifted on. And there among them were Susie and Jimmy Jordan. To Susie, who supposedly was Roan Horse's girl, it was fairyland. She had a dashing partner, she was dancing on the same floor with the whites and she was conscious of the admiring glances that came her way. Outside were the loafers and idlers that a dance spot attracts. As the women entered they laughed and told stories, comparing notes and exchanging preferences. It was the kind of crowd that Nell thoroughly disliked and which she avoided. She hesitated now. But Mammy Claire didn't. She addressed Nell protectingly, "You stay here. I'll go fetch him if he's theah." She wedged herself into the hall and finally at the rear of the crowd she found him standing silently and ominously by himself, watching the dancers.

He gave a start when he saw Mammy Claire. She bulked herself before him. "You come with me."

Roan Horse gave her look for look. "No come."

"You gus' come all right," announced Mammy Claire. "Mis' Nell heah."

That was different. Roan Horse saw Nell coming towards him. She drew him away from the loafers who were straining every nerve to hear. "What are you doing here?"

He neither shifted his gaze, nor equivocated, as a white man might have done.

"Goin' kill Jimmy Jordan," he announced calmly.

"But why? You can't do that! You'll be sent to prison. You might even be put to death."

"Susie my gal."

Nell was baffled by that inscrutable force of Nature. If she couldn't frighten him she would wheedle him. He would not only get himself into trouble, she told him, but he would get her and her father and her mother, into trouble. Roan Horse shifted uncomfortably.

"Gonu' kill Jimmy Jordan," he repeated.

She would try a sharp command: "Give me that pistol," she ordered, thrusting out her hand.

A struggle went on within Roan Horse. He looked at her with dog-like devotion, then shot another glance at the dancers.

"Kill Jimmy Jordan then give um."

Maybe it would be best to call the men to take it away from him. On second thought she was reminded that Roan was utterly fearless and would fight like a demon. Maybe they could warn Susie and Jimmy to leave by a back door.

"Look here, Roan," she said, frantically. "Do you want to lose your job?"

He looked away and gave his head a slow shake.

Mammy Claire tried her hand, and a most emphatic one it was. He ought to be ashamed of himself to sneak up with a gun and shoot down another human being. But Roan Horse was impervious to shame. Did he want to go to Hell and burn and scorch and blister for ten thousand years?

Roan Horse said he did.

Nell and Mammy Claire looked helplessly at each other. Nell tried it again. Would he take a walk with them? They couldn't talk with all the people listening. The loafers had grown suspicious of such an unusual sight, even for an oil town, as Nell Harrington and her cook engaged in earnest conversation with an Indian.

Roan glanced about. "Mo' walk."

Mammy Claire paced even with Nell. Roan dropping in the rear, as he always did. Behind Miss' Nell—but that black woman if Miss' Nell were not there would walk behind him—same like other squaws. He trudged along resentfully, keeping directly behind Miss' Nell and ignoring Mammy Claire's presence. Nell tried to think of news to tell him, but Roan Horse seemed to know all that had transpired.

"Me go back now." He pulled off his hat and gave it the flourish he thought necessary. "How."

Nell hurried after him, and he slowed his pace when she reached him. He dropped respectfully into place. No use in trying any longer. Even if they stopped him tonight, there would be tomorrow. The only hope lay in making him *want* to give it up. Suddenly there flashed into Nell's mind the appeal of Gospel Hall.

When Roan Horse had first come to them, she had thought him utterly heathen, but she had found that there was a deeply religious streak in him, his own kind of religion, handed down from his ancestors. It was strongest in the evening, when the day's work was done, and he was alone in his lean-to. Sometimes he would sit on his sawed barrel and look up at the sky as if trying to understand what it was all about. Sometimes he contemplated the hills or a copse of redbuds or even a tumbleweed in a fence corner, with thoughts that took him far beyond what his eyes could see.

He believed in many gods—gods of the sun and the wind and the storms and the harvest—and he was constantly trying to placate them with bribes of rags tied on bushes. But they were not all vengeful gods to be appeased: some were kindly gods who watched over him and guided him and helped him punish his enemies.

Sometimes he drove Miss Nell to church. She usually asked him to come in, but he always had some excuse. But he did come to the window, when the congregation sang it affected him, and he listened intently.

Nell recalled how deeply stirred he had been one night when she had forgotten her purse and he had brought it to her. She had persuaded him to stay that time. If she could get him to Gospel Hall now, maybe he would give up the idea of taking the law into his own hands.

She must handle him adroitly, for he often pierced subterfuge with lightning rapidity. At other times he seemed to have only a child's perception. What an astounding compound of subtlety and dumbness of stoicism and emotionalism he was!

She wanted to go to Gospel Hall, she explained, and she needed a protector. Sometimes rough men loitered outside and spoke to a girl.

"I wish you would go with me, Roan."

"All right, me go."

Rolling churches are characteristic of oil towns. They follow the oil, packed up on rollers and are wheeled from one strike to another. A church arrives and is lowered to a foundation. If the town survives, better equipped churches come in, and the travelling church moves on. Usually they are run by men—strange zealots of the oil fields—but this one was headed by a woman—a Mrs. Mehaffy.

The door of Gospel Hall was always open. Sometimes drunken drillers entered usually to sleep. Sometimes they repented, were saved, and Mrs. Mehaffy's heart was made happy. Sometimes she was called to the bedside of a dying driller to lighten his dark hours and that made her happy, too. Sometimes, when there were street brawls and the men stood laughing and shouting and egging the fighters on, she would step between the combatants and pacify them.

Mammy Claire, as she lumbered along, planned how to get the gun.

"Look heah, you Roan," she said in no wheedling tone now. "If you ain't got no shame, I has. You gimme dat gun and you

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# Poets Can Learn from Acrobats

**If the message of the poets is so all-fired important why don't they try to say it more clearly?**

*by* **GILBERT SELDES**

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

It must be too months since someone in the back seat looked up and saw a cloud in the sky and said "I wandered lonely as a cloud" I looked up and saw the cloud, but I didn't say anything I'm saying it now The cloud did not look lonely. The more I thought of my acquaintance with clouds in groups of one so to speak the more I was convinced that the poet had short-changed or otherwise imposed upon me. Once you start with a suspicion of that sort there is only one thing to do get in touch with the local office of the Better Business Bureau give them the facts. They will apprehend the villain and bring him to justice But it is extremely unlikely that you will ever get your money back

The solitary cloud is not the only bald-faced impostor There is the star which is fair when only one is shining in the sky I know perfectly well what the poet was conveying in addition to the precise meaning of the words but I maintain that the meaning of the words is all wrong A star, when one has half or more of the firmament to itself, is almost always a pale star, beaming yet needing background The universal feeling of mankind has been that stars are fairest when it is dark enough to give them contrast, which means that it is dark enough for ten thousand stars to be visible And, as has been pointed out the irregular arrangement of the stars, their varying brilliance, their profusion, variety and at the same time, relatively unchanging position—all these contribute to our feeling about stars And all these are absent when only one is shining in the sky

The poet was, perhaps misled. Obviously he couldn't have said Fair as a star when a hundred million are shining in the sky, he wanted to single out a person to concentrate attention upon her; and so had to compare her to one star So for a hundred years people have accepted an utterly false statement because the poet couldn't work out a true one

I don't know what the professors of semantics are going to make of this but I know that both Ogden and Richards (critics of the arts, literature, and the Meaning of Meaning) have been trying for a long while to discover what people think they think when they read certain poems. Or hear any conglomeration of words A recent survey made among highly literate Englishmen was not encouraging Dozens of people, educated and particularly interested in literature, wrote down what they thought a highly admired poem meant, and they disagreed all over the place Some of them got the wrong sense of the actual words some got wild overtones They didn't even agree as to the major emotion of the poem.

Some years ago the late Lawrence Gilman quoted the dome of many coloured glass line from *Adonais*, in such a way that you would think Shelley approved of the process of Life. "Life," you remember, "like a dome of many coloured glass Stains the white radiance of Eternity" I wrote to Mr Gilman, whom I had never met, and as we quarreled about a line of poetry, I got to know him and so remember the episode because Gilman was a lovely person a beautifully erudite man a most unpedantic critic, one in a million But he was utterly wrong about what the most beautiful line in Shelley really meant: whoever had taught me had given me the right dope and eventually Gilman admitted it The lines mean that the perfection of eternity is corrupted by life just as sunlight is corrupted by coming through stained glass windows. It is also true that this sunlight is broken into many colors—but that is exactly what the Platonic poet objected to The variety the bright colors the silliness of the average common life were not for Shelley when he wrote his lines

Suppose I'm wrong There are thousands like myself and thousands who hold to Gilman's interpretation—if they think of the meaning of the poem at all So, in either case, half of the people are feeling an emotion exactly opposite to the one Shelley intended Would you accept that proportion in any other field? Say in mathematics? If I say that the square of a plus b is a square plus 2 ab plus b square, I mean that no matter what numbers you put for a and b, the formula will work If a is 3 and b is 2, the square of their sum is 9 plus 12 plus 4 according to the book and if a is 6 and b is 4, the square of their sum is 36 plus 48 plus 16 (By God it does work I've just done it right here, as I put it down having no actual trust in mathematics! O wonderful Science, when even I can see it operate!)

If half the people using the binomial theorem were to think it meant something totally different and if they continued in their daily lives for scores of years still thinking so—when the theorem was not effectively expressed Or—a possibility—it was never particularly important.

Well, the poets say that their work—their "creation"—is frightfully important. They, and the critics around them, tell us that precisely this business of creating simile and metaphor is the mark of the very highest type of creative ability These images figures, tropes or whatever they are, are supposed to have the reality which surpasses reality But what would happen if half of the motorists in the world pushed the gear lever forward-and-left for reverse and the other half pushed it to the right and back? What would happen if the instructions given with your washing machine were so shot through with genius that they made no special sense whatever, but you could interpret them as you wished, taking chances on the destruction of bushings

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*"My dear, I hope we're not too early"*

*"Well, I guess that just about covers our advertising campaign for 1940"*

# Look to a White Knight

**Kuvasz deserve the name thoroughbred, for these dogs can be traced for over a thousand years, back to early Tibet**

*by* **ROGER TREAT**

• ARTICLE •

MATHIAS and his friend sat before the huge log fire and planned tomorrow's hunt. They were going deep in the woodland after bear and wolf. Mathias was at his sparkling best tonight as he jabbed witty barbs into Stanislaus' tender aura of self appreciation. "Is all truth Stan, who are we? I am king of Hungary through an accident of birth. You are the heir of one of our finest families. Still even after several months of genealogical research by the best men of this enlightened year of 1462, we can trace ourselves only a couple of centuries back. But our companions tomorrow can be traced back four hundred years more. Think of it, Stan, those brave fellows who go with us tomorrow are of an aristocracy that could look on us as newly rich upstarts with hardly a speck of breeding. And you, my dear friend, you have the courage to put on ours." As the hour grew later, the drinks came more often. The time came when good-natured young King Mathias found it advisable to put his sputtering friend away for the night. Dawn would break in a short time and they must be well on their way by then.

A quick pick-me-up and a hearty breakfast put them on horse as the eastern sky began to lighten. Behind the horses, straining on tight thorn leashes came the eight massive white brutes that seemed too large for dogs. But they were dogs. They were the mighty Kuvasz, the unknowing subject of the argument of the night before. As Mathias had claimed, their ancestry could be traced back through five hundred years to the ninth century back to early Tibet. The superb dignity and beauty of his hunting pack was not a natural accident, but the result of selective breeding from carefully chosen basic stock. For Mathias was a true Sportsman, a keen hunter and he had plenty of time and resources to further his ambition to be the most successful hunter of the ferocious bear and the wily wolf.

As the sun slipped over the rim, the leading brace of dogs came on the spoor of a large bear. The morning clearness showed them in all their ivory white glory. The erect massive carriage, the intelligent, slightly vaulted head, the wavy sleek fur long enough to give some protection in the battle to the death that was to come. All the pack was on the scent now but there was no mad confusion, no yelping to be on the way. Mathias could not resist—"After how many centuries of good breeding My Friend, could you and I face battle and probable death with such dignity?"

The dogs were unleashed now, and went away through the woodland with steady rhythmic strides, deceptive because of their gracefulness. No excess motion, but like a good horse they were burning over the ground. The bear had a ten-minute start, but because the Kuvasz hunt silently, and because the wind was crossing and slightly in his face he had no chance to make a run for his den. He was a big bear, close to six hundred pounds, and he was not very much afraid.

He had been harried by small packs of wild cur dogs, even by starving wolves, and he had come out of these slashing encounters with only a few minor wounds and a long list of dead opponents on his record. He was an old timer and he knew how to fight. He looked around, picked a spot under a near-by crag that would give him protection in all directions but one. He backed up to it and waited.

The dogs had spotted him now from about two hundred yards. So uniform they were in ability and speed they were running almost as if still in leash. They put on a burst of speed as they saw him. Ten yards away they broke into their battle formation. Two to flank him on the right, two more to flank him on the left. The other four drove in straight for his throat. He was not expecting this. The usual attack was a broken disintegrated affair made in confusion and a great deal of respect for his powers. No respect here. Though the bear weighed nearly as much as the combined pack, each dog went in as if he himself could take care of the situation alone. The bear was on his back from the first rush and though his desperately hacking hind feet disembowled two of the dogs he was dead when the two hunters arrived on their sweating horses.

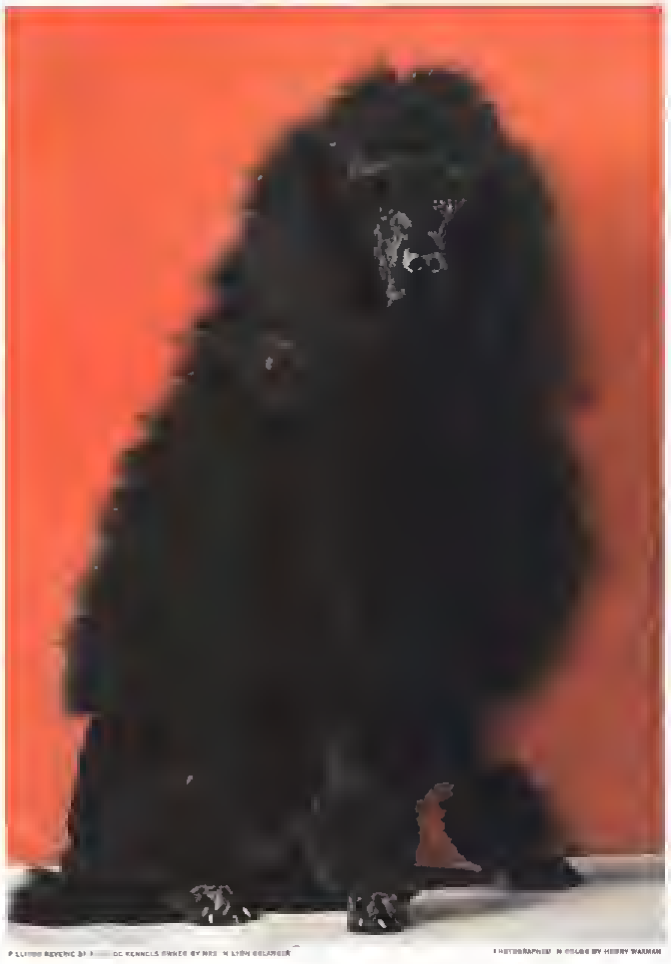
Mathias was on the ground with his wounded dogs before his horse had stopped. A sharp dagger in the heart mercifully ended their pain. As always he wondered if the thrill of the chase—the extermination of the marauding bears was worth the heartache it always caused. There would be two more mounds in back of the kennels tonight. Two more names on the Roll of Honor. For Hungary at that time was overrun by wolf and bear that made the keeping of the cattle and sheep a hazardous way of livelihood for the peasant who had none of the modern trapping and hunting equipment. The deadfall and the snare were the extent of his weapons, and the enemy soon learned the answers to those. The work must go on though each hunt must end in an aching heart for Mathias.

They went on from there to a swampy lowland where wolves had been reported the day before. A vicious kill-crazy pack of about twenty that had cleaned out the sheep flock of a peasant. His own dog had gone down in valiant death when they swept on him. This was the important business of the day. The bear had been unexpected and incidental. One servant was sent back to the kennel for more dogs. Mathias, Stanislaus, and the remaining six went ahead to reconnoiter and

Continued on page 127

*"I guarded her day and night, but love found a way"*





PLUTO REVENG [illegible] DC KENNELS OWNED BY MRS. W. LYON GOLANDER PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY WARMAN

## A BRIEF FOR THE STOUT-HEARTED POODLE

OLD French prints show the *chien canne* (poodle) as a hunting dog, with clipped coat, holding steady to a shot. But once his talent as entertainer was discovered he was forced to say adieu to guns, streams and copses and indulged to take up dance caps and an audience. His woolly waterproof coat was allowed to grow, then clipped in varying patterns, two of which are held "correct" today: the Continental, in which the hind quarters are bare with rosettes on the hips and hocks and the English or saddle clip, in which a short caracul effect covers the hips. After the poodle became a social success in France, he emigrated to this country where he has been sadly misunderstood. Anyone not knowing the stout and sporting heart under his fantastic haircut would term him *le chien absurd*. But anyone seeing him work in obedience tests would know he is a dog with a mind. He can tear through the Seeing Eye Guide Dog course in half the time the German Shepherd requires, but because his theatrical training will not allow him to disobey a command, he is naturally ruled out of guide work. And when America stops making rude personal remarks about the poodle's looks, it will discover he is both a sportsman and a scholar.

—CHASE HERNDEEN

# Biddle: Early American in Art

**You'd expect serenity of George Biddle but his very versatility shows self-doubt, restlessness**

*by* **HARRY SALPETER**

• ARTICLE •

GEORGE BIDDLE is a well-bred artist, the descendant on both sides of men who founded this Republic. He combines in himself the strains of Tidewater Virginia and Pennsylvania Quaker. His people fought in the wars of the Revolution and of 1812 and in the Civil War and he himself was Captain in the World War. A brother and a cousin are eminent New Dealers. His great-great-grandfather, Edmund Randolph, through whom he is related to the Jeffersons and the Lees, was Washington's first Attorney-General, then Secretary of State. Col. Clement Biddle was Washington's Quartermaster-General, and his son Clement Cornell Biddle, commanded a Pennsylvania regiment of infantry in the War of 1812. Nicholas Biddle, cousin to Col. Clement, was president of the Bank of the United States in Andrew Jackson's time. The artist's maternal grandfather, a Robinson, had built the first railroad in America, the Pottsville & Danville, at the age of twenty-seven and five years later, in 1834, started constructing the Philadelphia & Reading. His paternal grandfather, who had fought in the Civil War, was a classical scholar and leader of the Philadelphia bar. In the generation contemporary with the artist, the most famous Biddles are Francis, a brother who was chairman of the National Labor Relations Board and is slated for appointment (as this is being written) for the Solicitor Generalship of the United States, and a cousin, Anthony Joseph Drexel Biddle, Ambassador to Poland who is still on duty in Paris. Another brother, Monroe, who in early life showed every evidence of becoming a modern version of a 15th century condottiere, has settled down and become an important Philadelphia investment banker.

Now a man with this kind of genealogy belongs, America is his in advance of any statement of claim he may make upon it. Not because it is a good genealogy but because there were linked with it opportunities for travel, education and social contacts closed to the impoverished traditionless immigrant. As an example of what I mean: in revolutionary days a Biddle had entertained the great Lafayette and therefore, in 1911 or thereabouts when George was an art student in Paris, he was received and dined on the estate of a Lafayette descendant. The elder Morgan showed the young art student his pictures. George Biddle had the most thorough and expensive (and futile) education that American money can buy, Haverford, Groton, Harvard, Harvard Law, not to mention tutors at home and abroad and his extensive education in art, academy education as well as education through travel and contact with his elders and superiors.

Opportunities came to George Biddle that were not entirely earned by the artist. Dropping his family name and knocking at the doors of those who had only their talent to recommend them, still he continued to capitalize on family name. He was ambitious to make good as a man, not as a Biddle and yet so beset by doubts and timidities that he could not bear to make the first step toward dispensing with any one of the props upon which he could lean as a Biddle. His eagerness to call attention to himself and to his work has often seemed like the hunger of a parvenu for publicity but it was only the obverse side of his sense of inferiority. It seems to me that he must have thought that if enough people thought he was important, he would become important. He must stand or fall before the world as an artist and on its face his record is that of a successful artist, yet at all times it seems to me he has been terrified that he would not come through and like a timid gambler has hedged upon his career in all directions.

For example, he spent three years at Harvard Law School to prepare for a profession he has never had occasion to practise. He has spent days and weeks in the writing of books and articles and even more energy in delivering lectures and participating in various activities that might feed the public knowledge of Biddle, the artist, but which excused Biddle—during that period—from the difficulties and exigencies involved in the practice of art. He is an artist who spends so much time in acknowledging interruptions to his art that he must be put down either as a very good-natured man or as one who isn't entirely persuaded that his sole or chief function is to create.

He is possibly one of the most versatile artists in America, and yet this very versatility betrays his unease and restlessness. He paints in oils and in watercolor and also in fresco. He draws well and is a lithographer. He has worked in ceramics and has done sculptures, in stone, wood, terra cotta and bronze. He has made block prints on silk and has worked in marquetry. He has experimented with batik, tapestry and embroidery and has designed

*Continued on page 191*

WRESTLERS

HELENE NARDEAU

SELF PORTRAIT—SKI CLOTHES

## A Portfolio of Paintings

*by* **GEORGE DIDDLE**

MIMI

*Reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of Associated American Artists' Galleries, New York, N. Y.*

WHOOPEE AT SLOPPY JOE'S

**FEMININE FACE-CARDS — *DIANA BARRYMORE* — PAINTED BY JEAN-GABRIEL DOMERGUE**

Number one the hope of the Royal Family of Broadway. She is the eighteen-year-old daughter of John Barrymore. Diana is her name and novelist Michael Strange, who was John's second wife, is her mother. It's too early to tell, but she seems to have inherited the Strange Barrymore spark. Like Father John she draws. Like Mother Michael, she writes. But her career will be the only one the Barrymores consider respectable. So she passes through the debutante age without a debut because she wants to get on with her acting. Last summer she acted in summer stock. This past winter she toured with a road company. She has spurned all the movie offers with which the scouts have strewn her path across the country because a Barrymore always begins on Broadway. Already the shades of several bygone Drews and Barrymores cluster from the wings and on opening night she receives one apple apiece from Aunt Ethel, Uncle Lionel, and Father John. It's an old Barrymore custom.



# First Nights & Passing Judgments

**Is William Saroyan, who unblushingly claims he's a genius, quite cracked, slightly potty, or merely immature?**

***by* GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

•THEATRE•

Is Saroyan crazy? That is the question which for some months now has been occupying theatrical circles. There are two opinions. The advocates of one maintain that Saroyan undoubtedly is. The advocates of the other indignantly deny any such thing and maintain that he is only half-crazy. Both argue their convictions with what they believe to be equally convincing proofs. And, illogical as it may seem, both present exactly the same evidence.

Exhibit A is their Specimen's unremitting proclamation, usually accompanied by a loud pounding on the table and a kissing handsomely bestowed upon the nearest waiter, that he is a genius. Even some of the critics who admire his writings enormously assert that this is an unmistakable sign of the fellow's insanity. No man who is really a genius they say, ever goes around telling people he is. It's not polite.

Exhibit B is their Specimen's oft-printed remark that the main difference between himself and Shakespeare is that Shakespeare when a Armenian Bernard Shaw years ago said that the main difference between himself and Shakespeare was that he knew how to write much better plays than Shakespeare. And argue the alienists, everybody knows that Shaw is crazy.

Exhibit C is their Specimen's various published statements of his Credo. "The American theatre has been waiting for me, me Saroyan, no one else, and it knows how to write plays. I am happy and proud to come to its rescue." "I have just gotten up and have had no coffee. So I want to explain everything in six or seven words. The world is *the* theatre. The other theatre—the one which charges admission—is *not* the world. Therefore the theatre does not exist. Only the world exists. Therefore there is no point in going to the theatre. There is no art in the world therefore or in the theatre or in people or in nature." "I learned by the end of seven days that to enter a saloon and belong you had to be completely aloof. I got the idea from alley cats whom I had watched carefully."

Further items under Exhibit C: "By the time I was nine and in the third grade I was well along in the art of satire, parody, subtle contempt for ignorance and pomposity, and kindly recognition of virtue and charm." "I read *Lady Windemere's (sic) Fan* when I was fourteen and the same day wrote a very good play in imitation of that worldly and brilliant style." "What I mean is it's a much *something* is delighted by the delightful, saddened by the sad, and so on." "I have especially liked the *bad* bad play, the unmitigated lousy play with superbly lousy characters. I have liked this kind of play more than the finest fine play." "To hell with the gag. What is truth? Everybody knows what it is." "How to make a movie for $300? Frankly, I don't think it can be done."

Still further items under Exhibit C: "Mr. Medford became my movie agent before I had a chance to drop my hat and asked me if I had a story on the new type of locomotives and Pullman cars the Union Pacific was introducing. It so happened that I had just such a story. It was a love story." "Light a match and you see beauty so amazing that it is almost unbelievable and you know there is nothing like it even in art anymore. In music sometimes there used to be, but no more. Now we have jit, which is O.K., but strictly a gadget, too." "The kicking and turning of Follies girls should by now be in decline as *the* American rhythm, the tempo and calculation of American life. It's all right, but it doesn't get anywhere." "The writing of plays is an art. Eating a herring is, too. Let's not be dull about anything. Everything can and should be an art."

Exhibit D is their Specimen's complete disregard for plot in the plays he writes. Take *The Time Of Your Life* for example. It's a fine play, they say, but it has no plot. Why? Take *My Heart's in the Highlands* for another example. It may be a beautiful play, they say, but where's the plot, the meaning?

Exhibit E is their Specimen's assertion that it takes him only a few days to write a play. And as for a musical show, why he wrote all the sketches for the projected Minsky one in an afternoon. And as for the ballet—there's nothing he won't tackle—well, he wrote *The Great American Goof* in exactly thirty-three minutes, including the time he lit ten cigarettes, ate two frankfurters, and read the sports pages in the *World-Telegram*.

Exhibit F is their Specimen's program note to the aforementioned ballet: "The dancers in a ballet ought not to be mistaken for people. . . . Even so, in writing this ballet I was not able to forget that the living inhabit the world. This happened no doubt because I don't know the first thing about ballet. . . . As I see it, the living probably deserve nothing better than they get, although this irritates me personally. It irritates me because nobody other than myself seems to understand that the world is not real. That in reality there is no such thing. What I myself do is ignore the world, keeping a clear eye on it all the time, of course. In everything I have ever written from psalm to saga I have mentioned the world only because it gets in my way. What I say is, What world? What this ballet says is that you need six or seven thousand years to get this place out of the idiot nightmare it's in now. By that time, for all we know, there may be a place in which it will be possible for the living really to live instead of having all this Shakespearean fun they're having all

*Continued in center of page 128*

*"Hello honey! How would you like to have dinner with me—at your house?"*

*"You have been listening to a paid political broadcast. This station neither affirms nor disputes the lies expressed by either party"*



# Crusade for Children

**Thanklul they are Americans, school children will give their pennies to help refugee children in other lands**

***by* RAYMOND GRAM SWING**

» ARTICLE »

NOT since free schools were first founded in the United States has so difficult a problem in education confronted parents and teachers as now, when seventy per cent of the people of the world are at war. That is a staggering fact to explain to a child. The temptation is to solve it by avoidance, and to close off the window opening to the outside world with an American flag. But the American flag does not shut out the world, and if it could it would not be the American flag.

It is not educational simply to assert that this country is good and the rest of the world is evil. It is not educational to proclaim that our responsibilities as Americans end at home because they begin there. Parents and teachers alike are inclined to shut off their sympathies for suffering people because they distrust sympathy as the prelude to belligerency. Being afraid that America may be drawn into the war, they are disturbed by every humane interest in it, which is a weakening of their own Americanism.

Perhaps the only essential difference between tyranny and democracy after the war will be that in one there will be persecution; in the other there will not. This is a formula that may help now to solve the problem of telling children the facts of life about a world at war without making them belligerent. The victims of persecution are refugees, of which there are up to ten millions in Europe alone. Many millions of them are children, suffering through no conceivable fault of their own, which any American child will understand. As mercy is an essential element in American civilization, mercy toward children who are the victims of persecution becomes an expression of Americanism. That makes it an act which is education in its true meaning. Mercy towards the victims of persecution becomes the discovery in oneself of the reality of American tolerance.

Pride in its best sense is a feeling of gratitude. Pride in Americanism can best be expressed in gratitude for being Americans. More than ever, children should be given the opportunity to learn what Americanism is, so as to be thankful for it. And that can be done most effectively in the full glare of the war. In this country there is liberty, and one essence of liberty is that no one is persecuted on account of faith and race. There need be no cant about it. Americanism has not solved the problems of the nation. It has not abolished the poverty of great masses of school children, for one thing. But Americanism is not a problem-solver. It is a process. The point to stress is that by this process problems can be solved in liberty, and without persecution. Part of the task of education is to make children aware of their country and the civilization which it represents. Not many of them are aware of liberty, which is mostly prized by those who do not enjoy it. For many school children the benefits of liberty are empty words, because they are unable to understand a privation they do not experience. But they can experience it vicariously, through the act of helping those who are deprived of it. And it is an act of fundamental Americanism that they should do so.

That is the two-fold objective of the Children's Crusade for Children, which will be observed throughout the schools of the country from April 22nd to 30th. The first and obvious objective is to raise money for all children refugees of all countries. This will be by pennies, children to be asked for a cent for each year of their age. Mite-cans will be put in the schools, they will be gathered up at the end of the Crusade campaign, and the funds will then be distributed by a committee of eminent persons to the organizations best able to make the relief effective. The money is to be for children from children. The campaign, inspired by the novelist Dorothy Canfield Fisher, has been privately financed so that every penny given by a child will reach a child, and not a cent will go for campaign costs.

As philanthropy this is a universal movement, devoid of partisanship, and appealing to all the children of the nation. No more effective philanthropy for children has ever been conceived.

But that is only one part of the campaign. The main purpose is to give practical education in Americanism. Before and during the collection period there will be intensive preoccupation with America, its institutions and its history. Mrs. Fisher and Sarah Cleghorn have written for the Crusade a play, *Liberty and Union*, based on the constitutional crisis after the Revolution, which can be presented in any school. Teachers will be given a handbook with suggestions for making the Crusade a vital part of school activities.

America, since the outbreak of the war, has been a country deeply troubled and not always rational. Its fear of propaganda, its lack of faith in its own sturdy qualities, its inability always to examine facts calmly, has not provided a good environment in which to educate its children about the world they live in. The Children's Crusade for Children has the great advantage that it does express a sense of security, it is an action arising out of faith in Americanism. Since it combines the idea with the deed, it is education in citizenship. Human beings can only remain serene in a world of suffering if they face it and then act to ameliorate it. And American children will be somewhat stronger for having faced the world of war and done something about it. ##

*"Now in this department we produce two important products—a deadly poisonous gas that is capable of wiping out an entire country, and a combination of concentrated vitamins that triples the normal development of our infant population"*

# Fishing at Your Doorstep

**Suggesting the only way to handle those sophisticated fish that come from hatcheries is to match them**

*by* **WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH**

• SPORTS •

ONCE upon a time a friend of mine, a great strapping athletic fellow became intrigued with the idea of catching an Atlantic tuna. By the merest chance I happened to come upon him in his hour of triumph. He caught his tuna. Or did he? I have been wondering ever since.

Harold McCracken and I had been on a combination motion picture and sketching trip in Nova Scotia. After touring the province from Yarmouth to Cape North, on Cape Breton Island, in search of material we decided to finish up at Liverpool, one of the important tuna grounds.

There on the dock, strung by the tail from a derrick, we found a magnificent Atlantic tuna. There also we found the angler J. T. He was a physical wreck. By degrees we got the story from him.

The great fish, which weighed 648 pounds, took the herring bait in mid-afternoon of the previous day. It proved to be an native fighter from the start, towing the small motorboat a mile or more in the first hour. In the beginning it was a lark, the angler undoubtedly having the better of the scrap. But darkness fell and the brute showed no sign of weakening.

The ethics of big-game fishing are the same as those of any other form of angling. To claim that one has really landed a tuna one must be prepared to go through with the struggle from hooking to gaffing. No "spelling" or relaying is permissible.

Now J. T. is an angler in the highest sense of the word. Furthermore, he has determination beyond the average and great physical resources. He would land the brute, by God or it wouldn't be landed.

The angler was hand-fed in the waning light by his companions. After that there were frequent breaches, followed by black coffee. By two a.m. exhaustion came very close—but not to the tuna. It was only J. T.'s magnificent will power that kept him going. Dawn broke before the leviathan weakened sufficiently to allow himself to be reeled to the boat and gaffed. Perhaps weakened isn't the word, it may be that the tuna, finding itself unable to shake off the constant annoyance of the restraining line, simply decided that, under the circumstances, the effort wasn't worth while. It's only a theory, but one that I deduced from looking at the tuna's eyes. They were positively triumphant.

DARK WATER

J. T.'s should have been but weren't. His were glassy. The sort of look you would expect to see on a fish, not an angler. Fourteen hours of bitter struggle had left its mark. He seemed a mere fragment of his former self.

The newspaper story of the fight would have been more consistent had it read, "Tuna Lands Angler."

If the above sounds like an indictment of big-game fishing let me hasten to say that I mean nothing of the sort. Tuna fishing for example, is a grand sport. It holds tremendous possibilities for physical encounter with an extremely game adversary. It requires skill, endurance, will power and patience. In short, it is a noble recreation—for someone else. I made a vow on the day I hand-fed a thousand pounder by tossing him a herring—and nearly got slapped in the face by his flukes as he dove down playfully with the prize—that I would never have anything to do with the brutes. And I mean to keep it. Fishing to me means something much less strenuous.

So, from the heavyweight division, let us turn our attention to the bantam weights, trout, bass and other species near home.

With the steady increase of motor cars and good roads, even into formerly inaccessible territory, it is not to be wondered at that many of us complain of a decrease in fishing possibilities. Lakes and streams that formerly furnished good sport are now barren of results, or they yield indifferently, in spite of heavy plantings of adult fish by state and federal hatcheries. Where, in past years, the angler could spend a delightful day on nearby Mud Lake (Ohio, Illinois, Louisiana, Connecticut—there is always a Mud Lake) with the certainty of landing a few bass he now must travel to Maine or Canada, hundreds of miles and several days away. There, on Lake Switchellmadumsuk (substitute your own Indian name) he "buys" several guides, a canoe, copious provisions and other requirements for a week's trip back in.

If luck is with him he will catch fish so many, in fact, that the sport will pall on him after the first day or two. Except for what can actually be eaten, the trout, salmon, bass or pike must be returned to the water, unharmed. But it is a 50-50 chance that conditions will be wrong. It's too dry (wet), too hot (cold), too late (early). The reasons given are always plausible. But successful or not, the trip will rack one's bank roll most distressingly.

My own feeling about journeys "back in" is that, while an occasional trip to a remote section is well worth while by way of experience, on the whole too much is crowded into too short a space.

I would rather scatter my fishing over several months of the open season, for the various species of game fish, and be content with more modest rewards in the way of quarry. But how to do this?

After a decade or more of experimenting in heavily-fished waters I think I have arrived at a partial answer.

The conclusions reached are based upon two general propositions:

1. Game fish of any species, in civilized and much-fished waters, are far more wary and sophisticated than fish living in a truly wild state, where they seldom have to contend with man as an enemy.

2. Fishermen are too prone to be haphazard in their methods: they follow orthodox rules of fishing, buy popular plugs, flies and lures, employ traditional ways of using them. They spend too much time studying tackle, not enough in attempting to learn about the

*Continued in center of page 195*

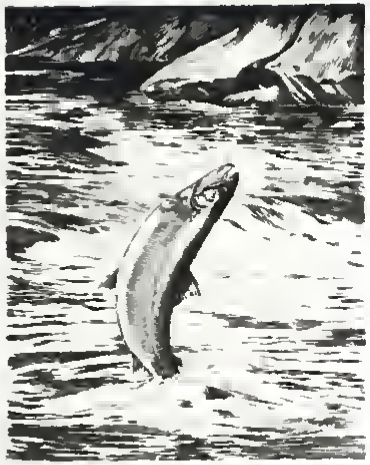
MAY FLY TIME

## A Portfolio of Aquatints

*by* **WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH**

SUNNY RUN—BROWN TROUT

SPRING NOTE—BROOK TROUT



A FRESH RUN FISH—ATLANTIC SALMON

BLACK BASS BREAKING

# Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

**Someone should debunk the foreign correspondents who show enterprise as legmen but little intelligence**

*by* **CHARLES RUTHERFORD**

• BOOKS •

ROBERT SPIERS BENJAMIN invites you and me to join his twenty former foreign correspondents at "an important meeting of the Overseas Press Club of America." The ticket costs $2.75, and the proceedings are published as *The Inside Story* (Prentice-Hall).

Okay, let's go in and give it an ear.

The first insider on the program is Peggy Hull, who tells at second-hand how twenty citizens of Columbus, N. M., were killed by Villa's bandits in March, 1916, because General Pershing to command of the border area, and Col. Slocum, Commandant of the 13th Cavalry, refused to take seriously advance news of the raid obtained by two newspapermen. It's a good story.

William Parker follows with an account of how he carried Jap peace terms to Chiang Kai-shek in 1938 and on his way back to Shanghai was double-crossed by the Nipponese civilizers and nearly blown to pieces. Raggedly written, but pretty good.

Carol Weld's "King Bites Dog" hints darkly that Edward VIII did not renounce the throne for love of the lady. It seems that the real rulers of England feared his sympathies for the Forgotten Limey. They rigged up a fancy forgery-blackmail scheme reminiscent of the Zinoviev letter, with Wally cast in the role of a Nazi spy. Confronted by this "evidence," Edward caved in.

Arthur Settel seems to think he and his wife did a smart piece of newspaper work in "We Join the Opposition." But from my objective position outside time and space it looks like a case of correspondent being used by the home foreign office as spy or provocateur. It's the tale of an interview with Egypt's Prime Minister planned and staged to flatter that politician into saying something that no publication would raise a stink and force his resignation. Settel was working for a British news syndicate, and the British were having some tough going in Egypt at a time when Italy was being dangerously nasty.

I wish I had space in which to comment on all twenty of the contributions to *The Inside Story*. Some, like Morrill Cody's "Billion Franc Mystery" and Viereck's "House-Wilson Break," are true behind-the-scenes stories if somewhat thin. George Sylvester spoils his by claiming too much for it. Saying that Mrs. Wilson's jealousy—which kept House from being reconciled to the ailing Wilson, "wrecked Wilson's lofticst venture (the League of Nations) changed the course of human history," and robbed peace of its one promise "a new order of life among nations" either reveals an immature view of history or goes too far to build up what newspapermen call an astonisher lead.

Kaltenborn's "Radio Goes to War" is a good informative article, not an inside story. Edward Hunter's "Japan's Blessing in Disguise" (meaning the Hitler-Stalin pact) and Miles Benton's "A Peculiar People" (the Germans are different from anybody else can't understand Anglo-Americans and can't be understood by them) are interpretative articles, and lame ones. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.'s "Kings, Queens, and Knaves" is a good *Liberty* magazine travel-crook yarn, but why is it in this book? The worst piece is either Mary Knight's girlish-gushy "Jobless Queens of Europe" or D. Thomas Curtin's reckless and prejudiced "Sickles and Hammers for South America."

Other pieces on how the French slipped down Abd El Krim, how a woman-that-roomed-with-a-friend-of-mine threw herself under the horses at the Royal Derby (a tragic chapter in the suffragettes' fight in England), the Ford Peace ship of 1915, how I saw that Hitler and Mussolini disliked each other and how I overheard Mussolini saying to Starace that Hitler is a fool and I will teach him a lesson yet—they add little to what we know.

It's a weak collection far below the symposium by *New York Times* correspondents that came out last year. I go into it because I think the time is over-ripe for us, as we leave the meeting of the Overseas Club, to consider the foreign correspondent in general.

International trouble and the high merit of many books gathered by pressmen since Vincent Sheean's *Personal History* have given foreign correspondents a halo. The time has come for a debunk, which suggestion I offer to the Overseas Club, whose symposium I am heckling.

The newshawk covering a foreign beat is often a very muddled man lost in the language of the country, its history, traditions, institutions, quirks and aspirations. My more serious charge against him is that he has more enterprise than intelligence. You will understand that there are fine exceptions—men like Walter Duranty (*I Write as I Please*), Edgar Snow and his wife Nym Wales, George Seldes (*You Can't Print That*), Van Paassens (*Days of Our Years*), Vincent Sheean (*Personal History*), John Gunther (*Inside Asia*), Vernon Bartlett (*European Interlude*), Anna Louise Strong (*China's Millions*), Douglas Reed (*Insanity Fair*).

What these men all have in some measure—and Gedye, Paul Scott and Edgar Ansel Mowrer, and Louis Fischer—is the Long View. They have a quality of mind that enables them to surround mentally the events they are called on to report. They are not police-beat legmen and journalistic ambulance chasers abroad. If my point is in any doubt, compare Miles Walter Vaughn's *Covering the Far East* with any of the books I have mentioned. This Miles Vaughn book is all fact, all incident, he might as well have been covering fires and suicides

*Continued in center of page 111*

*"What kind of a literary tea is this? All they've done so far is discuss literature and serve tea"*

*"For the others 'hors d'oeuvres', but for you I got under the napkin, a hot pastrami sandwich"*

# Dutchman's Delight

**Hollanders take their gin neat, savoring the juniper, angelica, coriander and other fine aromas**

*by* **LAWTON MACKALL**

• POTABLES •

Now that the days and glasses are getting longer, and even the birds are busy with straws in their mouths, it is hardly to be wondered at that man and his thirst feel prompted to go a-Maying in fields of refreshment where juniper berries, coriander seed, and angelica root play ring-around-a-rosey in schnapps appeal. Indeed, all sorts of interesting things are astir and a-shake as though the calendar had been revised to read: APRIL, MAY, GIN!

But not in Holland—gin's homeland. The doughty, water-defying Dutch would be untrue to themselves and their history if they regarded any particular season of the year as more appropriate than another for partaking of their standby. Tulips which flush up briefly they can get excited about for the moment, but their schnapps they take calmly, continuously, in the assurance that its glory will not wilt on them. Besides, tulips are all looks and no bouquet, whereas Holland's *oude jenever* ("old Geneva," *i. e.*, juniper) is a spring bed of fragrance as persevering as the little boy with his finger in the dike.

British and American nostrils and tongues, accustomed to the juniper temperance of London Dry, are apt to find Netherlandish aromatics a bit outlandish at first acquaintance. Hardly discreet, you know! Not the sort of thing one would care to mix with.

The fact is, 'Hollands' was never invented for mixing. It's a complete drink with all its flavors aboard and none of them rocks the boat if you're a Dutch navigator. As regards manufacture it's an old-time affair practically hand-tailored in small pot stills in the conservative old distilleries along the river Maas near Rotterdam and tucked in cellars below the water level. Consumption of it occurs mostly before and between meals. Holland being a country where there are five meals a day, and where, despite much, much rain, you won't see a pair of overshoes. When you get your feet wet, you quickly schnapps out of it at the nearest dispensary. For that matter, most showers, mists, heavy dews, and dark clouds can be provided against, hours in advance. And in the Dutch East Indies tropical, dripping heat is medicated with like facility. For this tonic is *that* flexible—not just a one-climate, one-constitution prescription.

But old-fashioned Dutch gin is beyond question a liquor of pronounced pungency designed for solo, not concerted purposes. Consequently, there was room for modification—a different type of gin which would be less assertive and yet retain the admired characteristics. Hence the evolution of 'London Dry,' now represented by hosts of brands on both sides of the Atlantic, each an individual variation of the general species—ranging from reliable and honorable to strictly lousy with come-on label.

True, these broad contrasts are of slight moment to drinkers who got their education under Mr. Volstead and have remained faithful to the spirit of their Alma Mater, the Old Bathtub. Gin is gin, they insist. Just common ordinary alky with flavoring matter added—the bootleggers proved *that* to us. And brands are the bunk—just a way of making you pay more for the same commodity if you're sucker enough to do so.

Accordingly our zinc-lined Johnny Knowitalls fall for the worst begotten specimens in the package store's dog pound—which caninos-under-glass aren't given away to anybody who'll take them—no, they are pushed off at prices only a trifle below those of the pedigreed. And the best that can be claimed for such mutts is that they've got bite and bark back.

Gin fit for palates which have not been thus corroded is a most complicated and difficult thing to make. Every step in the course of its manufacture is attended with opportunities for bunging if you don't know how and haven't the perfect equipment.

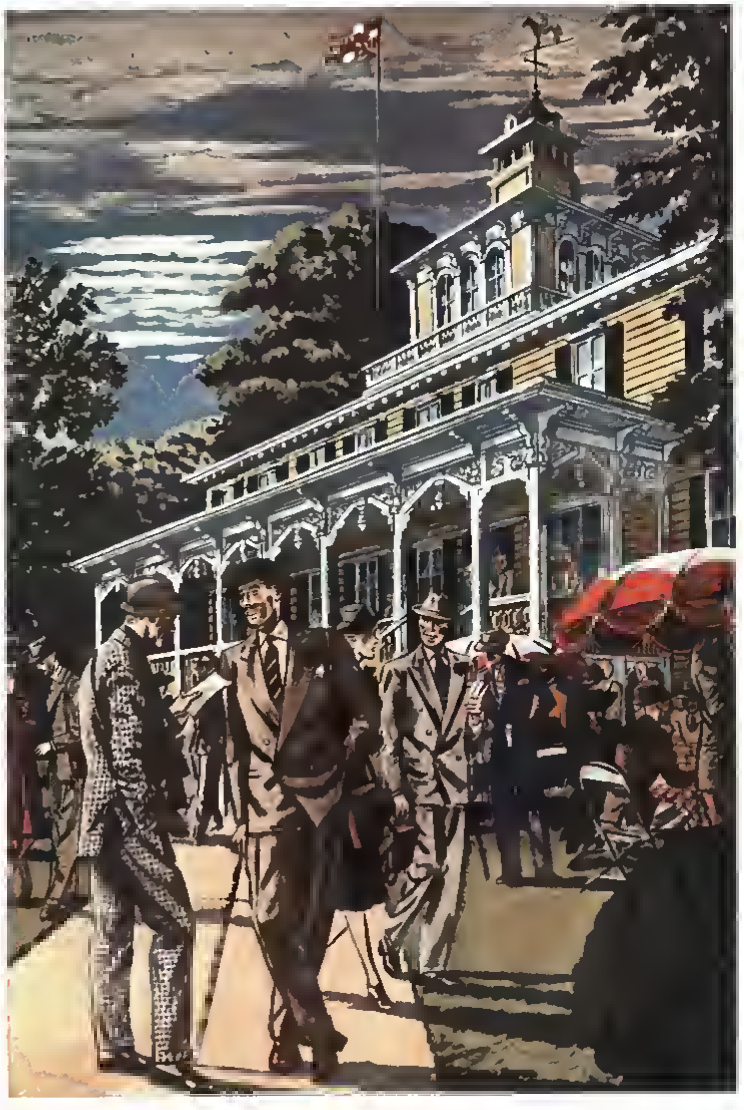
In the first place, there's the base alcohol, the purity and character of which are as important to gin quality as the right sort of water is to beer quality. This must be a neutral grain spirit, of suitable materials, free from any 'off' flavors or aromas such as will paskily creep in unless guarded against; for alcohol is a keen kleptomaniac, making up any oddment it can get hold of, in the same way that unprotected butter does in your refrigerator. That is to say, full chastity with full kick.

Next, the formula—secret of brand personality—kept locked in a vault somewhere and carried in the minds of perhaps two or three living people. Even if you were an expert safe-cracker and managed to get hold of the fatal paper, it wouldn't do you much good unless you could also steal the skill and experience of the distillery's corps of master magicians, each of whom performs his part of the trick.

Then there is the little matter of ingredients. The herbs. Anyone who has bought a package of spices at the corner grocery and found them, upon opening, to be victims of too long a sojourn on the shelf, will appreciate the fact that flavor involves not only original quality but also care. Hence gin's aromatics, obtained from the world's best sources (on contract, not picked up in the open market), must be stored under controlled conditions of air and temperature, some of them requiring years of such treatment for proper maturing. The juniper berries, famous since the dawn of medicine as kidney aids, are about peppercorn size.

The coriander seed, noted as gas-relievers, are tiny and tan. The fibrous gray angelica

*Continued on page 175*



Maryland Jockey Club

SPRING MEETING AT PIMLICO

## What could be more refreshing?

Our fisher folk regard the clothing barker with sufficiently jaundiced eye, but thanks to Mr. Fellows' ingenuity in putting a bait casting reel on the fly rod below we have probably forfeited their confidence in perpetuity. We made him draw the reel over again, correctly, at the top of the page. Unfortunately, it was too late to do anything about his omission of guides from both rods. The misguided fisherman below places his faith in a tweed jacket and rubber hip boots, while the man at right prefers a cotton jacket, rubberized waders and studded boots. Also shown are a creel and harness reel (If at first you don't succeed, Mr. Fellows—), landing net, fly box and flies, cotton hat, wool socks, fly hook, flannel shirt, wool tie and silk scarf.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 200 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

## God's country

When traffic lights give way to sunsets and auto horns to honking geese, you are well advised to leave your worsteds and broadcloths in the city limits along with the asphalt and cement pavements. The change of scene calls for a change of allure, with emphasis on comfortified tweeds and flannels. Shown above is a likely assortment of plaid tweed and Shetland overplaid jackets, flannel and twill trousers that narrow down to the cuff, and reverse calf shoes, the right-hand pair being ankle-high chukkas. Wool ties, flannel shirts and heavy leather belts are country accessories that also fit into the picture. For travel to and from the grasslands, the flannel suit with overplaid and lightweight Cavalier hat—at left—are naturals. At right a country week-ender is clad in hound's tooth tweed jacket, velvet cord breeks, pork pie hat and appropriately brilliant tie and kerchief.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 200 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

*"And if you start to swing it—I'll break your neck!"*



# Roulades and Cadenzas

**Bob Crosby's boys ignore his baton, play as they please, and it comes out Dixieland**

***by* CARLETON SMITH**

• MUSIC •

DIXIELAND Jazz is their business. They worked their way up from the rib joints and keg houses of New Orleans lived with the natives They played that way with the free improvisation of the colored originators of jazz the residents of South Rampart Street who played funeral marches up the main drag on the way to the cemetery and coming back with solemnity and grief behind them would strut and swing the same dirges loud and fast and exuberant. To send was in their joints. Four of them got berths on Paul Whiteman's All-American

Yet they were broke bumping over the country in a bus with plenty of callous underneath the seats of their pants, catching sleep as they could doing their own cooking washing their own socks Singly, each of them could have joined a big-time outfit and made money Together they starved

Dixieland Jazz wouldn't sell Gone were the days when a band could label itself Fort Wayne Firebirds Boston Busters Joplin Jivers Harrisburg Humpers—and succeed A stooge was necessary preferably a stooge with teeth And a name! These guys needed a bozo who could smile wise-crack sign autographs—a front man whom the dames would go for Their music alone was not enough.

They invented a front a singer, Frank Tenille whom they called Clark Randall and attempted to build into a trademark. But he didn't click The customers bucked. In desperation, they descended on one George R. Crosby a slappy character with a thin voice who was trying to live down the undisputed fact that he was the kid brother of radio's top-notcher Bing Crosby! 'Listen' they told him, "we've got a band The Ben Pollack Orphans they call us because we left Ben out on the coast We need a leader Your name was suggested We don't think you'll do but we'll give you a try So how about it, boy?'

They shoved a baton into his surprised mitts rehearsed him for a week, and took to the road There was difficulty getting him a union card Ray Bauduc taught him a few tricks on the traps and after several attempts the union admitted he was a musician

The build-up was slow and painful It was tough to convince a hundred million yokels there was another Crosby on the planet The new maestro suffered and still suffers—from an inferiority complex Trying to cast a shadow across the entertainment sun with Bing Crosby as a brother is enough to give the Devil an inferiority complex Ever since young Bob could remember having any ambition beyond an ice cream cone Bing had been an obstacle to hurdle The discouraged brother once said—but later retracted—that he wished Bing had never been born For an epitaph, he wrote HERE LIES BOB CROSBY WHO ONCE STOOD ON HIS OWN FEET

In time his natural charm plus press-agents' persistent plugging pushed his name into lights His favorite reading was billed as history and detectives. It was announced he didn't drink or frequent night clubs His singing was blandly praised Jack Benny presented him with a live Bobcat a spitting-snarling tough customer which was duly photographed and advertised as preferring the orchestra's brass and drums

Words of wisdom fell from his mouth 'The trouble with swing musicians" he was quoted as saying, is that they must withstand the temptation to be too good. The best swing musicians are after perfection just as Bix, characterized in Dorothy Baker's *Young Man With A Horn* pushed out for the perfect note, the highest note. the unattainable That's what every swing musician wants to do But they must reserve this keen pleasure for private jam sessions in public they must keep within the range of average appreciation Now, of course they can let go more and more as a fastidious educated public develops"

For college consumption when the band was playing campus dates he told them "The present popularity of swing music and its future growth are directly based upon the keen interest shown in this American art by college boys They were responsible for recognizing first that bands are important for something other than dancing Swing was not created by the boys—it had been around a long time but it was the boys who gave the public the idea that swing was worthwhile for itself They also were the first to idolize individual instrumentalists and acclaim them the way baseball fans acclaim their favorite players

'The interest of college kids in swing music is having its natural secondary effect, which in time may become more important than audience creation." Bob pontificated 'Their spectator interest in swing has led them to be participants Colleges are becoming a training school for swing musicians. That's where future bands will draw their talent and I'm looking forward to the time when the first top-flight all-college swing orchestra will break

"Today, for instance I personally know many good swing musicians at universities Kit Reed leader of the band at Rice Institute, Houston, Texas is an outstanding example. Kit plays with the better southwestern bands during vacation When he gets out he will be an outstanding addition to any collection of music-makers and his band now is tops Southern Methodist University, Dallas Texas has had one of the best swing bands in the Southwest for the last five

*Continued on page 202*

*"Very good, sir—as long as it's not a musical instrument"*

# The Candid Cameraman

**While he bids farewell to these pages, our critic salutes the growing trend toward art films**

*by* **PATTERSON MURPHY**

• MOVIES •

In one way this department is just as dead. Before the public has the most numerous army of photoplays ever to be produced in a single season. As films of new high literacy, power and beauty crowd each other upon the screen, the public is at last offered that opportunity for which critics of the Candid Cameraman school have been begging these last several years. We have said there is an intelligent audience for motion pictures. We have begged the producers to attempt production for the middle and higher taste levels rather than for the lowest level. We declared that the last great slump in movie attendance was due to the fact that films had not kept up with rapidly advancing popular taste.

Well now the test has come. Perhaps partly through accident, certainly, in some degree, because all the old shallow forms were worn out, and in great degree because of public clamor, the industry offers, all in one heap, such truly remarkable works as *Grapes of Wrath*, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet*, *Of Mice and Men*. This is what we asked for. The answer must come from the box office.

Good films have been tried before. Sometimes, as in the case of *Pasteur*, they were box-office successes. More often, as in the cases of *Greed*, *Winterset*, they were miserable failures. But in the past, the art film has been an odd item—an out-size in a job lot, and more often than not theatre owners were scared to try such films, for they did not know how to sell them to their audiences. *Winterset* would be billed as an underworld melodrama, and naturally the gang-picture addicts would be disappointed.

Occasionally some producer would make a staggering attempt to sell an art film on a prestige basis; thus Warner Brothers made a passable financial success of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *The Good Earth* was accepted by the regular movie audiences.

This season, however, it might be said that the art appeal is no longer the exception—it is the trend. Film after film offers as its central theme the discovery of truth as the highest human value, no art form could select a higher theme. Film after film is developed in sympathy for the common man, and finds its resolution in the binding of men together—no more perfect cinematic rendering of this idea could be asked for than the use King Vidor makes of it in a direct Indian-fighting epic, an action film that shows how the new manner may be used even in the reworking of old materials, for when the rangers of *Northwest Passage* have to cross a turbulent river with no time to build rafts, they form a human chain, stretching hand-locked through the roaring water, and men cross by clinging to this chain.

This season exhibitors must perforce make every effort to exploit the true merit of their products, rather than to entice audiences with dreams and escape romances. This is not to say that all pictures have suddenly become 100 per cent good. But the ground tested out by *The Citadel* and by such fine little films as *A Man To Remember* is now the fleeing ground. While *Northwest Passage* contains all the allure of the standard Indian killing epic, it shows the new balance toward truth, even when truth is bitter and somewhat shameful. While *I Take This Woman* drips with the old-style sex glamour, it nevertheless depends for what little interest it has upon the humanizing experiences of Hedy Lamarr in an East Side medical clinic rather than upon her appearances in the night spots of the Fifties. And this is not written out of bias. It is practically a clocked report of where the audience yawns.

But while the entire season's offering is touched with this new and stimulating social content, the question of the survival and if the increase of art-films centers in token around *Grapes of Wrath*. And it must be said that no fairer test could be asked for. The film has had the most tremendous publicity build-up ever accorded a feature picture in newspapers and magazines. For months, picture magazines of circulations aggregating many millions, have carried displays of the lives of the California migratory workers, ex-farmers of Oklahoma and neighboring states; so completely conscious has the public become of the plight of these dispossessed, that they are now more commonly called '*Grapes of Wrath* people' than "Okies." Certainly it cannot be claimed that this film will fall upon an unaware public.

And Darryl Zanuck has given John Steinbeck's story a production of illuminating fidelity. Steinbeck himself remarked that, but for the fact that the film bears the title now so widely associated with a work of fiction, it might be offered as a straight documentary record of a typical dispossessed family.

With John Ford as director, with a top-notch cast, with photography so fresh and perceptively revealing in style that it often seems a new medium, the art-film audience would find it difficult to set up a fairer test. At the present writing, the film has been exhibited only in New York, where it is doing phenomenally well. Of course New York is not always typical of America. So it still cannot be said with certainty that the case has been proven. But the entire industry is watching, and in a large measure the future of American films depends on the box-office record of *Grapes of Wrath*.

This is not to say that the workers in the industry are inimical to the kind of films they make, or that they are willing to limit their art permanently, should the present group of literate films be rejected by the public. If

*Continued on page 126*

*"What I like about these double features is that you can't get in in the middle of both pictures"*

JUDY FORD
Hurrell Photograph

BINNIE BARNES
(Warner Bros.)
Hurrell Photograph



# Esquire on the Record

**Reviewing spirituals and "sinfuls," Sandburg and his guitar, scenes from *Abe Lincoln*, the *Ernest Bloch Sonata***

## *by* CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

FOR LOVERS OF AMERICANA

*Abe Lincoln in Illinois* Scenes read by Raymond Massey and the Playwrights Company Victor M-591 Highlights from Robert E Sherwood s prize play of 1939 The recording comes off and is worthy of any collection Others in the cast are not as convincing as Mr Massey but he carries the album as he did the play

*Marc Blitzstein The Cradle Will Rock* Performed by the original cast, with the composer at the piano Musicraft Album No 18 America's best play in music relating the life of Steeltown U S A on the night of a union drive It was produced in New York by Orson Welles without scenery or costumes, by actors who were not professional singers the piano was the orchestra The continuity is preserved on the record by the composer s interpolated narrations. Something to think about

*Edwin Markham The Man With the Hoe* and other poems Tunely Set No 4-M Himself and his youthful 88-year-old personality personified by a high-pitched voice reading his four-liners—in the midst of which you ll not find any quiners ' *Lincoln the Man of the People The Man with the Hoe*—

"Bowed by the weight of centuries . . .
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox,
Slave to the Wheel of Labor . . .
How will the future reckon with this Man?"

The album ends with a prayer for strength to meet the misery and mystery of this life Homely sentiments, but true

*Negro Spirituals* Sung by the Hampton Institute Quartet Musicraft Album No 35 *Goin' To Shout all over God's Heaven, Reign Massa Jesus, Reign, I Want To Be Ready, Ol'-Time Religion*, and others, sung as they should be.

*Negro Sinful Songs* Huddie Ledbetter ('Lead Belly') and his guitar Musicraft Album No 31 These melodies deal with realities of life the gall and wormwood the irony the full-bodied joys of this great lump of earth we live on Lead Belly epitomizes everything there is in this beautifully primitive music born and nurtured in the honky-tonks barrelhouses road gangs, jailhouses, and brothels of the south Completely divorced from commercialism these ' sinfuls" sprang from the emotional well of an artist who has something to say and says it They are songs sung because they've *got* to be sung. Hear Lead Belly s grunted "Uhs" in the work-songs and you'll not soon forget them

*Carl Sandburg The American Song-Bag* Musicraft Album No. 11 Eight samples about love in the Tennessee mountains a buckaroo's horses, Casey Jones and a hanging song—told by Carl Sandburg with his guitar under his arm Some think he's slow and lugubrious—having lost his former bite and wry humor—but he s still Carl Sandburg

*James Weldon Johnson God's Trombone* Musicraft Album No 21 Readings by the author now dead, of excerpts from his Negro sermons in verse. *Listen Lord The Creation, The Prodigal Son*, and *Go Down Death A Funeral Oration*—state simply and graphically the conceptions of the Negro mind

* * *

Frank Luther has Decca-ed more than a thousand times telling American history in song His last albums with Zora Layman and the Century Quartet, include *Songs of the North Songs of the South Songs of Old California Songs of Old New York, American Folk Songs More Songs of the Gay Nineties* He sings them straight simply and sincerely, with all the voice and artistry he can command Many of his discs possess atmosphere

"In these songs,' he says, "you get the whole feeling and viewpoint of past generations You re-live the lives of real human beings, expressing something they created used and enjoyed in their own time And whether you believe it or not, they talked and sang their heads off

There's *Pretty Polly*, as morbid a confession of murder as you'll ever hear *The Bum Song* of the colorful guy with the amazing idioms, our American hobo *Sweet Betsy From Pike*, a novel-length tale of the trek to the land of Sutter and gold by two droll lovers from Pike County, Missouri *Eating Goober Peas*, a vivid glimpse of a Confederate soldier s thoughts between engagements, *My Little Log Shanty on the Plain* a chronicle of a squatter in the days when Texas cattlemen resented squatters . . .

Americans after the Puritans, apparently took the same interest in the lyrics of their songs as they did in the content of the weekly newspaper Love, crime and money in that order, were the favored topics Here's a sample from the West

*I used to be a gambler, sat around the town*
*Courted Pretty Polly and her beauty has never been found*
*O, where is Pretty Polly, O yonder she stands*
*With rings on her fingers and her lily-white hands*
*Pretty Polly Pretty Polly, come take a walk with me*
*O we'll get married some pleasure to see.*
*I led her over hills and valleys so deep*
*And then Pretty Polly she began to weep*
*O Willy, O Willy, I'm afraid of your ways*
*All night we wandered, you've caused me to stray*
*Pretty Polly- your guessin' 'bout right.*
*I dug on your grave till 12 30 last night*
*We went on up a little further*
*And what did we spy—*
*A new-dug grave with a spade lying by—*
*She throws her arms 'round me and begin' for*

**Continued in center of page 146**

*"This month the landlord sent his wife to collect. He knows we can't give her a hug, a kiss and a promise"*

# Slightly Rustic

**A page of suggestions for fresh air fiends**

*by* **FASHION STAFF**

• WEARABLES •

THAT old country squire Euclid tells us that for every force in a given direction there is an opposite and equal reaction. Railroads originally built up American cities, knit the industrial network together and soon the cities were swollen. Now the production lines of our auto factories are pumping out the cities again—not for business but for visits to the rural scene for relaxation, sport vacation and change. The country trek is on as the five-day week becomes an American custom. Thirty million autos cause the outward flow toward open spaces where grass and trees are welcome relief from asphalt, aspirin and double features.

Relief is also felt in country clothing that leaves all restrictions and dictates of business wear back to the office. Tweeds in easy loose jackets are teamed with flannel or corduroy trousers, and shoes of easy freedom in rough and rugged leathers are locked to for new comfort.

However business men and women have found that old clothes are not country clothes. Give the farmer his wool shirt and overalls but he and she of the city who spend most of their time aware of being well groomed are finding welcome change of pace in country clothes designed for just such occasions as travel, resort, rural week-ending and suburban living.

What makes country clothing poles apart from town wear? In model, one never sees a country jacket with a double breasted front. Peaked lapels disappear. Trousers are fuller cut with pleats for freedom. Cuffs are worn shorter. Vests are usually replaced with pullovers or cardigans either knitted or a combination of suede, chamois, woven fabric or leather with knit. Worsteds give way to tweeds, Shetlands, coverts, corduroys and flannel when city limits are left behind. Shirts no longer are fine broadcloth in plain white or restrained pattern and color. Glen plaids and wide stripes on flannels and more rugged soft fabrics are the country shirt trends. Neckwear too, in color, pattern and fabric is remote from the business type of tie. County checks and plaids of wool, foulard and rep bow ties and silk knits with colorful stripes make up the horsy collar complement. Caps, too, are country-correct in plaid or checked tweeds. Ensemble matching is not part of nonchalant leisure fashion when week-ending. One should look not too studiously dressed by carrying out a close matching of accessories, such as shoes, slacks, jacket, shirt, tie and hat all of one color. Bold jackets call for simpler patterned slacks and shirt. Plain tweeds allow patterned shirts and socks. Country clothing is never drab. Today more variety and choice is available in shoes than ever before, a direct business reflection of the enormous growth of this easy manner of dressing. Ankle-high soft reverse calf chukkas, stemming from India, are crepe-soled comfort givers. Leathers are rugged, finished even when new to look mellowed. Belts, too, offer a wide choice. Country wear gives greater opportunity to satisfy your own tastes—thus bringing you a new enjoyment in down to earth living.

*(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*



# Man the Kitchenette

**Thanks to the bachelor's pal, the canned food manufacturer, all of these recipes are snaps**

*by* **ILES BRODY**

• EDIBLES •

ALTHOUGH the question really calls for a volume I will try to tell you in a couple of thousand words about how to prepare your canned food in new ways.

For if you want to make a good dish in a jiffy, you will have to resort to cans which is not such a bad idea at that. The difficult stages of preparation—more than nine-tenths of them—have been taken off your shoulders by the canned food manufacturer. You will have an easy task from the moment the can is opened. Not that the actual opening involves Sisyphean labor, as it used to years ago when preserved food was still in its infancy and cans had not progressed to being the ideal containers they are today. Now for instance, cans are made so that you may safely leave or store their contents right in them without the fuss of decanting into another container.

If you have the two essentials of good cooking—initiative and an adventurous spirit—use them, make free with accustomed procedure in cooking, get a little gay and daring with the food that is ready in cans for you to have fun with. You will hit on things that prompt your guest to lick her well-tended fingers with gusto.

The Man in the Kitchenette had best rely on cans in the long run. (So do first-rate households and excellent restaurants for important parts of their cuisine.) Even if you were to read this department religiously, or the whole vast library on the subject of gastronomy, it is impossible to become a seasoned chef; an Escoffier or a Montagné by a short cut. Chefs have to study hard for years and as apprentices they have to endure frequent ear boxings from their masters. Physical punishment, light and half-serious as it may be, is a tradition of the cooking profession. Chefs must be quick, but they are also quick-tempered and the same bottle of red wine that the chef must drink (according to unwritten culinary law) while thinking out and creating his inspired dishes quickens his eye for the wrongdoings of his young Tournebroches and his hand in administering retribution.

Leave the running of a real kitchen to the manufacturer. It is not an easy job—it means uphill work, anxious hours for hundreds of experts and a great deal of money. It is a gratifying thought that while you sleep the canned-food people stay awake, worrying their heads off watching trembingly over the immense casserole, one little saucerful of which would cost you considerably more than a dime if you were to prepare it in your own kitchenette. And while they are at it, your invisible chefs figure out minutely your requirements of carotene, thiamin, ascorbic acid and riboflavin (Vitamins to you.) After the food is safely locked up in its tin prison, Uncle Sam appears and cracks open a few cans; he gulps down pineapple juice, tastes the soup, nibbles asparagus tips and carves off a chunk of meat to sample. If he smacks his lips, you may buy the stuff.

Up to this point all is well. I haven't raised my voice. They prepared our canned food satisfactorily and took good care that we shouldn't get beri-beri. But now I must protest. I must rant and rail at you—you can-opener! The recipe on your can is scientific and often uninteresting. I am afraid it has to be like that for it is addressed to millions of people. But you don't have to be a goody-goody about it. Add to science those things that tickle your palate and enhance the dish you are preparing.

The lone man's salvation comes in a can, but it is not enough to heat the stuff and eat it. Canned food calls for daring experimentation, and now and then the foreign touch. I want my canned lobster in a different way.

*Canned Lobster à la Newburg*

Heat two teaspoonfuls of butter in a pan. Add to this three tablespoonfuls of flour and mix it with the butter with a wooden spoon. Take care that it does not burn. Add a pint of hot milk, and, stirring constantly, mix it thoroughly with the flour otherwise it will get lumpy. Cook and stir for fifteen minutes over a low flame.

Open a can of lobster, and dice it. Heat one teaspoonful of butter in another pan, add the lobster, salt and pepper it, and add a bit of paprika. When you see it is getting hot, pour in a wineglassful of sherry.

Now pour the sauce you have prepared over the diced lobster, but not too much of it—just enough to cover it. (If you have some sauce left over, you may use it the next few days, for this cream sauce keeps, and goes with most entrées.) Cook over low flame ten minutes. If the sauce seems too thick, add a bit of milk. Add some cream a few minutes before serving.

I picked up this excellent lobster recipe at the Stork Club, where they know what they are talking about, and where the debutantes, and in fact all New York's *jeunesse dorée*, thrives on the diet. Most of the food at the Stork is freshly prepared by Sherman Billingsley's numerous French chefs, but there are quite a few items the chefs admit are much better if done with the help of cans. The Stork confesses the canned-food practice with a cheerful smile. They are popular, their food is admirable and, therefore, they don't have a gastronomical inferiority complex. However, many fine restaurants try to hide their cans, which I think is a very silly attitude. Ninety per cent of all hors d'oeuvres comes out of the can and don't let anyone try to tell you otherwise. All the delicious miniature artichokes, all the pâtés, shrimps, anchovies, little sausages, herrings in cream and in tomato sauce, beets, cauliflower, kale, mushroom and succotash, cold ham, tongue and roast beef, wheeled around on hors d'oeuvre wagons, come out of the can. So do many soups in select restaurants, and

*Continued on page 135*

*"Why darling, how wonderful! You cook too"*

# The Professor from Fairview

**John Scarne, world's greatest card man, can stop his pulse or hypnotize two prize fighters at the same time**

*by* **SIDNEY CARROLL**

• ARTICLE •

In the days when John Scarne was a boy wonder on Broadway he was seen in action by one Arnold Rothstein. This Rothstein—he has been fully described on the police blotters—was then in his heyday. In the words of his own mouthpiece, he was a lone rat sulking in the Broadway doorways, picking at the cheese passing by. Rothstein saw Scarne perform at a party and showed a peculiar interest in the young man's technique. It was Scarne's practice to give private exhibitions of his prowess with the pasteboards for even in those days he could make a pack of cards scream for help.

Scarne was then twenty-one years old, a slight dark Italian just off the boat from New Jersey and thrilled by the prospect of showing off in front of the most genteel mob in New York. He came to Rothstein's at the appointed hour and found an audience all ready and waiting. The gut on each guest's hip was not very well concealed. It didn't have to be in the Rothstein era. Scarne started to work. He went through a routine of flourishes, switches, palms, vanishes, and all the other fandangos of the card manipulator, but all through this razzle-dazzle his audience paid very little attention. It was only when the boss himself asked for a request number that the cauliflower ears perked up and the random conversation in the room stopped dead.

"Johnnie," said Rothstein in a tone of reverence, "let's see that high card trick."

Now the high card trick is one of the simplest looking moneyovers in the repertoire and one of the hardest to perform. Several other card men in the world can do it, but none without preparing the deck beforehand. Some wax the deck; others put a crimp in it. Professor Scarne (the name rhymes with "Barney") simply takes the deck, shuffles it a few times, riffles it, never looking at the faces of the cards—and places the deck upon the table. He then "cuts" directly to an ace. If any professional gambler could master this move he could retire and buy himself a dog track and a musical comedy chorus on the proceeds of a few nights' play. Whole fortunes are thrown away on the simple "cut." Men will play complicated poker all through the night and then with one wild inspiration born of the early morning nitegrams gamble all their winnings on "cutting for the high card." This simplest of all games is one of the biggest betting pastimes in the world.

No wonder then that when Rothstein asked young Scarne to show his high card trick the magician became the focus of some very fixed attention. The boys huddled around the table. Scarne asked one of them to shuffle and riffle and to place the deck upon the table. The Professor then reached down, plucked off half the deck and came directly to an ace. "Do it again," said Rothstein. Scarne did it again. "Again," said Rothstein. Scarne did it again. "Once more," said Rothstein eagerly.

Scarne had his nerve, even in those days. "Sorry, Mr. Rothstein," he said reaching for his hat and making quickly for the door. "Good night." He had been paid in advance.

In the space of a single week Scarne paid ten visits—by invitation—to the Rothstein lair. When it eventually dawned on Rothstein that his boys would never learn the "precious cut" simply by watching Scarne he made the youngster a flat offer for the secret. Scarne wouldn't sell.

Any good card man, no matter what his scruples, will find his path crossed by the gamblers. If he does not seek them out to peddle his wares they will certainly come after him. When Scarne was twenty-five years old and already an old hand with a pack of cards he wrote a carefully documented exposé of the fabulous game called "Three-Card Monte." The book sold well for years but Scarne could never find out who was buying it.

Just recently he discovered that it has become a Bible among carnival grifters, con men, and the like. The more literate mobs and things buy it in consignment lots. Audley V. Walsh, who collaborated with Scarne on the Monte book, is a well-known magicians in his leisure hours but he earns his living as a detective on the New Jersey police force.

In the course of a lifetime devoted to cards and sundry other forms of manipulation, Scarne has been approached by some egregious Greeks bearing gifts. One winter he was watching the races at Hialeah. Two gentlemen in Broadway sombreros came up and asked him for a light. ("Either they talk about the weather or they want a light," says Scarne, with a faint shrug of disgust. "The weather or a light, always.") In no time at all the boys were inviting Scarne up to the hotel room for a little game of cards. Scarne, who wasn't doing so well on the horses, accepted the kind offer.

The hotel room was already populated by an ample blonde. ("One reason why gamblers don't make money," says the Professor, "they never change their props.") Scarne allowed the boys and the blonde to work the old familiar tricks on him. They took his money for the first few deals but when the pack came into his hand he started to prosper. Any man familiar with the ways of the gamblers knows that even if he wins in a game with card sharpers he will never leave the premises with his ill-gotten gains. Every hotel has its long dark corridors and there is always the blonde with the educated fingers. So as Scarne kept winning he kept trying to figure a good means of escape. When his earnings had risen to a considerable amount and the boys and the blonde were beginning to sweat, the door to

*Continued in center of page 136*

*"No, no, Albert—just the chips!"*




Bob Swanson

picks his racing cars for speed—his cigarettes for slow burning

HERE THEY COME in a hurricane of flying dirt and squirting oil. You can almost hear the high whine of the motors and the shriek of brakes and burning tires as they streak into the sharp unbanked curves. They may call 'em "midget racers," but there's *speed to burn* underneath those toy like hoods. Leading the pack in the picture above is Bob Swanson, Pacific Coast champ. In a split second these racers may be climbing each other's hoods, hurdling, somersaulting, flying through fences. Bob Swanson likes a slower pace in his off time. Fishes a lot. Smokes Camels a lot. He explains: "I don't like overheating in my cigarette any more than I like it in a racing motor. I stick to Camels. I know they're slower burning ... milder and cooler."

Slower-Burning Camels Give the Extras

WITH BOB SWANSON it's always a *slow* burning Camel. "That slower burning makes a big difference," says Bob. "Camels are milder—easier on my throat. They don't bother my nerves. And they never tire my taste. They give an extra amount of smoking, too. Yes, speed is fine in the right place but millions have learned that in cigarettes the coveted extras of coolness, mildness, and full, rich flavor go with *slow-burning* Camels."

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

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MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF ... MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

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Camels — *the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos*

# The Murder of Simon Granby

**His going to Africa was almost inevitable: it was the "he-man" sort of thing that he would do**

*by* **E. E. GATTI**

• FICTION •

WE WERE sitting in the dining room of the SHUN hotel at Aba. Aba, as you may know, is the junction point on the Belgian side which connects with the end of the Nile steamship line in Sudan—Juba. For that reason there is a decent enough hotel there. Real baths, for a wonder.

The dining room, naturally, is small. The town only comes to life once a fortnight with the arrival and departure of the Nile boat at Juba, seventy-odd miles away. At the next table to ours was a party of six English people—tourist class.

We were obliged to hear what they said unless we tried to shout them down ourselves. And that took too much effort on a hot night in Aba. They all talked a great deal—but a middle-aged woman with prominent teeth easily held the floor. She bore down on the general conversation and overwhelmed it by the sheer weight of British determination and a high pitched resonant voice.

They were halfway through their meal when we entered the dining room, so we had some hope that we could finish our dinner, and the conversation we had been looking forward to in peace.

And it was not in fact, until they had drunk their coffee that the subject of Simon Granby turned up. One of the party remarked what a sad affair had been the murder of Simon Granby.

The woman with the prominent teeth lost no time in taking up the challenge.

"I don't consider it sad at all," she declared. "An Englishman who goes native in a country like this deserves to be murdered. It served him jolly well right. I dare say he abused the natives and they had good reason for doing him in."

My companion, Dr. Rufus Patterson, leaned across the table toward me and spoke in a carefully lowered voice. "That female," he said, "has assembled more inaccuracies than I often have the opportunity to hear put together in one speech."

I looked at him inquiringly.

"First, Simon Granby was not an Englishman," he explained. "Second, he never went native in his life. And third, he wasn't murdered by the natives. As to the fourth—whether or not he deserved the fate he met—I cannot speak with the glib assurance of our friend with the buck teeth."

"You knew Simon Granby then?" I asked.

Doctor Patterson nodded. "I've known him for twenty-four years. Twenty-four years and three months, to be exact. I brought him into the world, as the saying goes."

The extraordinary catholicity of Doctor Patterson's acquaintanceship never ceased to amuse me. That was the first time, however, in the ten years of our friendship that I had ever heard him refer to a period of general medical practice, though I might have known that he would have begun his career in that fashion. I had first met him down in Northern Rhodesia where he had been making some experiments in the treatment of tropical diseases.

He'd made several expeditions after that in various parts of the tropics. Then his health broke down, and he'd been forced to retire. He had acquired the itch for travel, though, and as he had a comfortable private income, he spent his time wandering about the globe.

In any hotel bar, in any out-of-the-way port of call, one would not be surprised to run across Dr. Rufus Patterson.

"I thought," said I, "they'd arrested a native woman for the murder of Granby."

"So they have," replied my friend, "which doesn't alter the facts of the case in the least. They'll let her go after awhile," he added.

All Congo had been buzzing about the murder of that eccentric chap Simon Granby. I don't know whether the papers back home played up the case or not, but they must have, if they heard about it, for it would have been a story right up their alley.

I'd met Simon Granby a time or two myself. He was a big fellow, six foot two or three, with the frame of an ox. He had a monstrous golden beard, and the softest voice I've ever heard on a man. He lived with his wife in a lonely isolated spot inside the Itori Forest. He'd cleared the place himself, and built a comfortable house there.

But what made him famous—or infamous, as you will—throughout the country was the bizarre fact that he kept six native mistresses. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, he called them.

And one morning, a few weeks before the evening I'm talking about, he was found dead in the hut of one of his lady friends. Poisoned. With a deadly drug the witch doctors in that part of the forest know how to compound. *Aciapo*, it's called.

You'll understand how the Colony rang with the affair.

The party of English people had left now, and I saw that the Doctor was settling down for a story. I was glad of that, for his stories were always interesting. At least to me. He had such a zest for trying to analyze the human motives back of them, and a restraint from passing judgment that was almost God-like.

"James," the Doctor said to me, "have you a troublesome civic conscience? Would you feel obliged to acquaint the authorities with any information you might come upon in a case of murder?"

"I don't think so," I said. "Not unless I were involved in the case in some way."

"Good," said he. "You're cheerfully anti-moral. Just what I want. I know from the

*Continued on page 131*

*"We can't send Brown any more expense money. Send him a pair of loaded dice"*




**Arrow's choice for this month... Glenroy Stripes**

**IF YOU WANT** the last word in shirts, pick colors that are quiet and stripes that are spaced far apart.

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS




## Two Born Bachelors
*Continued from page 41*

with—of all things—second sight!

The way of it was this—Gallant to a point of Old Worldishness in his attitude toward the Gentler Sex he had firmly repulsed the onslaughts of prejudice and foreboding that assailed him during the aforementioned "decent interval" and until such a time as his friend chose to break—as it were—the news to him in person. But in spite of his best efforts the citadel of his mind had been continuously invaded by a "jingle" and a wretched unworthy little jingle at that.

"Angela Hunter-Freeth" it sang—"Sounds like too many teeth—too many—too white—too many Too—!" Eton remonstrated immediately "I mean to say," rebuked Eton with all the earnestness of its six hundred years—"Is this quite the thing—old thing? I mean to say—what?"

And William had agreed with Eton. It was not the thing—and yet—at that first meeting—even to the eye of a loyal friend and impartial bachelor. Angela Hunter-Freeth appeared to be practically all teeth.

"Second sight," said William to his soul—and was vaguely troubled by his strange new gift. And now, a letter having informed him of the end of the honeymoon (to which William found himself referring—horrified—as "The Indecent Interval"—what could be happening to him? All this modern unrest, he supposed). And the letter having also desired his presence for a week end with the happy couple at their new residence—"only we three—because you two dears will want a long talk over old times"—William found himself seated at dinner once again opposite Howard. Yes, there was his old friend separated only by an illuminated grove of wax and silver and refereed as it were, on the side line by Angela. Yes, thought William resentfully, his feelings getting the better of him—refereeing during the entire meal—calling a penalty here—"Not too much cayenne, darling—bad for the tum-tum." Calling a foul there—"Just half a glass of bubbly, pet—as this is an occasion"—and then the flash of those teeth in his, William's, direction—("Too many—too white—too many—too white!")

And now she had gone. Left them, as she playfully had put it—"To their wine and nuts."

"Horrible!" He must pull himself together. He raised his glass.

"A drop of the Old and Bold," he whispered.

"A few moments for Silent Prayer," came the answer as of old.

But was there not a deeper, a more profound meaning in the sound of the words?

And then, suddenly, William discovered he had GULPED his brandy—and worse—felt the immediate desire for more! And he had not winked! Howard had not winked!

In a winkless world, William replenished his glass and downed it. He needed it—dammit!—So he downed it. And then stared silently at his friend—helpless—fascinated.

He knew what was coming—Had he not Second Sight? And he could no longer struggle. Eton and Oxford had failed him at last.

Only the relentless speed of sound carried that dreadful strangled voice to him across this alien terrifying world.

"Well what do you think of her?"

"Frankly?"

"Yes, frankly."

"Frankly, I don't like her a bit," said William Comerford Pyke.

"No more do I," said Howard Pendlebury-Jones. ##

*Another sketch by Stanley Logan, **The Old British Calm**, is scheduled for the June issue*

## Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf
*Continued from page 92*

back home. With one-tenth the experience, Vincent Sheean turned out a far more meaningful book. The proof of it is that the Modern Library ($0.95) has just issued his *Personal History*, a recognition that it is a contemporary classic.

Look at Mary Knight's article in the Overseas book on "Jobless Queens of Europe." Both style of writing and thought level are those of an average junior co-ed in a school of journalism. Her premature autobiography, *On My Own*, had the same qualities. But Mary Knight had guts—which is what, in default of understanding, too many newsmen worship. Refused admission to the guillotining of the assassin of President Doumer because she was a woman, she put on trousers and sneaked in as a man.

Maybe this type of foreign correspondent, the Floyd Gibbons kind that can report an event but cannot interpret it, has its place. Gibbons was the One-Eyed Connelly of journalism—meaning no disrespect. He could break in or break out anywhere. It's when this glorified legman abroad tries to spread his wings and interpret, that he is really sad. The Curtin and Benton pieces in *The Inside Story* are examples. Required reading for Curtin is *Mexico Reborn* by Verna Millan and *The Banana Empire*. Benton ought to read Lasswell's book on propaganda, Reed's *Insanity Fair*, and some modern psychology on national and racial characteristics.

I lived in Mexico for ten months, and I say that this is true of most of the correspondents in Mexico. Their one out is that the boss isn't interested in how life goes on below the Rio Grande. The home paper or syndicate wants the highlights on oil, silver, trade, political jigging and possible revolution. The newspaper readers would go for better and more ambitious stories if the editors gave them a break (which they've occasionally done, as in the fine special jobs of NANA correspondents), but editors like the same routine-ridden.

Because of this stereotype you and I, the readers, are left totally unprepared when we hear of a "sudden" overturn in Chile, a civil war in Spain. We weren't prepared for it. Any curious sojourner or diligent inquirer in the country could sense it, even chart its course, but the newspaper is interested in spot news, which means that it doesn't care about the conditions but about the blowup.

There's nothing fatal in this—it simply leaves the magazines a function which newspapers don't perform. For example, about two years ago *Harper's* carried an article about Siberia which must have amazed a lot of people besides myself. I had no idea, from my newspapers, that such colossal construction and transformation were going on there. Why couldn't the correspondents in Moscow have told that news?

I don't know, so I am not writing but only proposing this book on the foreign correspondent. There ought to be a volume that begins where Professor Desmond's primer, *The Press in World Affairs*, leaves off, a book that will tell us how the correspondent works, what his difficulties are and how he surmounts them, wherein he fails and why. While the boys gather at the Overseas Club boring each other with accounts of how they covered fires all over the world, what we need is the inside story of foreign correspondence. It would be a good book for the correspondent himself. Maybe a reading of it would leave him less muddled, less inclined to cover up his muddle (he is far more often on the outside of an event than on the inside, and feels it keenly) by faking cocksureness and omniscience. He might try to outgrow the scoop-gossip-episode-personality-rush history method and see the events he records in their total setting.

More, the book should contain a chapter on how the foreign news is edited back home, what the cable editor does with it, what he throws in the wastebasket, what he plays up, what part the publisher's politics and economics play in instructions to correspondents.

Leo C. Rosten should be hired to do a section for the foreign reporter abroad along the lines of his excellent book on the Washington correspondents. To anticipate him, I think he will find that on the whole the foreign men are less liberal in their outlook. *The Inside Story* is certainly not a symposium of liberals.

* * *

To the short list of first-rate books by foreign correspondents, add Leonard O. Mosley's *Europe Down-Stream* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75). Mr. Mosley begins with his marriage in June, 1937, to Isa, who is also a journalist and who manages to wangle jobs of her own whenever her husband gets an assignment for Spain, Germany or Danzig. She is a resourceful and courageous little woman. No reader of the book will quickly forget the author's picture of Isa sitting down to dinner in a hotel in Eger, Sudetenland, with a battle raging in the streets, and later, with her husband marooned in the police station a few blocks away, making herself a bed on the floor out of the way of stray bullets.

It is a dramatic and eloquent book, with colorful flashes of the tragic episodes since the summer of 1937 in Europe's slide down the chute-the-chutes to hell. It has its moments of light relief, as in the sympathetic picture of the Familie Schmidt in Nuremberg during the last Nazi Party Congress. The Czechoslovakian incidents surpass Vincent Sheean's treatment of the same period in *Not Peace but a Sword*. This "inside story," in which the personal history of a newly married couple runs side by side with cosmic events, has a quality of wholesome lustiness which no other foreign correspondent's confession has up to now carried.

* * *

People talk about Strauss waltzes little realizing that there were four Strausses—five if you count Oscar Straus (one s and not a member of the family). The story of this marvelously talented musical family is ably recounted by H. E. Jacob in *Johann Strauss, Father and Son: A Century of Light Music* (Greystone, $3.25).

Johann the Elder wrote 152 waltzes and more than a hundred other compositions. Johann the Younger wrote nearly 400 waltzes. He composed polkas and numerous other dance pieces, and many operettas, the best known of which is the *Fledermaus*. He is the author of *The Beautiful Blue Danube*, probably the most popular melody ever written.

These Danube waltzes, played to death on the radio along with young Johann's *Tales of the Vienna Woods*, *Artists' Life* and *Wine, Women and Song*, are preventing us from hearing dozens of other entrancing melodies the Waltz King wrote which are hardly known outside Vienna.

Two other sons of the elder Strauss, crowded out of the limelight by the brilliance of Johann junior, were prolific in dance tunes. Joseph wrote 283 pieces, and Eduard about 200. That makes a total of some 1,035 Strauss waltzes.

Mr. Jacob's book follows the

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## Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

*Continued from pages 92-111*

waltz from its birth to its death—for it has given up the ghost to various varieties of jazzy gallops and is now reserved for listening to, or for chaste and awkward renditions by middle-aged couples on special "waltz nights." The waltz came in with the French revolution, when the minuet went out, and it died about the time Europe was rushing toward the World War (the first one) and John Philip Sousa's marches were spurring on the one-step and the two-step.

Laying aside Mr. Jacob's tribute to the Strausses, you find it remarkable how closely the dance is tied up with the grimmer aspects of history. Swing, the Suzie-Q, the Big Apple, and other partly-sane dance floor activities are undoubtedly products of a distinctly cockeyed age which is on its way to the big cemetery of history. What the dance results of World War No. 2 will be is an interesting speculation. I hope that Mr. Jacob or another historian and commentator as keen, will be around to write up the post-mortem.

The Russian-Jewish Rubinstein family also had music in its blood. Catherine Drinker Bowen, who did such a good biography of Tschaikowsky in *Beloved Friend*, now presents the story of Anton and Nicholas Rubinstein in *Free Artist* (Random House, $3).

Like Mr. Jacob, Miss Bowen ties up her music to the general social and historical background of a hundred years ago. The opening chapter with its picture of the sixty of the tribe of Rubinstein forced by Czarist persecution into Christian baptism is unforgettable. She never forgets that drama makes a biography more readable.

Both the younger Strauss and Anton Rubinstein came to the United States to give crass Americans their first taste of great music. They were lionized. People went hysterical over them, as they had over Jenny Lind. Ladies swooned in every aisle while gentlemen whistled and stamped their feet and otherwise behaved as if they were at a hockey game.

Today it is the U. S. that dominates the music world. There are no better symphony orchestras anywhere than the Philharmonic and the Chicago. But it is through popular music that America leads the world. Tin Pan Alley is the music capital of the universe, not only for dance and radio tunes but for stage and movie musicals. Wherever people dance, wherever pipes or horns are blown or gut is scraped with a bow, our own sweet land of luxury repays its cultural debt to the old world.

Deems Taylor, whose *Of Men and Music* was a best seller two years ago, contributes another easily read volume about music and musicians. *The Well Tempered Listener* (Simon & Schuster, $2.75) is fifty-three short essays divided into three sections: "The Makers," "The Givers," and "The Hearers." With much wise comment and interesting anecdote it is the No. 1 bedside book of the month. It can be dipped into at any point and provide entertaining reading.

Here's still a fourth book on music, as good in its way as the others are in theirs. *A Smattering of Ignorance* (Doubleday, Doran, $2) introduces Oscar Levant as a literary discovery. Oscar will now enter his third period. There was his Early Life, then his *Information Please* era. Unless I am totally ignorant of public taste and editorial sagacity, the Levant will write more books. He has style, wit, knowledge, and plenty on the ball. It is a pleasure to read a book in the field of the polite and fine arts which does not pull its punches.

* * *

Being a humane man as well as a book reviewer, and one concerned about the fate of a few million almost forgotten fellow citizens, I hope *An American Exodus: A Record of Human Erosion* (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.75) will meet your favor. It is a book of eloquent photographs by Dorothea Lange around the *Grapes of Wrath* theme, with excellent commentary by Paul S. Taylor who is probably our foremost authority on this angle of the farm problem. The problem, put briefly, is this. Agriculture is in rapid transition to an industry. Farms are becoming factories, owners are banks and businessmen, workers are day laborers. The transition is pushing sharecropper, tenant, and small owner off the fields to look for work in the farm factory or starve on relief—both of which they are doing. As a result, we are developing a formidable body of desperate families who need immediate help, and aren't getting it. They don't want relief; they want work.

Add this book to Steinbeck's novel, Carey McWilliams' *Factories in the Field* which looks at the California side of the picture, and the Federal Writers' Project *These Are Our Lives* that has several chapters on the impoverished farmer's life and ideas.

> "Where we gonna go?
> How we gonna get there?
> What we gonna do?
> Who we gonna fight?
> If we fight, what we gotta whip?"

Turning from the purely social to the more selfish, we get *Happy Days* (Knopf, $2.75) wherein H. L. Mencken has put down in what for him is a mellow mood the social history of his first twelve years and of Baltimore in the eighties and early nineties. With that strange timidity which has troubled all the years of his journalistic life he says that "It has, so far as I can make out, no psychological, social, or politico-economic significance." But—"I was a larva of the comfortable and complacent bourgeoisie. . . . To belong to that great order of mankind is vaguely discreditable today [Henry is still behind the times], but I still maintain my dues-paying membership in it, and continue to believe that it was and is authentically human, and therefore worthy of the attention of philosophers. . . . How, on one of its levels, it lived and had its being in a great American city in the penultimate decade of the last century is my theme, in so far as there is any theme at all."

*Maud*, which covers much the same period, is better reading.

Contrast Mencken's personal history with that of Haru Matsui in *Restless Wave: My Life in Two Worlds* (Modern Age, $2.50). Where Mencken's first recollection is the "Aug. Mencken & Bro." sign outside his pa's cigar factory and the lights of the annual carouse of the Order of Orioles, Haru Matsui remembers the women straining at the ropes and chanting as they worked on the foundation of her professor-papa's new bourgeois house. Sweat and dirt stained their faces, and as they hauled up the pile driver and let it fall, the babies strapped to their backs moved along with them.

It was a different world from that which shaped America's now outdated bad boy. Haru didn't follow Elder Sister and Younger Brother into the traditional life of Japan. She rebeled, came to the United States, and agitated against the rape of China. Her autobiography is crowded with intimate detail of Japanese life, its traditions, ceremonials, the opposite pulls of old Japan and Western ways, and the lonely fight of a sensitive but strong character against the crazy *mores* of an imperialism on the make.

Some years ago Americans belatedly woke up to the fact that they had had a great American in their midst—Thorstein Veblen. Possibly they may soon awake to the fact that they have neglected another great American, Lester F. Ward, who died in 1913 at the age of 72. Ward was the pioneer American sociologist, and he has never had a peer. Samuel Chugerman has brought out a monumental volume, *Lester F. Ward, The American Aristotle* (Duke University Press, $5) which contains his biography and a summary and interpretation of his work.

If you are one of those who get the jitters when they contemplate the slow crawl of civilization towards the final cesspool, take this book-doctor's prescription: read Chugerman on Ward. The man's life alone is inspiring. He was largely self-educated, and he was an all-around man, having been a farmer, a Civil War soldier, a natural scientist, a lawyer, a professor, and several other things. He had a mind that took in and integrated practically the whole field of human knowledge.

But even that is far from all. Ward's approach to the world was not that of a scholar, although his sociology was a decided scientific advance on the speculative philosophy of Comte and Spencer. His approach was that of a man and an aggressive and courageous one. He had only one use for the scientific knowledge of society—its practical application for the betterment of the human condition. His sociology is optimistic, dynamic. This period of chaos and despair is the right time for the rediscovery of one of America's greatest thinkers. ## 

### A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MYSTERIES

| Name and Author | Locale | Characters | Sleuth | Corpses | Plot | Style | Rating* | Remarks |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Case with 4 Clowns* by Leo Bruce (Stokes, $2) | Traveling circus in England | Circus folk | Good natured Sergeant Beef | 1 | When Beef hears Jacobs's gypsy predict murder he joins circus. Murder takes place, not till last chapter | Long-winded | ☆☆ | A circus yarn; murder is minor part |
| *A Picture of the Victim*, by John Stephen Strange (Crime Club, $2) | Rosebanks estate, N. Y. | Rich Courtneys and Jordans | Barney Gantt, news photog, superman | 3 | Jesse Jordan is murdered at his own wedding. Unbreakable case against Mrs. Courtney, rumored to be his mistress. But Barney smells a rat. | Sentimental | ☆☆ | On the hero side |
| *Death in the Virgins* by B. H. Barbour (Appleton-Century, $2) | St. Thomas, in Virgin Islands | American colony | Perkins of the Customs | 2 | Handsome Carter Cromwell is stabbed in the back but Perkins doesn't think the black servant did it. | Chatty | ☆☆ | Innocuous. |
| *Hugger-Mugger in the Louvre*, by Elliot Paul (Random House, $2) | Paris | French police, Homer's international pals | Homer Evans the great | 4 including 2 innocent grasshoppers | Pleasantly mad | See Plot | I quit | You tell me |
| *Bright Sea of Danger* by Whitman Chambers (Doubleday Doran, $2) | Two boats in the Gulf Stream and Angelfish Cay | Rich Stanford Loens, beautiful girls, crooks and Our Hero | Bill Lowell, adventure bound | Hard to say | Lowell on his yawl *Sea Hawk* sees Loens' distress signal on the *Angelfish*. The crew has disappeared and Bill knows it's murder | Tries to be hard boiled | ☆☆ | All the pretty girls fall for Bill at first sight. |

*Four stars tops

*"Paging Mr. Morris Goldwyn—Mr. Morris Goldwyn, Exclusive Misses' Dresses, 141 Broadway—paging Mr. Morris—"*

## Stalin, Undertaker of the Revolution

*Continued from page 35*

Stalin had to promise to marry her because she is powerful and dangerous in the party. The millions of women voters in Russia, as in the United States can make or break a politician.

As a matter of fact, Stalin fears women more than men and the women like him much more than the men, in Russia. If the women show bad political taste sadism and the love for big strong handsome men have probably affected their taste more than political judgment.

I will always remember the day that I met the undertaker. A few days before on the Tenth Anniversary of the Revolution, democracy for the workers and the October Revolution along with it, had died.

Delegates and guests of the Republic were lodged in the hotels of Moscow. Early in the morning, automobiles belonging to the Comintern whose chauffeurs were members of the lower strata of political police stopped at the hotels to collect guests. At eight o'clock in the morning we entered the offices of the Central Committee. I glanced at my fellow-guests. Smirking with satisfaction, drooling superiority, a look of preeminence over all other mortals not admitted to the holy band plastered on their faces they might have been entering Paradise.

Pasted on the walls were the prohibitions in Russian, German, English, French: 'Don't Smoke'! 'Don't Shake Hands.' Everybody, even the German social democrats, writers and leaders and deputies of the party at this time in power in Berlin had thrown away the butts of their cigars and cigarettes and put their pipes back in their pockets. All of them, their faces shining with the holy light of mysticism, were talking under their breath and hypocritically looking out of the corners of their eyes, at the door . . . watching, waiting for the apparitum of the Holy Ghost in boots and long moustaches.

I remember, when the minute hand of the gigantic wall-clock struck eight-twenty, the doors opened simultaneously, and fifteen men entered. They crossed by way of the holy wall—two large tables dividing off saints from worshipers—to their seats. Waving arms, the big shot saints motioned their guests, the worshipers, to their seats. Obeisance . . .

Ten minutes later three men emerged from the main door on the side. Ranged a few feet in front of the door, they awaited the appearance of the Holy Ghost. Suddenly a peanut-shaped head surmounted by a military haircut and decked off with a magnificent pair of long moustaches, rose above them.

A military khaki overcoat, a pair of gleaming boots stepped forward. One hand slipped into his overcoat and the other folded behind him à la Napoleon. the Son of the Proletariat, the Father of the People, Comrade Stalin stood posed before the saints and worshipers.

The disciplined click of German boots . . . everybody jumping up like jacks-in-the-box . . .

Comrade Stalin waved his hand in a friendly gesture at everybody. Pointing at the prohibitions on the wall he looked around to see if anybody had disobeyed. The corners of his oblique-shaped eyes were bloody red. Smiling, thanking the crowd with a peremptory nod of his head, he said in Russian, 'You may smoke . . . as much as you wish.' He took a long pipe out of his overcoat pocket.

A murmur of gratitude sang through the room. The crowd reached in pockets for cigars, cigarettes, pipes. When Comrade Stalin stepped forward, holding out his hand as though he were ready to shake theirs, the crowd rushed and pushed their way up to the tables dividing off the holy band.

A few minutes later, Comrade Stalin asked the gentlemen if they would like tea. Then enormous trays piled high with tasty sandwiches and glasses of Russian tea, were set down on the table. The first 'Delikatessen'.

The Son of the People must have thought, as my Mexican countrymen say, *a barriga llena, corazón contento*—a full stomach, a happy heart. Not so bad for the psychological genius of Josef Stalin, although perhaps a trifle primitive.

As Mussolini says, the Father of the People is a good fascist now but 'too barbarous.'

The speech began in such a strong Caucasus Asiatic accent that even I noticed "the foreign touch." Monotonous, the speech was made with the eyes on the floor, slanting their oblique bloody corners from time to time at the sides of the room. Three hours passed . . .

If monotonous the speech was interesting carefully done, showing no genius, no rhetoric, but clear statements which tried to conceal the failures and evade the hopes for the Five-Year Plan. The memory of Lenin and the fighters of the October Revolution were praised while an appeal, like the Bells. What appeal, except in minor tones was raised to the world's proletariat. Extremely prudent, mild, vague statements were directed at the opposition.

A recess with more tea . . . The Father of the Proletariat sat down in front of me, lit his pipe and moved not a muscle. I could resist no longer. As I sketched the Holy Ghost during recess my model was so quiet that he changed positions only three times, every time that I turned the pages of the sketch book!

Three more hours. Near the end of the speech, the main question was hinted at. The room suddenly filled with tension. Half of the men in the crowd were trying hard not to show what they felt, what they thought, in the expressions on their faces. The other half glued their eyes on the notes they were taking. I could not take my eyes off Stalin.

He suddenly concluded: "At this minute, we are putting the question before the cells of the party all over the Soviet Union. We are quite sure that the cells will take the decision in approval of our position. The opposition says that the workers are against us. But three days ago you saw thousands of workers parading around the tomb of Lenin in Red Square before the tribune of the Central Committee. You were there. If the workers are against us, why didn't they shoot us? We are waiting for the decision of the cells. After it, the Central Committee and the 'political bureau' will settle the question and say the final word. If the oppositionists submit to the common decision of the party and confess the error of their position, then we might receive them. With the reserves set aside to maintain the monolithic quality of the party, we might admit them as workers . . ."

He paused for a few seconds to look around the room, into the faces of the crowd. "If they don't submit—" he paused again, he clenched his right hand into a fist, leaned on the nail of his thumb, and brought each finger down on the table, so slowly that he might have been crushing insects under the fingers: "—then we must employ the methods of the GPU so that the opposition will not be in a position to endanger or stop our work."

A sinister silence filled the room. Even Stalin's body twitched. He turned and looked out the windows.

Day was ending. Gold towers of the Church of the Kremlin shone against a dark background. The peanut face had disappeared, but faces belonging to the clergy and aristocracy of the churches and palaces loomed into sight. Light from the gold cupolas gleamed against the windows. And words, once uttered by Trotsky, surged through me: "Stalin might be the Undertaker of the Revolution . . ." ##

*"Gee honey, what a surprise!! Breakfast in bed!"*

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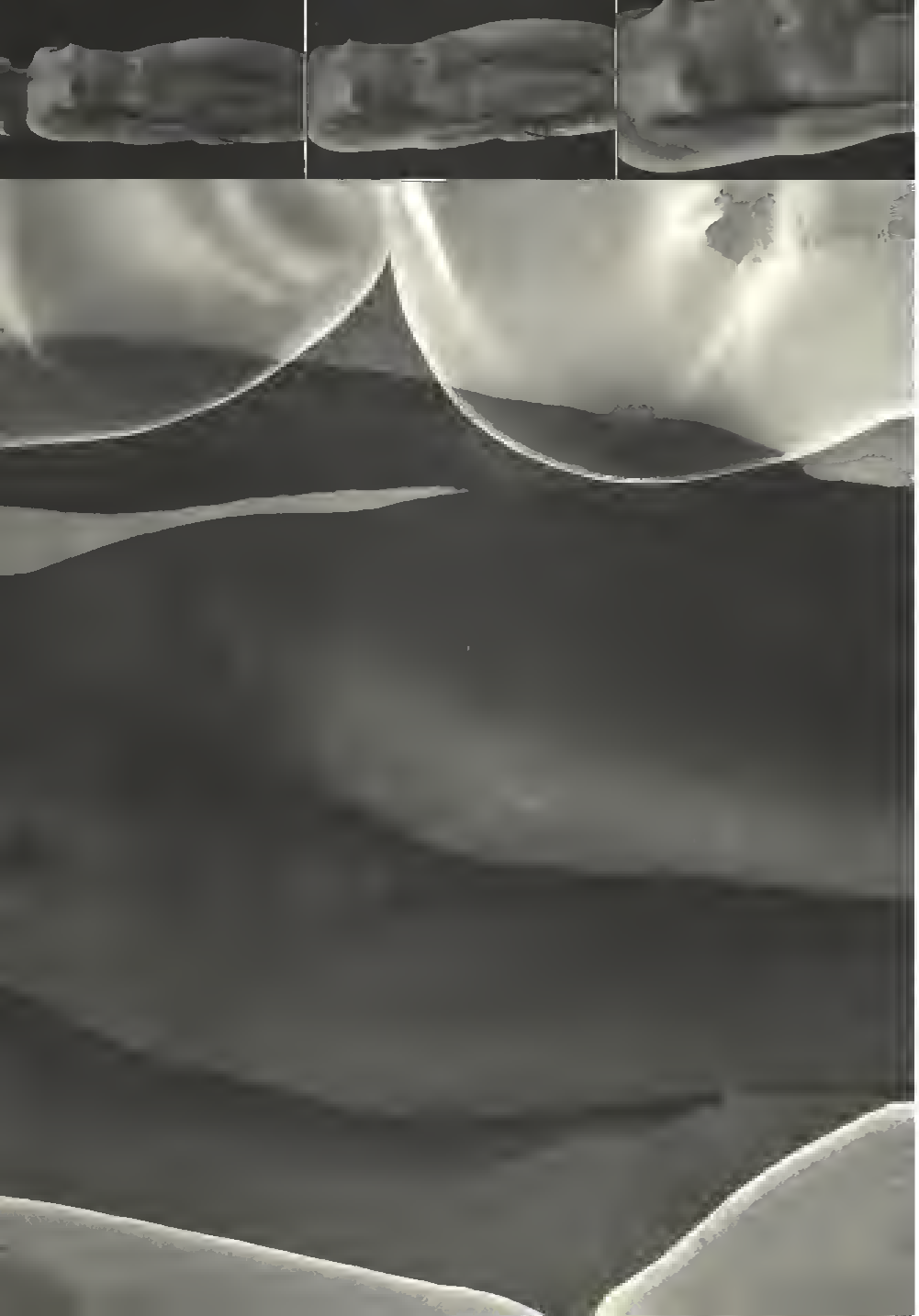

# The Types of
# American Beauty

*in sculpture by*

**FRANK NAGY**

*as photographed by*

**ANDRÉ DE DIENES**

**NUMBER 2: *Virginia***

WELL proportioned, not fully matured feminine body. Sound bony structure with pelvis of adequate width and depth. Good, yet not overaccentuated muscular development. Breasts are on broad base; their transversal diameter is greater than the vertical one. Fine facial features terminate in a solid chin. Firm lips enclose a well shaped mouth.

Thoroughly normal anatomy presenting the happy mean of adolescent femininity yet carrying the promise of the full bloom of womanhood. Active, energetic type without overemphasis on physical culture. Pleasing forms but no evidence of overnutrition.

America's sweetheart. College freshman or recent graduate from prep school. Just entering life, eager for wholesome, unsophisticated enjoyment but ready to face future responsibilities. The right date for young men; good sport and no prude but countenances petting only within strictly conventional limits. Will make good wife and mother. Until then, her dreams are of a movie or stage career.

"Virgo Casta Collegiensis"

—*Nostradamus, M. D.*

"Nostradamus" is the pseudonym of a prominent New York specialist, author of many medical texts and treatises, who has never before written for non-scientific publications. His analytical characterizations of the types rendered into sculpture for Esquire by Frank Nagy are based upon a skilled reading of the model's physical attributes, permitting assignment of the individual to a reasonably specific classification or category, as regards purely physical characteristics, and further permitting a rational (if not a scientific) projection of a probable behavior pattern, culminating in the dubbing of the specific woman with a generic Latin label.

To this extent only does "Nostradamus" concur and comply with the sculptor's feeling that "character is recognizable in every part of the human body." It should also be borne in mind that while "Nostradamus" has made the above "reading" of the anatomy in the light of his experience and judgment as a man of science, against the background of countless case histories studied in the clinic which he conducts in Manhattan, he has nevertheless made this analysis purely as a lay interpretation of a work of art—it is offered, in other words, simply as an informed appraisal and is not meant to be regarded as a diagnosis. The man of science remembers, and laymen should be reminded, that while physical conformations are indeed an index to character they are by no means its entire text, as character is composed of many variables, only one of which is determined by the physique. Thus the figure and especially the feminine figure reveals to the educated eye many a significant truth about its possessor's mental, spiritual and emotional pattern, but it does not tell the whole truth and, so complex a thing is the human personality, there are even frequent instances where "figures may lie."

Frank Nagy looks at American beauty with the eye of the sculptor, creating the series of characteristic figures especially for Esquire, for whose readers they are interpreted, in words, by the analysis of "Nostradamus," and in light and shadow by the camera of André de Dienes. This feature is produced in its entirety under the copyright of Esquire, by whom world reproduction rights have been assigned to the control of Press-Alliance, Inc.

## So You Can't Smoke a Pipe

*Continued from page 77*

in your own collection But no matter how shrewdly you pick 'em if you buy many pipes you are going, sooner or later to get a lemon If the lemon runs into heavy sugar (which *could* happen) your dealer probably will be able to wangle a refund or exchange If the lemon was a "bargain" however just check it off as one that wasn't

2. Briar is graded chiefly on its age and grain When a pipe has been turned the age of the briar is undetectable by any methods at the layman's disposal you have to trust the manufacturer In judging the quality of a pipe your chief criterion is the grain which may be straight curly or bird's-eye. Except in a few rare specimens the grain is not continuous over the surface of the pipe but lies in streaks and patches with lighter, ungrained wood in between Look for a close grain with a sharp contrast between the light and dark lines The finer the grain or the darker it is and the more there is of it, the better the pipe

The pipes made up from a given lot of good briar are divided roughly among four price classes A few (5 per cent or less) will be unflawed specimens of excellent grain These sell at about $5 and up About three times as many will be unflawed and of good grain They bring from $2 50 to $4 A third and still larger group contains flawless pipes of inferior grain and slightly flawed pipes of good and excellent grain These are the "seconds" of a reputable maker They are priced at $1 to $2 depending somewhat on the capacity of the retail dealer Under the maker's brand the usual price is $1 25 or $1 50 The fourth and largest group consists of badly flawed pipes which sell for less than $1 If the maker is proud of his name—and some of the old British firms are proud to the point of stuffiness—these pipes are usually bootlegged out to the trade through channels which conceal their origin from the purchaser In a parcel of such pipes turned from good briar there is a lot of excellent and very inexpensive smoking But since most of the pipes in the two-and four-bit price class are *not* made of good briar and if you can't tell which is which you'd better plan to spend folding money for any pipe you buy

3 Avoid dark pipes The chief function of stain and dye in the pipe industry is to cover up defects Stick to virgin briar where you can see what you are getting —at least until you have learned which makes you can depend on

4 Many pipes are too small or too skimpy to smoke well A thin-walled bowl smokes hot and so does a small bowl—unless thick-walled enough to absorb the heat Don't buy any pipe, no matter how attractive the grain and shape, if the bowl is much less than one-quarter of an inch thick (This applies to the middle and lower portions of the bowl a taper at the top is permissible ) Thickness of bowl contributes much more to coolness than does length of stem at least within the range of stem-lengths usually found The general rule the more wood the better the smoke, is a sound one Since the smoke picks up flavor in passing through the shank this rule applies to the shank as well as the bowl Buy large, thick-bowled long-shanked pipes

Well there are the fundamentals You are now ready to select your pipe With cost no object the procedure is simple Ask Gus to show you his very best With his assistance pick one out There is no other way quite as good as this one if you can afford it

You can afford it, too for one pipe. You realize, though that if you are going to take up pipe-smoking in a serious way you will need a number of pipes The minimum usually suggested is seven—one for each day of the week A dozen is more like it But picking out a dozen ten-dollar pipes at once would be silly for a beginner —even a millionaire beginner!

So start with one good one, to show Gus that you're worthy of his time and trouble and then add, casually that you'd also like to look over his "seconds" —all of them he has in stock. These may bear the brand name of either the manufacturer or the dealer In the latter case Gus will gladly tell you who the maker is and what the maker's own brand name is for this quality pipe. He will also tell you the brand names under which the "seconds" of other reputable makers are marketed Learn these names Wherever you find an assortment of one of these brands look it over Examine each pipe carefully in a good light. In each lot you will find—if you are lucky —one or two pipes of excellent grain with flaws so small that only the closest scrutiny reveals them Such pipes may be authentic bargains In smoking quality they are likely to be first rate and in a couple of jiffies they can be given a fine finish (I'll tell you how in a minute ) These are the pipes on which you may very well serve your apprenticeship on the way to consummate mastery of the art of pipe-smoking You can well afford to spoil some of them and have others among them turn out to be duds In fact they will have given you their money's worth if they do no more than keep you from oversmoking your expensive pipe

The big thing is with this one fine pipe and some "seconds," you are starting right out where all true pipe-smokers wind up—with a collection rather than just a pipe And even if out of this beginning stage the fine pipe is the only one that survives for your ultimate prized collection of favorites, the point is that it will survive, and you won't be laying it away in a week with that old complaint that "you can't smoke a pipe" However if you treat them right the chances are that some of these lowly "seconds" may rise from the ranks to the status of "firsts" in your affections

Buy one pipe a month if you can't afford more.

Let's take one of these modestly priced dudeens and put it through the paces It will have as compared with your expensive pipe, three deficiencies, all easily remedied The first of these is in workmanship This is important only in respect to the draft If a pipe is not perfectly bored it may not smoke easily clear to the bottom If this vexation confronts you get a meerschaum button (cost 10c) place it carefully in the bottom of the bowl, and cake it into place This little doodad isn't an essential but it will save you some tobacco a lot of matches and a certain amount of wasted breath.

Second, the stem of your pipe is not of the best quality In time it may chalk discolor or feel sticky to the lips A wet cloth and a little pumice or Bon Ami will fix this in thirty seconds If the pipe turns out to be a favorite you can have a first-quality stem fitted to it for a dollar

Finally, and most important your pipe is badly finished A few dealers with good sense and an educated clientele order their "seconds" unfinished This is the ideal way to get them—or any other pipe for that matter But varnish is cheap, shiny and covers up flaws. Consequently most inexpensive pipes get a coat of it (No reputable manufacturer ever puts varnish *inside* the bowl ) Varnish or any other finish that clogs the pores of the briar has no business on a pipe. If there is varnish on yours, take it off before you smoke it. Use the finest grade of sandpaper and sand with the grain to avoid deep scratches When you have the surface smooth and clean, polish it with pumice, rubbing out any fine scratches Then a few flicks with a strip of jeweler's rouge cloth will heighten the polish.

That's all you have to do The pipe will color rapidly as it is smoked A little olive oil may be rubbed on to hasten the process but it isn't necessary the pipe will pick up all the oil it needs from your hands In a few weeks it will acquire the soft luster of a fine piece of antique furniture Because the finish is in the wood rather than on it and is constantly renewed as the pipe is smoked it is impervious to wear Time merely deepens the patina. Mars and scratches color in and disappear

Well there's your pipe The next thing is to break it in A postcard to any leading pipe or tobacco firm would bring you directions for performing this feat, but since we're on the subject, here are the steps

1 Whenever you see the words, "This pipe needs no breaking in" laugh heartily The job however isn't as bad as it is cracked up to be If your pipe is well-seasoned, the process is virtually painless. Even if the wood is green, most of the grief is concentrated in the first half-dozen pipefuls There is always a strong temptation particularly if a pipe tastes awful at the start to rush through the breaking-in period and see what you've got Resist this urge if you can It will be better both for your tongue and for the pipe if you smoke it only once or twice a day for the first week or two (That's where it helps to have a collection to work on )

2. Wet the inside of the pipe bowl Soak it awhile if you have time. (Don't take the stem out while you do this The wet shank will swell, and you'll probably break the stem trying to get it back in ) Shake out the excess water but don't dry the bowl

3 Load the wet bowl A common mistake is to pack the tobacco too tightly You want a free draft and a free burn Don't stuff the bowl full and wad it down Fill it in layers tamping each one gently before adding the next.

4 Light up, take three or four deep puffs, then tamp the tobacco down and relight. (For a lasting light, always follow this procedure ) Don't ever apply a match to a pipe until the sulphur has burned off

5 Smoke your first pipeful *slowly* and clear to the bottom Don't worry if it goes out Contrary to superstition that does no harm If you are a neophyte and you smoke that first pipeful as slowly as you should, you will undoubtedly have to relight several times As a matter of fact it is a good idea to do this whenever the fire becomes uneven

If the first pipeful doesn't carbonize the bowl evenly, smoke a second one Thereafter, until the bottom of the bowl is caked, fill the pipe only half-full

Sugar honey rum brandy and a variety of other tasty comestibles are often recommended as an aid to breaking in a pipe I wouldn't know about these never having tried any of them You can suit yourself My idea is that a good briar needs no frosting and that you may ruin a good pipe monkeying with it unless you have the proper equipment.

We come now to the crisis of our discussion—the actual smoking of a pipe We can begin by laying down a law If you are ever going to smoke a pipe with complete satisfaction you will have to learn to keep your saliva in your mouth and out of your pipe Spit is a horrid word In a pipe spit is deadly It gurgles Loaded with tar and nicotine it backs up into your mouth It runs down into the bowl fireproofs your tobacco and creates a stinking mess. Finally it ruins your pipe Saliva is slightly acid it soaks into the briar and

*Continued on page 122*

*"The efficiency expert advised me to marry her and hire a good secretary"*

## So You Can't Smoke a Pipe

*Continued from pages 77-120*

eventually turns a pipe sour

It really isn't hard to keep a pipe dry. The tricks that help are these. When holding the pipe in your mouth, plug the stem with your tongue between puffs. Carry the stem to the upper rather than the lower part of the mouth. Keep the mouth dry by frequent swallowing. But it isn't enough to do these things: you've got to do them automatically and subconsciously. If you really put your mind to the matter, paying strict attention as you smoke, you can develop the desired habits in a couple of weeks. Once they are acquired you can forget the whole business. Your pipe will stay dry.

Learning to keep your pipe dry is one of the two vital secrets of successful pipe smoking which I mentioned back at the beginning. The other is to smoke slowly. This sounds easy. Alas, it isn't—not if you are a cigarette smoker. The cigarette is a quick nervous smoke, taken to soothe those jangled nerves. Years of practice have confirmed you in the habit of smoking quickly and nervously. And you simply *can't* smoke a pipe that way—not and keep your sunny disposition. It is easy enough to smoke slowly so long as you give the job your entire attention. The trouble is that as a man smokes a pipe inevitably he gets to thinking. You will get to thinking—say, about Dr. Dinsmore's powerful sermon, or about how you would make things hum if *you* were in the White House, or about that babe who gave you the eye in the subway—and then all of a sudden your musings are interrupted by the painful discovery that you have blistered the bejaysus out of your tongue again. This will happen over and over and over.

The task that faces you—and it isn't an easy one—is to break one set of smoking habits and substitute an entirely different set. It is a job that takes determination and persistence. I know. I had a hell of a time. I finally licked old man psychology by employing the following strategy.

A handy rough test of your smoking rate is to wrap your fingers around the pipe bowl and grip it tightly. It ought to be just comfortably warm. If the bowl is hot enough to cause any discomfort you are smoking too fast. In that case don't draw on the pipe again until it has cooled off. Let it go out, if necessary, and relight.

Here is the trick. Every time you put a pipe in your mouth and every time you take it out again, give the bowl a long firm squeeze. Squeeze it occasionally as you hold it in your hand. In a few days this constant, frequent testing will become a habit. It will warn you, instantly and unmistakably, when you are smoking too fast. *Obey that warning rigorously.* You will have, at first, an almost irresistible impulse to take a drag anyway, even though you know your pipe is too hot. *Don't do it.* That impulse is the typical reflex of the cigarette smoker, and it is just that reflex you have to stamp out.

Another thing that you should put to conscious use is the fact that pipe smoke has rich flavor. The enjoyment of that flavor is the chief reason for smoking a pipe. So, for goodness sake, enjoy it. Roll the smoke on your tongue, smell it, taste it, linger over it. Savor every puff. Try not to miss a single one. You will forget often of course, at first. But you will forget less and less often as time goes on. A day will come eventually when you will suddenly realize that you have formed the *habit* of deliberately tasting every bit of smoke that passes through your mouth. With that realization your troubles are over. You are a pipe smoker.

The care of a pipe centers around the three-word injunction: Keep it clean. You don't need to be fussy about this, but you had better be systematic. Don't go to bed with a dirty pipe in the house. After cleaning each pipe that you have smoked during the day, insert a dry pipe cleaner and leave it there overnight. If you care for your pipes properly you will use a lot of cleaners.

Don't oversmoke your pipes. There is no rigid formula here. Some pipes thrive on hard steady smoking with only an occasional vacation. Others need frequent rest. The safe rule is to lay a pipe up while it is still sweet. Don't wait until it starts to go bad.

A pipe that is properly smoked, kept clean, and given appropriate rest periods will go for a long time without any other attention. But there is a small residue in the shank that a pipe cleaner won't remove. This accumulates until eventually the pipe becomes strong. A more thorough cleaning is then indicated. The best tool for this job is a pipe retort (cost, 10c). This is a small glass bulb with a rubber lip that slips over the pipe stem. Fill the bulb with pure grain alcohol (don't for Gossake, use denatured alcohol or wood alcohol), attach it to the pipe, and apply a match or candle flame. The liquid will boil up through the shank. When it reaches the bowl remove the flame. The fluid, freighted with gunk, will be sucked back into the bulb. Repeat this operation until the shank is clean. Then rinse the pipe with hot water, swab out the residue with pipe cleaners, and let the pipe dry thoroughly before you smoke it. Lacking alcohol for this job, you can substitute rum, brandy, whiskey, or pipe spirits. Even vinegar will cut the phlegm in a pinch.

If your pipe is still strong when you get through (it won't be unless it is very old or you have grossly abused it) there is nothing you can do except put it away in a warm, dry, airy place and wait. You may have to wait two months or two years, but in most cases it will come around in time.

The cure for a loose stem is simply to wet the shank, repeating if necessary, until the wood swells to a tight joint. If a stem is too tight, rub the tenon with a soft pencil lead: the graphite acts as a lubricant. In removing or replacing a stem, don't twist it back and forth; turn always in the same direction.

Don't let the cake in your pipe get too thick, because briar and carbon expand at different rates when heated, it may crack the bowl. According to the experts, the perfect cake is as thick as a nickel. Don't ask me why.

As a pipe is smoked, the cake absorbs flavor from the tobacco. When you change tobaccos it takes anywhere from twenty to two hundred pipefuls to smoke the old flavor out and the new one in. Meanwhile, you are getting a combination of the two. They may blend as smoothly as apple pie and cheese; on the other hand, they may go together like garlic and ice cream. Accordingly, no pipe can do its best for you if you keep changing its diet. Your best smoking will come from an unbroken partnership between your favorite pipes and your favorite tobacco. Do your experimenting with pipes you are not so choice of.

Don't refill a hot pipe: let it cool off first.

Get a "smoker's companion" (cost, 15c)—a combination pick, tamper and spoon. It will save you endless soiled finger-nails and scorched fingers.

In buying pipes don't overlook the humble corncob. It smokes a little hotter than briar and thus is not ideally suited to the beginner, but the cob is a sound and admirable pipe. Another inexpensive pipe with excellent smoking qualities is the cherrywood. Both cherry and cob are more absorbent than briar and hence less durable. Both will become strong unless kept scrupulously clean.

Straight grain pipes are expensive simply because they are rare. They have no unique smoking quality to justify their high price. Meerschaums are another collector's item. Don't buy one until you have all the good briars you can use. Porcelain and clay pipes are tongue-burners. Avoid them, except in double-bowled types like the calabash and the baronia clay.

In closing a brief word about tobacco. To select a good pipe you have to have a considerable body of specialized knowledge plus a little luck; but to select a good tobacco you need nothing more than the standard equipment which God puts in every mouth. The arbitrary standards by which tobacco is graded for commercial purposes may be ignored: they are of no significance to the smoker. If a tobacco is fit to smoke—and even the cheapest ones, with few exceptions, are adequately cured—the only standards that mean anything are those of flavor and strength. These are purely matters of taste. The best tobacco in the world is the one that tastes best to *you*, whether it costs ten dollars a pound at the blending table of a Fifth Avenue tobacconist or sixty-nine cents a pound at the cut-rate counter. If you really like an inexpensive tobacco, for goodness sake smoke it and be happy, and don't let anyone sweet you into believing that your taste is inferior. Your taste is just as good as anyone else's. Only one caution is indicated. Most of the flavorings commonly added to popular-priced tobaccos are perfectly harmless in a pipe, but a few are not. In addition to pleasing your palate, the tobacco you habitually smoke ought in a dry pipe to burn down to a clean, white ash. If it leaves a gummy deposit in the bottom of the bowl you had better change brands.

One final word of warning. Don't keep your tobacco too damp in the mistaken belief that it smokes cooler that way. It doesn't. Wet tobacco smells heavenly, but it is one of the most efficient tongue-burners known to science. So ends the lesson. Practice faithfully and I promise that you will no longer be a member of the "can't smoke a pipe class." In all probability you will remain a cigarette smoker. You should, when out with women, say, say. The best restaurants won't let you smoke a pipe, even if you're such a nonconformist as to want to try it. And most of the places where you smoke—outside your own home or club—the kind of smoke you can offer to your companions is to be preferred to the solitary pipe. But fortunately some of the new set of smoking habits that you have learned here need detract one whit from your enjoyment of cigarette-smoking, though it will break the grip of those smoking habits, formed from long association with cigarettes, that have kept you from the possibility of enjoying a pipe. ##

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## call to the colors

While the women revel in their Borealis magentas, kaleidoscope purples and sunburst saffrons, the men will have to content themselves with Ash brown as the predominant new shade for spring. It's not a bad deal, at that, for what this color lacks in flamboyancy it makes up in quiet good taste. It is shown here, with white chalk stripe, in lightweight flannel. Correct for all semi-sports occasions and for informal town wear, the suit is in the double breasted model with three-button front, lapel rolled to the lower button, side vents and flapless pockets. The moccasin front reverse calf shoes, imitated as "gummies" last season at Cambridge, England, endow the wearer with both comfort and height by virtue of their inch and a quarter thick gum rubber soles. A summing up of the accessories reveals an Ash brown semi-sports hat with narrow felt band to match, blue broadcloth striped shirt with cutaway collar, red foulard tie and foulard handkerchief of the same shade as the tie but not matched in pattern.

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He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis comes only in sanitary, individual Sealtubes. Next time you go to the barber, insist on Vitalis Sealtubes.

**VITALIS**

**HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!**


## The Candid Cameraman

*Continued from page 100*

there is such a rebuff, naturally there will be a setback for some time, but the personnel of the industry has changed to the point where films that are good besides being entertaining will be the goal if enough of these people, that a steady progress is assured.

For Hollywood people are taking themselves more and more seriously. The most compelling and constant influence toward the better, I believe is from the side of the writers. They no longer regard the picture industry as a fabulous playground. Certainly the money rewards can be higher than in any other literary field, but they can also be modest. While famous novelists and playwrights can get a few thousand dollars a week to the studios, they are usually people who can earn equally high amounts by their writing in their own fields.

Such men, for instance as Nunnally Johnson, once a columnist, once a *Saturday Evening Post* writer, now scripter of things from the *House of Rutherford* to *Grapes of Wrath*, men like John Howard Lawson dramatist and theoretician of drama, scripter of *They Shall Have Music*; men like Sidney Buchman who wrote a few non-hit plays and has progressed to *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*; men like Sheridon Gibney who did the *Story of Louis Pasteur*, and men of the newer crop like Dalton Trumbo, who has developed from a reader in a studio to a writer of such screenplays as *A Man To Remember*, and thence to such novels as *Johnny Got His Gun*—all these men bespeak the sounder conviction that the screenplay is an art form, and the determination to express themselves as best they can in that form, given the limitations of the industry.

On the director's side too there are such men of purpose. And though a director cannot impart meaning to a script that has no meaning, he can work with the writer in the preparation of the script and on the other end he can rob a good script of its content if he is not himself an artist. Thus, there are the creative directors, men like William Dieterle, John Ford, Frank Capra, King Vidor, John Cromwell, Lewis Milestone, Fritz Lang—the industry is rich enough in such talent.

And it must be noted that among the actors, public taste has progressed. Perhaps the most promising clue to improvement in taste has been the emergence of such folk as Spencer Tracy at the top of popularity lists. For movies have always been sold on the star basis, it is not the writer or the director or the producer who is named as the kind-of-picture-mark, but the leading actor. Thus there was a particular type of romantic musical built around Jeanette MacDonald, and the fans probably thought they were going to see the girl, but what drew them was that type of musical feature. There was a kind of story built around Joan Crawford; her vast following was composed of fans who thought they adored her personally, while what they adored in her person was an idea of conquering life by self-reliance, and when the times proved that self-reliance as a single quality could not conquer all problems, her popularity waned. Miss Crawford may come back in another type of role, but she won't be that same Joan Crawford.

Well then, it is encouraging to see such actors as Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy emerging at the tops of popularity polls, because these players do not merely represent idea-forms to the public, they are thought of as actors; there is as much interest in their sincerity as artists, and even in their technique, as in the particular glamour of life which their roles exemplify. True, Tyrone Power still tops Spencer Tracy on many lists, but it is quite encouraging that Tracy is at least up there.

Which brings us back full circle to the function of the critic, and the present situation in which critics of this particular school may feel pleased in that they have to some extent aided in raising the level of films. The Candid Cameraman department, though not always written by the same individual, has since its inception followed the same thesis, which is that it is the function of a critic to criticize and not merely to report. This department has in its time been termed bitter and nasty and carping in attitude; it has been accused of calling all the bad ones and never praising the good ones, and yet a glance through the files shows there has been at least as much cheer as Bronx, and that the attitude of the Candid Cameraman has been rather consistently hopeful. A critic, if he is to influence popular taste, must write always ahead of it, and that is why he may sometimes seem out of tune with the times. That same glance through the files will show that this department was calling Spencer Tracy a neglected great actor in 1934 and was piping for Mickey Rooooy when the lad was doing bits in short pants.

A critic must not only detect the earliest signs of the good, but the earliest signs of relaxation, and thus Bette Davis, while highly praised for some of her work, has been called for every relapse to the utter technique, and more with the desire to save a great actress from slipping into a perhaps studio-suggested rut which will eventually cause her public to tire of her, than from an inclination to carp.

But this begins to sound like a casting up of accounts, and that should be avoided. If the Candid Cameraman has had some slight influence on the progress of films, no further justification is needed. For this department is signing off. At least the end comes at a healthy moment. It looks like the industry will be able to carry on from here. #



## Look to the White Knight

*Continued from page 82*

spot the wolf pack if possible. The peasant who had lost the sheep knew where the wolves had bedded down. He had trailed them, watched them for forty-eight hours while he waited for his beloved king to come with the dogs of vengeance. He had nothing else to do. His entire fortune, the meat for the coming winter, was gone. The wolves, still gorged with mutton, were drowsing in a savannah-like parkland when the new dogs came up to Mathias and the rest.

Because the dogs were not trail barkers and because they were so well trained they did not even whimper at the strong wolf scent; Mathias was able to place a brace on all sides of the savannah without disturbing the wolves. As the men made ready to slip the leashes from the eager Kuvasz, some thought-wave flashed to the brain of the gigantic dogwolf, leader of the pack. He sprang to his feet, yapped sharply. The wolves all came up growling, wary, on guard. No chance to run now—they were surrounded. This particular pack had not met with Mathias' dogs before and went into the fight confident that their slashing-from-behind, gang-up-type of attack could take care of sight dogs as well as the usual two or three shepherds that they casually killed before attacking sheep or cattle.

The dogs bored in with their regular power drive. The wolves dodged and slashed at hind quarters. Whenever possible three or four wolves would get on one dog. It was a ripping, roaring battle. Thor, the magnificent head stud dog of the Kuvasz, attacked as his natural right the dog leader of the wolves. He won his fight only after losing forever the tendon of his left foreleg. Thor would never run again. He would retire to a hero's pension. The men helped all they could. Slugging with clubs, and cutting with daggers when they could get close enough, they did their feeble best to help the gallant dogs. That night they skinned eighteen wolves to make coats for the bitter winter ahead. And there were five new mounds in the kennel yards instead of two.

And again two friends sat before the logs, mugs in hand and talked about the Kuvasz. And this time Stanislaus spoke. "You were right, Mathias. It is breeding that counts. Breeding such as we poor humans can never expect to have. They have had it for five hundred years. And five hundred years from now they will still have it. You will have become a small bug, if I may use the expression. A small bug who was the king of a small country. But there will be a grandson many times removed of our glorious Thor who will be ready to die bravely and with dignity for the things he has been taught are right."

* * *

This, as you will remember, happened in 1462. About the time that a swarthy baby was coming into the world some five hundred miles away. That baby was to be known as Christopher Columbus. We will skip lightly, using cinema like transition, to the year 1930. And we will meet that descendant of Thor. He is an exact duplicate of Thor and his name is Rigoletto. He is the first male Kuvasz to come to the United States. We meet him first in a dingy, dark, apartment. His owners who brought him here have learned that the great opportunities of our country are hard to find. That some dread ogre called "Depression" has come to the land to kill the happiness. They wait with conflicting hopes. They have put an advertisement in a paper offering Rigoletto for sale. The wife is hysterical. "We cannot do it. I would rather go on the street and sell myself."

"We must. He is starving with us. His ribs are showing. We must sell for his sake. There is no other thing to do."

Rigoletto looks at them from deep, understanding eyes. His tail thumps the floor. He sleeps in dignity, dreaming perhaps of the days of Thor.

A purchaser comes. A woman. She is intrigued by the pathetic ad in the paper. Curiosity aroused by the strange description "Hungarian Shepherd. Purebred for over a thousand years." She knows a bit about dogs and is skeptical. No breed goes back that far.

Rigoletto, thorough diplomat, greets her like the aristocrat that he is. He seems to bow at the waist. And he holds her heart in his big white paws. She takes him home to spacious lawns, daily romps, and countless bones. Endless correspondence with foreign dog experts proves that the amazing story is true. That Thor and his brave companions were raised by Mathias the First of Transylvania who ruled that country from 1458 to 1490. So jealous was he of the great hunting ability of the majestic animals that he gave them only to his ambassadors, consuls, and closest friends. The name Kuvasz comes, strangely enough, from "Kavass," a Turkish word which translates freely to "armed guards of the European Ambassadors and consuls." Eventually they became the property of the peasants, to be used as guardians of the herds. And as such they serve to this day. They are bred only under certain strict rulings that have ensured the pure blood and splendid development that earned Thor to his many victories, and that make Rigoletto a heart-stopping sight.

In 1933 a mate for Rigoletto was imported after red tape enough to reach around the world. And soon after came the little bundles from heaven, the first litter of Kuvasz to be born this side of the Atlantic. Even now there are not more than fifty in the country. Each one a little Rigoletto, a little Thor. Each to go to some lucky

*Continued at top of page 128*

with

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MEET the Champ, gentlemen! The fistiest fashion that's winning the decision from men all over the land! These masculine, new pajamas, robes and shorts—exclusive with B V D—are easy-to-look at and easier-to-wear. You'll like their fine tailoring, their custom like fit, their unbeatable comfort. Ask to see the "Champ" pajamas, robes and shorts at your favorite store. And see as well, the brand-new *Ruggers Shirts by B V D—the perfect shirts for all your Summer doings.

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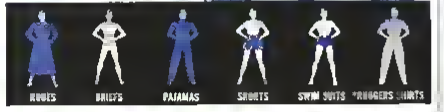


THE B.V.D. CORPORATION, Empire State Bldg., New York


## Look to the White Knight

*Continued from pages 82-127*

home of one who loves a dog. For the Romanse Kennel of Madison, New Jersey is the only breeder of Kuvasz in this country, and you have to prove yourself pretty thoroughly before you will be considered as a purchaser. They are not a dog for the poor man, but their weight in gold cannot buy one if the bidder does not measure up to being a fit owner. A few, perhaps two dozen, have been placed in homes about the country where they are the perfect companion, the guardian of children to be trusted as no human ever could be. For they are thoroughbreds in every meaning of the word, and they have the valiant heart. They can be trained easily to be the best of shepherds, cattle dogs, or for the many little things a dog can do around the home. Because of their selective and restricted breeding, they are one of the healthiest animals alive. They are practically immune from distemper. They are impervious to heat or cold. Their massive agility, their calm, dignified courage, their gentle friendliness, make us wonder what might have been done with the human race had it been put through a similar system of selective breeding and intelligent training for the past thousand years. Man, who suffers by comparison with any breed of working dog, could well look to this beautiful beast, the Kuvasz. And he could well bear in his mind the words of Rex Beach, who wrote, "He was more than a champion, more than a dog; he was a gallant gentleman and a philosopher and he held as his creed a truth that many of us would do well to pause and ponder over, namely, the way to gain a friend is to be one." ❋

## First Nights & Passing Judgments

*Continued from page 87*

the time. In addition to this balletplay I have written another. It is called *The Poetic Situation in America Since Alexander Dumas*. It may or may not be accompanied by music and choreography some day. Even so it is something that can be read for itself. I plan to continue writing for this form. As I write it, it is a new American form."

So much for the evidence provided by those who think that Saroyan is crazy and by those more charitable and humanitarian persons who think he is only half-crazy. Now for those of somewhat broader vision who think he is only one-third crazy.

II

Those who give him two-thirds of the benefit of the doubt offer in his defense the following evidence.

Exhibit A: If Saroyan frequently publishes philosophies that give pause to the judicious and hint that he is a bit highbrow, consider these fulminations from other loons:

1. "Not to go to the theatre is like making one's toilet without a mirror." Schopenhauer is the particular nut responsible for that one.

2. "If a second or third-rate play is performed by second or third-rate actors, no one can wonder if it is utterly ineffective." Goethe is the card who pulled that hot one.

3. "The word tragedy is derived from the Greek word which means goat and the Greek word which means song. Tragedy is then, as it were, a goatish song—that is, foul like a goat." That one is the cerebration of the screwball Dante.

4. "The reason is perspicuous why no French plays, when translated, have succeeded or ever can succeed on the English stage." The gent is the strait-jacket who ensconced that one is Dryden.

5. "Good music is a remedy against tediousness." And that one is the profound, original and novel philosophy of the loco Napoleon Bonaparte.

Exhibit B: If Saroyan is entirely crazy, so, admittedly, was Strindberg, yet Strindberg is regarded as the greatest dramatist of his day. If Saroyan writes plotless plays so at times did Strindberg, and the critics have long esteemed them as classics. Perhaps, therefore, observing the stupid plays so many presumably sane writers are producing and further observing the plays regularly denounced by the critics, Saroyan isn't so crazy after all and is sagaciously and deliberately Strindberging himself and writing the kind of plays scholars and critics admire.

Exhibit C: The breakneck speed at which Saroyan boastingly writes his plays, etc. Lope de Vega and Goldoni among others—and they weren't especially lapped—often beat him at it.

Exhibit D: Is the personal proclamation that one is a genius always and inevitably proof that one is not only crazy but a negligible writer? If so, Shaw is not only crazy but a negligible writer. And what of Nietzsche? And of Swift? And of Jean-Jacques Rousseau? Of course, there are always Henryk Sienkiewicz and Winchell, but we'll skip them.

Exhibit E: If Saroyan's program notes on his ballet, because of his bumptiously confessed ignorance of the ballet, sound foolish, consider these in the same program by Alexandre Benois, who was responsible for the world-famous Diaghilev *Les Sylphides*: "High noiseless flights full of tender, slightly devitalized grace, give a definite impression (and this is spite of the lack of any story) of a strange, phantasmal romance, a hopeless infatuation of disembodied beings, who know neither fiery embraces nor sweet kisses and for whom all that is baccha or passionate has been replaced by a sad tenderness, by the merest fluttering suspicion of physical contact."

Is this so very much clearer than Saroyan's? The world which everyone other than myself seems to have identified and accepted as the world is in reality a figment in a nightmare of an idiot. No one could possibly create anything more surrealistic and unbelievable than the world which everyone believes is real and is trying very hard to inhabit. The story of my ballet is on this theme. The figure of that attractive but unkind woman is not a symbol of beautiful women in the world. What she really is, is the bright potential in all things which in the world is never visible to men. She takes on the architecture of the beautiful female body in the ballet because that is the easiest way out, and no harm to anybody. And because if there is to be a misunderstanding it isn't likely to be the worst in the world, inasmuch as for those who choose she *could* be simply a magnificent wench who cannot be taken by rape, acrobatics, or gentle words."

So much in turn for the testimony introduced by those who believe that Saroyan is still a few steps this side of the asylum. And now, again in turn, for those who do not consider the boy at all cracked, among whom I number myself, which probably proves that I, too, am cracked.

III

Let's admit right off the hat that Saroyan is peculiar. So am I, very. Sir, for that matter in all probability are you. If perchance you are not, you are just another human steeed and may just as well go on being a letter carrier, shoe salesman, bookkeeper, or society portrait painter for the rest of your life.

Saroyan's peculiarity in insisting that he is a genius, for example, is peculiar only in that he does his insisting publicly. Most of the rest of us writers do it in private. We tell ourselves we're geniuses, and he tells us he is. That is the only difference. Well is he, though, a genius? No. But he has a fine and original talent and it is only natural, relative youth that he is that he should grandly mistake it for genius. When I was very young—ar and tea, I think—and wrote a kid school piece that was posted by my teacher on the school bulletin board as a commendable instance of belles-lettres, I was sure that I was a genius and lorded it about for a whole week. Even my parents were rather persuaded that I was on the way to becoming a second Walter Pater, which numerical status convinced me they weren't so very perceptive and still had a great deal to learn about the relative eminence of literary masterpieces. If Saroyan thinks he is a genius, let him think it. He will either get over it in time or prove to us that he's right. Meanwhile, such a belief in himself is a good thing. It will drive him into a higher resolve.

Saroyan's complete freedom from the customary inhibitions surrounding the punctilio are further mistaken for a loose screw in the head, especially by those given to a strict adherence to the accepted social procedures. If, for example, a critic denounces one of his plays, he will not only write a voluminous letter to the critic pointing out the excellent ayes, the really remarkable, qualities in it that the critic overlooked but will insist that the fellow view the play again in his company in order that he, Saroyan, may explain to the foghead what the latter couldn't discern for himself. I can't see any particular harm in this save that it is a waste of precious time on Saroyan's part, inasmuch as if the critic doesn't recognize a good play when he sees one he is a dolt not worth bothering with and if on the other hand he recognizes a bad play for the bad play it is, he isn't going to bother with Saroyan any way.

Saroyan's serenade in print may not be in the best of taste and taste, but taste and taste have nothing to do with *mens sana*. J. B. Priestley is often just as boastful and tactless and tasteless as Saroyan is and, while he is nowhere near the letter's equal as a playwright, he is certainly otherwise very far from identity with the cuckoo. If Saroyan's manifestoes are at times silly, which they are, they reflect not upon his sanity but solely upon his intelligence and lack of experience. Yet even at his silliest I doubt that Saroyan has been any sillier than such nationally accepted philosophers as Dale Carnegie or such internationally accepted ones as Frank Buchman. The trouble with Saroyan is simply that when he expresses a thought, whether intelligent or unintelligent, he is firmly convinced that he is the first man to be on deck with it, like a youngster who with his first girl discovers the only true meaning of love. No harm in that either. We have all gone through that phase and we all with increased wisdom and experience grow out of it. Well, maybe not quite all. I can name at least two gross of writers of maturer years who still believe that their platitudes are new tablets from Jehovah.

If Saroyan, it is argued, were completely balanced he would write plays that could more readily be understood. Dismissing the excessive and unnecessary point that humbrains are still trying to understand certain of the finer plays of Ibsen, Pirandello and other such crackpots, it remains that Saroyan's plays to date are so easy and simple of comprehension that they are veritable A B C. Their very absence of so-called plot only makes them easier of that comprehension. Plot is sometimes confounding rather than clarifying, as witness such recent instances as Elmer Rice's *American Landscape*, Dostoevski's *The Possessed*, Lons-

*Continued on page 139*

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## First Nights & Passing Judgments

*Continued from pages 27-129*

dale's *Foreigners*, Harold Igo's *Steel*, Paul Vincent Carroll's *Kindred*, Gustav Eckstein's *Christmas Eve*, and Syd Parcelain's memorable shaker, *Alternate Current*. Plays like *My Heart's in the Highlands* and *The Time of Your Life* are purely dramatizations of emotion in terms of emotion and as such essentially much more readily assimilated than emotion dramatized in terms of thought—or, more usually, what passes for thought.

Relevantly, they are drama in terms of human music and music doesn't have to be understood to be felt and appreciated, save by pundits, hired critics, and intellectual postmen.

But even to the determined reticulator it must occur that Saroyan's plays, superficially aberrant though they are, present less difficulty to intelligent understanding than any number of presumably more clearly defined plays.

Surely in none of Saroyan's plays—and that includes the coming *Love's Old Sweet Song* which incidentally has all the plot the dullest dope may cry for—surely in none of his plays is there any such thematic muddledness and obscurity as is to be found in Maxwell Anderson's *Key Largo*, with its meditative, war-tortured, cosmically agitated and cowardly protagonist finding hearty resolution in the challenge of a petty Coney Island roulette-wheel faker transplanted to a jitney Florida tourist dump. Or in the aforementioned exhibit by Elmer Rice wherein the ghost of Moll Flanders of all people comes to Connecticut and persuades an American nat to sell a plot of ground to the Nazis. Or to shorten what might be a long catalogue, in some such play as Carroll's aforementioned *Kindred*, which contends that the world should be run by artists and then offers as its representative of these heavenly creative spirits and potential world managers a cadging violinist who plays nothing but old tunes on his fiddle, who sponges on decent tradesfolk, and who is the epitome of bonderism in every respect.

Saroyan is regarded as screwy because he has gone in for writing a ballet without knowing anything about ballet. Well, he want in for writing a play without knowing anything about playwriting and in *My Heart's in the Highlands* wrote the best play of its year. His ballet, true enough, is pretty godawful, it is despite his conviction that it is tasty stuff, nothing but a modernized old kokum morality play, the kind that Henry W. Savage and Morris Gest used to stoke the critics with with Doubt relabeled American Goof, Temptation called The Bright Potential, Ignorance dobbed Old Man In Prison, and Tradition relabeled The Dummy. Having the dancers speak a few words now and again only be a novelty—Saroyan proudly announces that it is a "new form"—but, while it may be a novelty and a "new form" in the sense that serving flat beer in a capped phonograph record is a novelty in the case of the beer and a new form in the case of the phonograph record, it is at once gratuitous, irrelevant, and impracticable.

A ballet should no more be spoken than a dance should be talked. The mood established by choreography is disappointed by speech. In addition, as the presentation of this talk-ballet fully demonstrates, it is as quixotic to expect ballet dancers to be proficient in the reading of dramatic lines as it would be to expect Lunt and Fontanne satisfactorily to comport themselves in Mordkin's *Voices Of Spring* or, for that matter, in even Cole Porter's *Begin the Beguine*.

It isn't that Saroyan wrote a ballet that counts against him. It is merely that he wrote a lousy one. But so also for that matter, did the great Marius Petipa, the real founder of the Russian ballet; he composed not one lousy one, but at least thirty-five out of a total of sixty.

IV

And so we give over the great Saroyan case to the jury. But before the jury leaves the room to retire to its five minutes of reflection and six hours of portentous time-killing pinochle, at the expense of the taxpayers, I wish to say a few words on all four sides of the question.

On behalf of those who think the defendant is crazy, I wish to quote with the defendant's suspiciously ready and even eager full permission, a program note to still another play he has recently written and the manuscript of which he has sent me. The title of the play is *Sweeney in the Trees* and here is the note: "This is a play, a dream, a song, a poem, a travesty, a fable, a symphony, a parable, a comedy, a tragedy, a farce, a vaudeville, a song and dance, a statement on money, a report on life, an essay on art and religion, a theatrical entertainment, a circus, anything you like, or whatever you please." Yes, sir, that's the note!

On behalf of those who think he is only half-crazy, I wish to point out that that happens to be exactly what the play is.

On behalf of those who think he is only one-third touched, I wish to hint that there is some good stuff in the play.

And on behalf of those who think he isn't crazy at all, I wish to say that if only he will work on the script a little longer and with more patience and will give it just a little more organization and direction, he will have produced another highly imaginative and deserving contribution to the American drama and one which will doubtless make the flesh who now consider him crazy believe that he is crazier than ever. #



## The Murder of Simon Granby

*Continued from page 108*

past you can keep your mouth shut. And I feel the urge to talk about Simon Granby."

"Shoot," I said.

"Four women committed the murder of Simon Granby," the Doctor said slowly. "All of them were white women. Three can never be brought to trial, and the fourth, I think, never will be."

"One of them was his mother, and two were his aunts. I'll have to take you back twenty-four years to the beginning of this story. To a household in Boston. Genteel, in the old sense of the word, would describe it. Nothing run down about it, or nothing pretentious. A narrow conformity to convention that called itself quite honestly culture. And three secretly disappointed women—two who had never found a mate, and one whose mate had abandoned her. Men-lovers, masquerading even to themselves as men-haters.

"And into their hands I delivered a boy baby. They named him Simon, after his maternal grandfather.

"I was a young doctor then. I thought if I coped successfully with measles and croup, I'd done my part. I knew nothing of the forming of a human soul. I know very little now. But if I'd had more experience then! However, fate moves as she lists.

"They brought him up to be nice. They struck, unconsciously, at the male in him. Struck and struck subtly, monotonously until they paralyzed it. Until he was six years old he didn't know that other boys were not engrossed in the making of dresses for dolls. Until he was ten, he had never heard that a gentleman could upon occasion defend himself with his fists. When he was twelve, he was very proud of the praise his mother and aunts lavished upon his water-color sketches. Then that big body of his began to develop. You've seen him, haven't you, James?"

"A time or two," I said.

"You'd say he'd be a man of strong passions, eh?"

"He certainly looked it," I agreed.

"Whatever virility Simon Granby might have had," Doctor Patterson went on, "was transferred to his ego. We've no idea yet, James, any of us, of the tremendous power of the mind upon the body. That great hulking frame of his had all the inhibitions of a virgin maid.

"I don't know whether he ever realized fully just what they'd made of him. He must have known to some extent, I think, during his college days. He had a bad time of it then, I know. But when they were over, he was free. Free, at least, of the matriarchy that had molded him. His mother and both his aunts died in an influenza epidemic the fall after he graduated.

"Simon was left with an adequate income, a morbid ego, and a great strong body that was easily as timorous as any fawn.

"It was almost inevitable he'd choose to come to Africa on a hunting trip. He had to do the most 'he-man' thing he could think of. For he hated himself, you see. Hated himself as he actually was—as they'd made him.

"He would have been all right if he had stayed down here. He got along very well in the life. He had plenty of physical courage when it was not a question of something not 'nice.' He wasn't stupid, either. He learned the native languages exceedingly well, and he knew how to deal with the blacks.

"He got a concession from the Belgian Government for a piece of ground in the forest and cleared it and built himself a house. Those were the happiest days he ever had. I think, when he was building that house. He had a woman's ingenuity for making it comfortable and attractive.

"He made his big mistake when he took a trip back home. For he met Sophia Blaine and married her. Sophia had all the appearance of the primmest of the Boston intelligentsia. You might have thought, if you'd known Simon Granby as I did, that he had chosen his life's companion well. You would have made the same mistake that Simon did.

"Simon didn't make his choice from any basis of reasoning, however. He was a romantic. A romantic with a morbid ego, as I've said before. He fell head over heels in love with Sophia Blaine.

"Their courtship was all on the plane of the mind, the soul, the spiritual life. Sophia had the Boston patter on the tip of her tongue. But Simon believed in it.

"They left for Africa immediately after their marriage. God knows what hell the boy must have gone through on that voyage. For Sophia had been deceived by that great body of his; that lusty, sprawling beard, the tales of his African exploits—no doubt he'd laid that part on a bit thick.

"She'd played up to all that talk of his of soul and spirit because she was in love with him, and because she thought that in some curious masculine way he was in awe of her. But when she found he was actually repelled by her, her deepest, most primitive instincts were outraged.

"You can imagine what followed. I know she lashed him with ridicule numerically—I saw that in his eyes when he was telling me about it.

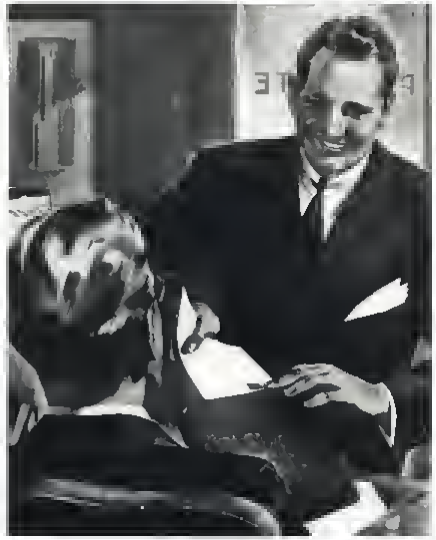
"By the time these two young people had reached the Congo, they were both in a state of deadly hatred toward each other.

"And Simon seemed completely changed. I met them, here in Aba, on their way down to the Ituri. I thought then that the shock of disappointment in his marriage and the goad of Sophia's contempt might work wonders for the boy. He talked to me about it, as he

*Continued on page 132*


# "MUM'S a paying habit

*even if you are selling steel girders!"*



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"Sure I use Mum! Selling steel girders is a highly specialized job! It's entirely different from selling diamond solitaires at first editions. But there's one thing we salesmen have in common—we meet people. And the quickest way to freeze a prospect is to be careless about perspiration odor.

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• • •

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## The Murder of Simon Granby

*Continued from pages 108-131*

always had with anything that worried him. But he was blazing angry, instead of crushed as I would have expected him to be. I thought alone together there in the forest, they might still work it out.

"Although Sophia was a closed book for me, I couldn't touch her. She was simply civil to me, and nothing more.

"I didn't see them again for nearly a year. Then I went up to their place in the Hurt. On the surface everything seemed serene. Simon treated Sophia with a kind of humorously exaggerated politeness—and she was much friendlier to me than she'd been before. But the minute I got alone with Simon I saw that his hatred of her had become the preoccupation of his life.

"'I've paid her out,' he told me, and I've seldom seen such a look of satisfaction on a man's face.

"The thing he had found to do was rather ingenious—cruel, but ingenious. He'd taken six native women—the most buxom and avaricious he could find—and made a street not far from his own house with six huts lined up at certain intervals along it. Six mistresses—*ménagères*, as the Belgians call them. And he visited one of them each night in the week. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday—that's where they got their names. Except Sunday, and that he blandly told his wife was the day ordained for rest.

"Picture to yourself that woman, young, ardent, shut up alone in that forest. Insulted and made a laughing stock through the whole country. Or so it must have seemed to her.

"She couldn't be sure either—that was the most ingenious part of Simon's scheme—just how it had all come about. Why *she* had not appealed to him when six native women obviously did.

"Sophia was proud. Shut up in that isolation, hate and resentment had every chance to fester. No one came there. She had no interests or diversions to occupy her. And Simon was always there before her. And so were Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

"She was clever, though, and patient too, in her own way. She'd studied chemistry and botany in an amateur fashion in college, along with her Latin and Greek. And she took up botany again as a hobby. She sent back to Boston for a case of books on the subject and plunged into making a collection of equatorial plants.

"I discussed the subject with her one evening when I was in her room having a little talk with her about her health. She hadn't been feeling fit, and you know how it is in these parts, when a doctor shows up everybody trots out all his pet ailments. When I'd finished the examination I'd come to make, I noticed a long shelf near her bed filled with books. Books always attract me, even when I know I'm not going to have any opportunity of reading them. I like the feel of them. It's one of the prices one pays for living in a suitcase—never being able to put together a library.

"She told me about her hobby as I was looking over her books. I took out a fat volume bound in dark green. I remember, though I've forgotten the exact title. It fell open at a page where a bookmark had been inserted. And when I'd glanced over that page I knew all I needed to know of Sophia Granby.

"You may ask me why I didn't tell Simon Granby what I suspected. But life and existence, to my reckoning, are two distinct things. The time when I could have helped him, if I'd known how, was not then, but twenty-four years before in Boston. I did urge him to take his wife back to America. But he wouldn't listen."

Doctor Patterson seemed to have reached the end of his story. He ground out the end of his cigar and pushed back his chair from the table.

"But what was the book you found in Mrs. Granby's library?" I asked.

"I've forgotten the exact title, as I told you. It was a book on equatorial plants. It fell open at a treatise on strychnine. The *kelapo*, you see, though very little is known about it, is clearly a member of the Strychnos family."

He leaned toward me suddenly, his eyes alight with the passionate interest he always felt in getting quickly to the root of human troubles.

"The point is, I think, whether our friend of the black teeth was right—whether Simon Granby got what he deserved. Weigh in the balance fifteen minutes of pain—that's about what the *kelapo* poison takes—against twelve years of misery. I'm allowing him the first twelve years off for innocent infancy."

He lit a fresh cigarette and turned his statement over in my mind. "I'm not so sure what he got wasn't too good for him," I said slowly. "You make out a case for him—but after all, I've got no use for a white man who mixes himself up with native women."

"Oh, but Simon didn't," said the Doctor. "Surely you see that with his psychology he couldn't have possibly done that. Besides, he was far too fastidious. The whole elaborate setup was just to spite his wife. He paid the women well to keep his secret. He knew how to handle them. Not one of them ever let him down.

"Simon simply went and sat in a hut a few hours each night and drank cup after cup of strong black tea."

Doctor Patterson got to his feet. "Very strong tea," he said. "I don't suppose Simon noticed anything queer in the taste." ##



## Man the Kitchenette

*Continued from page 106*

vegetables and fruits for salads, and naturally all cerdiues and tuna fish.

Now I must pause to treat the tuna fish question at greater length. This peculiar fish, which is just another fish when you eat it fresh, gains its real magnificence and a delicate and peculiar flavor when canned. The packers bone it and skin it and nothing gets into the can but the purest flesh and olive oil. When you open a can of tuna, it may become an hors d'oeuvre, the inside of a sandwich or a meal by itself. Your appetite is increased by its piquancy as you eat it. How nice that by a mere touch of your fork the fish fashioned into a round form by the can falls apart into serviceable little pieces. They say that tuna fish contains an immense amount of calories—almost as many as sardines, but that is beside the point, at least in my case, I would eat it even if it were to poison me slowly because it lacked calories. I defy calories to keep me away from a food if I like it. Self-styled academic gastronomes also say that tuna fish should not be heated—that it ought always to be eaten cold. I hope they will try the following dish, only then can we argue further.

*Tuna Fish à la Maître André*

Chop a green pepper and a pimento fine and sauté them in butter. Add the tuna fish (a brand I like very much is White Rose) and turn your flame low. Add some sweet cream, salt and pepper to taste, and stir gently. Add a few drops of Maggi extract in the meantime make several pieces of toast. Serve the tuna fish on these.

I think it was Thackeray who said: "We must not speak a word before we have finished with the fish." Fresh-fish eaters have to observe silence in fear of the bones, but the canned-food process renders the bones harmless, and you may eat finnan haddie, mackerel or any other fish that comes in cans, talking and utterly disregarding the great author's warning. There are thirty-five different fish put up in cans, thirty one varieties of meat, seventy-six vegetables, sixty-two soups, over fifty fruits and many other things. Probably this number is increasing as I write for new cans appear on the market every day. If a man is methodical, he should keep at least a dozen assorted cans in his kitchenette at all times—just as he keeps a stock of liquor, because what's the good of drinking without eating?

Here is a tried and true recipe for corned beef hash which differs in taste from the usual stuff.

Brown two onions in a pan with one ounce of butter. Add a can of corned beef and a small can of tomatoes. Season with salt and pepper, a bruised clove of garlic (the garlic may be omitted), a pinch of nutmeg and a little chopped parsley. Stir well and let cook for fifteen minutes. It may be served with poached eggs on top.

When you have an especially important girl whom you want to impress at your flat for dinner if you would like her to exclaim: "Have you been cooking all day long?" whereas the whole thing did not take you half an hour, give her Fried Chicken Louisiana, made the following way.

Get a whole canned chicken and cut it into pieces. Dip the pieces in cream, and salt and pepper them. Fry them in butter. Cut a cantaloupe in half and remove its meat. Heat the empty shells in the oven. Chop up a green pepper and a pimento and sauté them in butter. Strain and add a can of whole-kernel corn. When the corn, green pepper and pimento combination is hot, add a small quantity of red wine to it. Then fill the cantaloupe shells, but only partially. Place the chicken on top of the corn. If you want to make a great hit heat up a can of candied sweet potatoes, and put the potatoes around the pieces of chicken on top of the corn.

I meant to write at length about the fine old custom of sending for the cook or the chef after consuming a special dish, some people cursed by even greater liberalism staggered to their feet in their enthusiasm, and visited the kitchen to shake the cook's greasy but skillful hand. Fried Chicken Louisiana calls for this noble, half-obsolete procedure more common in Europe than in America. But there can be little of culinary history and rites given here, because I promised some recipes. I have just remembered another way to prepare canned corn, called Corn Sauté à la Cuba. It is very easy to make. Chop a green pepper and sauté it in butter for about ten minutes with a can of corn strained beforehand. When the corn and green pepper are about ready, add a finely chopped pimento, salt and pepper, cook it another two or three minutes, and serve. I have discovered lately, and like canned corn on the cob. The corn is selected small bantam, and you know what you are getting, whereas when you pick your own fresh corn you often hit on either a very old one or a very young one. To finish this essay on corn, I offer you one of the very few jokes I know.

A visiting Englishman inspected a large cornfield in Ohio in the company of the farmer, and was duly impressed by the vast expanse. "What do you do with all this corn?" he asked.

"We eat what we can and what we can't we can," was the answer.

When the Englishman got back to London he repeated the *bon mot* to a friend but Criticized it: "We eat what we can and what we can't we tin." Please don't hold this corny old anecdote against me.

People use more cans of green peas—*petit pois* to you—than anything else, but with few exceptions they are prepared in the same old way. Here is a different one: cook a carrot in boiling water with a pinch of salt and a lump or teaspoonful of granulated sugar when the carrot is done chop it fine. Also chop up a small onion and put it in a pan with a little butter and flour and mix well, open a can of peas, add the peas and carrots to the onion and fol-

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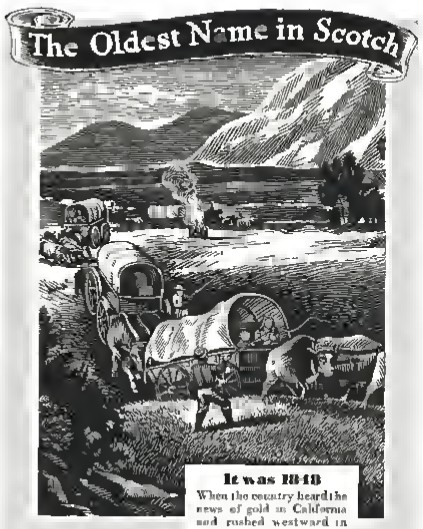


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## Man the Kitchenette

*Continued from pages 105-133*

low with a pinch of finely chopped parsley, pepper, salt and paprika. Let it come to a boil and turn your flame low again. Now add a very little sweet cream, stir it, and heat for a minute or two but do not let it come to a boil again.

Macaroni—the real Italian name is *maccheroni*—is liked by everyone, or almost everyone. My favorite *pasta* is tagliatelli which is flat, wider than macaroni and does not have a hole in it. If you hear a good recipe for macaroni you don't necessarily have to use macaroni. Pasta—the common name of this class of food—includes spaghetti, spaghettini, vermicelli, vermicellini, capellini (exceedingly finely cut noodles), nugelotti, ziti, cressatiti, ravioli and so on endlessly. They may be oval or round, thick or thin, solid or hollow, fashioned into small cubes or flowers, and many other amusing forms, but they still remain pasta, the foundation of Italian cookery and a very fine dish. It can satisfy you if you are hungry and fill all empty places, or it can be eaten when you are feeling fullish, because there is a certain lightness about pasta. Furthermore it is easy to make—and does not take long to prepare. Try this Macaroni au Gratin in Tomato.

Put one pound of macaroni into boiling water. Be sure to add some salt to the water. Cook twenty minutes.

In the meantime chop one large onion and sauté it in butter for about five minutes. Add to this a pound of canned tomato, together with some parsley and a clove of garlic all chopped together, and add salt and pepper. Cook for twenty minutes.

When the macaroni is done—in twenty minutes—strain it dry, and put it in an earthenware dish, pouring evenly over it the sauce you have made. Sprinkle it generously with grated parmesan cheese, and place the dish in the oven under a broiler with a small flame. When the dish is golden brown it is ready to serve.

It is time for the only dessert recipe I shall give. I specially recommend it. However, a slight pause between courses is pleasing and affords an opportunity to praise the excellence of the dish just eaten, and perhaps an anticipatory talk about the one to come. It is an absurd notion that for politeness' sake one should not discuss food while eating it. Other theories about table manners are just as foolish: having to sit straight and having to hold one's hands under the table in one's own lap (this being the most absurd of them all) while waiting for the next course and that strange custom of fake etiquette which prescribes that after cutting the meat the fork must pass from the left hand to the right. One eats and sits and talks to one's best ability and comfort as long as one is not disgusting, sloppy or unamusing. Why not rather get after the young people who think it modern and sophisticated to hold and even smoke a cigarette with one hand while eating with the other? Smoking between courses may be forgiven but not by a true gastronome who takes himself seriously.

Having observed that slight pause, here is the recipe for Cherries Jubilée.

Get a pint of vanilla ice cream and a small can of black pitted cherries. Drain the juice from the cherries (save the juice), and heat them in a pan with a half a cup of granulated sugar. When hot, put in a generous whiskey glassful of kirschwasser and add the juice to it. Place the ice cream in a deep dish, and pour the cherries and sauce over it.

To wind up this much too brief treatise on a vast subject, I want to say a word about coffee, for this also belongs to the canned products in this country. In Europe they sell it in paper bags and in berry form, often unroasted and the purchaser has to go home and roast and grind it—if he can buy it at all. As things stood in Europe today people drink little or no coffee, and I wonder what they do in the Balkans where the excellent demi-tasse used to be so powerful that you recommended your soul to the Almighty before drinking it: it would have been nothing out of the ordinary if you dropped dead on the spot after swallowing that delightful poison. In Italy every town was full of Espresso joints where the coffee used to flow out of the special machines into small cups to the enchantment of intellectuals who hoped to gain new cerebral powers from drinking it at almost any hour of the day or night. Now the Duce forbids this pleasure or rather this necessity, and I fear for the output of my Italian colleagues. You know the coffee situation in Germany, and I imagine you are convinced with me that soon the unfortunate German Man in the Kitchenette will be given sawdust as coffee ersatz. France never had really good coffee save for a few first-class restaurants and cafés, and although some experts say that the best coffee in the world is made by the Paris *concierges*, I must doubt their word, for I have never seen a French concierge drink anything but wine. I had the best cup of coffee in Europe in a Copenhagen café not far from the Opera House and near the Hotel Angleterre. Danes—and other Scandinavians—literally drown themselves in strong coffee, and the habit of beginning to drink it seriously at three in the afternoon is a pleasant one. The best morning coffee with milk topped with schlagsahne was to be had in Vienna. The Budapestians are ready to commit murder for their after-lunch and dinner coffee and I hear that even now they don't lack it, although the price at cafés has tripled—thirty cents at the present rate of exchange! But then at one time William Penn himself had to pay four dollars and sixty-eight cents a pound for it in New York.

It is asserted that the stimulating beverage was discovered about twelve hundred years ago in an Arab monastery, where the abbot used to administer coffee to pre-

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*"Gee—they're swell people to work for, Ma—the boss gives away diamond bracelets"*

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## Man the Kitchenette

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vent the monks from falling asleep during their night ceremonies and to give them energy. At about the same time coffee berries were used as a food, crushed and molded and fashioned into balls, one African tribe still uses it this way to sustain themselves on long marches and rides. It may be a totally individual case, but I promptly fell asleep after drinking coffee, even after several very strong cupfuls.

I am puzzled by all complicated machines, like percolators and drip coffee pots. There are some ordinary matters in which we should look back instead of forward. Voltaire wrote *Candide* and Balzac the *Comédie Humaine*, on *Café à la Dubellay* recommended by both Brillat-Savarin and the *patron* of the first café that ever opened in Europe (at Marseilles in 1654). It is a very simple method, and a good one to this day. Using water that has stood, filter it through the grounds, reboil the filtered liquid, and pass it through the grounds three times.

Personally I dislike milk intensely, either neat or with my coffee, but like canned milk very much either way. Peculiar likes or hatreds for certain foods develop in our early childhood, and remain with us when we are old fools. ##

## Johnnies About Town

*Continued from page 37*

of course, a purely private idiosyncrasy, all three of these Ladies have one characteristic in common that endears them irresistibly to connoisseurs. I refer to the full-length doors which obviate any need for the curious salaam the universal questing stoop peculiar to the female in search of a Vacancy. The posture, midway between September Morn and a recumbent ostrich, is one which I have always found it difficult to observe with any degree of equanimity or assume without mortification.

There are, it is true, compensations. In the course of a lifetime one develops a practical working philosophy about feet. Intuition plays the dominant role, there are no hard and fast rules. While on the whole opera pumps are inclined to be less dilatory than oxfords, open toes are altogether unpredictable. Turned in toes on the other hand often denote imminent departure but even this is not an infallible guide since the occupant may be naturally pigeon-toed. Still there are certain nuances of placement, certain imperceptible shades of pedal expression which speak volumes to the trained observer. Unfortunately, however, there is no way of ascertaining the existence of a Friend. I mean one of those unseen presences who takes her ease in the anteroom but arrives in answer to a whistle or a yodel in time to deprive you of your rightful next. Sometimes it's not just A friend but a whole chain of Friends and you begin to sympathize with the wife of an important official in Washington who says that what she enjoys most about her husband's position is her precedence—in the Johnny!

Maybe it's Kismet but I have yet to experience the beginning of a third act: everybody else in the audience knows who is the father of the child or why Mrs. Pilsifer is harboring a union agitator in her duplex. I alone am in the dark. I attribute it all to Friends who are at their most virulent in theatre Ladies due, no doubt, to our habit of succumbing to the drama in groups. Confidentially, theatre Ladies don't require any additional handicaps: the miserly provisions and the exigencies of the time limit—hundreds of women swarming like locusts on two or three little booths—put privacy at enough of a premium. Competition between the acts is fierce though I have noted with interest distinct gradations of behavior depending on the type of play being presented. A sophisticated drawing-room comedy pervades Ladies with a mild tinge of *noblesse oblige*, plays with a proletarian complexion result in a belligerence below that is little short of alarming. But it is tragedy that puts the greatest strain on Ladies and from *Hamlet* or *The Little Foxes* that you are most likely to bring home bruised sides and torn feathers.

In fact so serious did the matinee overflow become that in self-defense the Astor was compelled to abandon the traditional cordiality of Hotels to Women and erect a turnstile in the lobby levying a ten cent toll on itinerant females. But if theatre Ladies are niggardly their Cinema sisters are generous, not to say lavish in their accommodations. For sheer unadulterated opulence nothing could surpass the Music Hall. You have to hand it to Mr. Rockefeller: such munificent, such sumptuous hospitality was never before known in all the annals of Ladies. See it on a busy night—the opening and shutting of scores of doors in rhythmic counterpoint, the syncopated tinsupeting of the handriers, the rapt genuflections before mileaux of Pittsburgh Plate Glass—all part of some cinema ballet a continuation of the Rockettes with choreography by the Infinite. And you might know it would be a Cinema Ladies—not even a bona fide Cinema but a paltry Trans—that would attempt to go Saks one better. Over on Madison Avenue they have added a noteworthy scenic effort to the perpatetic seat with the purity urge: a handsome blue light outlines the edges and invests the proceedings with a mystic aura. I can't say I found the color scheme any more soothing—I only mention it to show there is no end to the zeal of Ladies. ##

*"Grandmother was telling me that when she was young, a girl got out and walked on such occasions, but then they always did everything the hard way"*

*"For shame, madam!—letting such a lovely complexion go to seed!"*



## Poets Can Learn from Acrobats

*Continued from page 80*

or housings or motors complete?

And if what poetry says is the greater truth isn't it a little more important to tell it exactly?

I suspect that poets have been lazy, fuzzy-minded incompetents. I say that they could have been exact and ten thousand times more effective if they had tried. They themselves have proved it. The same Shelley, in the same poem, wrote "from the contagion of the world's slow stain, he is secure." A bottle of ink has been spilled and the ink is slowly spreading over a surface and one particular thing is immune. It is as exact as language can make it. The same Wordsworth wrote in the two lines preceding the ones about the star that Lucy was "a violet by a mossy stone half hidden from the eye." I accept that, but if violets were the size of sycamores I wouldn't. And if Wordsworth and Shelley, and every other poet worth listening to, can be effective while being exact—can be most effective by being most exact—why do they have to be pampered and why do we have to take their second best and say it's wonderful?

The poets have a language of their own, perhaps, and we must learn it. If that's so, let them stop using ours. Tell me not, says H. W. Longfellow, and no one has told him, "in mournful numbers." Until a proper age I thought he referred to actuarial tables, statistics of mortality. It appears that he means "in mournful cadences, rhythms, pentameters, feet, etc." However, that's considered a "bad" poem. It has some pretty lofty doings about "the world's broad field of battle...in the bivouac of life . . ." meaning (I think) whatever you do for a living, however you comport yourself. But it also has similes like: . . . "hearts, though stout and brave... Still like muffled drums are beating, Funeral marches to the grave." No critic worth his name will give you two cents for the *Psalm of Life* but if imagery and the art of seeing relations are significant the poem ought to rank above Poe's *To Helen*. The idea that every beat of your heart accompanies your one-man progress toward your own grave and that the heart grows weaker toward the end and is like a muffled drum—that's good sound poetic writing. About the silence of the Arabs when they strike ("fold") their tents. I'm not so sure, but it doesn't violate any item of my own experience.

My own experience with poetry is definite. I began to read it and to like it when I was about thirteen. I never was much good at long poems, and was relieved to find Poe on my side. I got over caring for the bang-bang jingle at the usual age and I should say that next to a poet's moral outlook on life ("what he has to say") the thing that interests me most and captures my imagination most completely is the brilliant image. And having this in mind, I submit my suspicion that people read poetry less and less because they do not know exactly what the poets are saying and that over and over again people are completely misled by poems, imagining they understand, but understanding nothing.

If you doubt it ask half a dozen friends what they get out of Poe's *To Helen*. What they feel when they read it or hear it read, and what they think what it's all about and what "those Nicaean barks?" and "Naiad airs" really are, and exactly where the "agate lamp" comes in. Is that too hard? Ask the first six Rotarians you meet what the devil they mean by wanting to be shipped East of Suez where a man can raise a thirst? Does it mean "get a longing for strong liquors on him" or "rustle a drink to satisfy that longing?" In *Recessional*, Kipling calls upon the Lord to have mercy on the "heathen heart that puts her trust in reeking tube and iron shard . . ." Does he mean Maxim, or Mauser? Or is the reeking tube something in a chemical laboratory?

Even if you've been reading this with your eyes shut, you have seen that I am quoting exclusively from the poets who want you to understand them—not the more modern ones who don't care. If you asked any one of them, he would answer that he wanted you to know exactly what he had felt—or at best feel very much the same way yourself. Moreover every one of them would repudiate hotly the idea that only an Oxford don was capable of sharing the rare experiences put into their poems.

That still leaves unanswered the question of why they can't, or won't, write simply and accurately and understandably. It still leaves far from settled the problem of the poet's own idea of his importance. If poets are the true creators, if they and they alone express our inmost feelings, if the poets divine and then develop the soul of a nation—and they themselves say that they do all of these things—then they owe it to us to be "understood of the people." About the time the poets quoted above were being read, Adam Smith's little enquiry into the wealth of nations got a small reading public. Longfellow was contemporary with Darwin.

It now occurs to me that Smith and Darwin had more to do with the shape of our lives than all the Lake poets put together, and William Cullen Bryant throws in. Not because either of them was simple to understand, but merely because people acted on projects that Smith and Darwin suggested.

Now here I shall put down an extremely important statement—by Walt Whitman. I don't know whether it is true. I rather hope it is. But you can see its importance.

*Continued at top of page 140*

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## Poets Can Learn from Acrobats

*Continued from pages 38–139*

as of this day and week and year

I swear nothing is good to me
now that ignores individuals
The American compact is altogether with individuals,
The only government is that which makes minute of individuals,
The whole theory of the universe is directed unerringly to one single individual—namely to You

"Makes minute" is a pretty personal way. I suppose, of saying "takes account", but apart from that you can see that Whitman was spontaneously or as the result of terrific effort being direct and simple, mathematically accurate. You could hardly say what he had to say in fewer words, or in other words, certainly not in better words. And, as I've said, his thoughts are tremendously important.

Nevertheless I do not believe that all of Whitman has contributed one tenth of one per cent to the American feeling for democratic individualism. Compared to Lincoln let us say, and Altgeld and Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt. Nor do I think that all the readers of Whitman today are likely to affect my life as much as half a dozen senators who, to judge by their general habit of thought, haven't yet heard that *Leaves of Grass* was not destroyed by the common hangman. There is even the horrid possibility that these ignoramuses may do a better job for me than all the readers of poetry in the country.

I don't quite like that. I wish it were different. In effect, I wish that poets were as sensitive as vaudeville actors. When an acrobat loses his audience he knows it, and tries hard to win the people back. When the paying customers walk out on an act, it's tragedy.

But when people stop reading poetry because they can't understand it and when they think they understand but actually don't—then the poets are quick to curse in their beards about the rabble and the mob.

The correct spelling of the line which started me off on this is: 'I Wander'd Lonely.' I can't say why. #

## The Juggie Quints

*Continued from page 70*

the river I couldn't help hoping that the *pekin*, when it did arrive, would be a girl baby. I had no desire to spend three days sitting around the Village-of-the-Soldier-God while the natives celebrated the birth of a boy.

Here I looked out over the swiftly flowing water where Dutch soldiers three centuries ago had met their fate when men from Holland were sent up into the South American jungle to capture or kill off the hundreds of warlike escaped Ashanti slaves. Here beside me was the carved Soldier God which Djuka voodoo doctors had made and set up on the high river bank to mark the spot where their ancestors had surrounded the white men and killed them. The spirit of their ancestors, the paddlers had often told me with pride, had been stronger than the white man's soldiers. The white men had been forced to sign a treaty giving Djukas the jungle interior of Guiana fifty miles inland from the coast. Their pride I well knew in their freedom and independence, was fanatic. Now their Soldier God watched over the river like a little wooden sentinel, always on guard. Never again would they be slaves to any white man!

Up and down the river drums boomed far, far away but with such concussion that I could hear them distinctly as they boomed out telegraphic messages from village to village. If nothing else interrupted my journey up the river, I would hear the sacred Village-of-the-Poison-Makers by the end of the week and begin the two-day *kruta* which I hoped would result in the poison makers agreeing to collect two or three tons of young *neku* plants for me—the vine-like shoots from which the Djukas have long obtained the world's most amazing poison. It is a poison that kills fish and insects almost instantly, but which can be eaten by birds, animals and men without ill effects. I wanted to take out young plants, put them into the ground on an old and bankrupt banana estate and see if the wild product could be cultivated. If we could, *neku* poison would replace the deadly arsenic compounds which civilization, having nothing better, had been forced to use for vegetable and fruit spraying, poultry fumigation, and cattle dips. From the few original tons of wild plants, if successful, great estates might grow, just as in the Far East botanists had transplanted three other South American plants, rubber, cocaine and quinine. I sat by the jungle river for an hour counting my profits before they were grown—and then behind me there was a great noise. The village drum was excitedly beating out a new message.

I stopped day dreaming, hastened over the trail to the village clearing. There I found the Djukas in great commotion. Women were crowded around the little dog house in which I had last seen the chief's younger wife. Under the *kruta* veranda the chief no longer lay in his hammock. He sat on a stool and held his head, rocking back and forth, back and forth. About him men crowded, talked to him solicitously.

"What's the matter, new?" I asked Mombai.

'*Gobi!* A girl child!' he said. Just as he said the words in talky-talky, the women huddled around the hut shouted. They began dancing up and down. The chief looked up, in amazement and scowled. The medicine men grunted angry phrases.

'Now what's the matter?' I asked.

"*Gobi!*' Mombai muttered. 'It's not one girl *pekin*. It's two!'

'Twins!' I said. 'Well, since they're girls we won't have to stay any longer. Let's be off!'

The chief, now, seemed very mad. He stomped around before his *kruta* house with fists clenched. Every few steps he turned and faced the dog house and yelled Djuka curses. He was furious. But his fury in another few minutes turned to frenzy. Another shout went up from the women. They gesticulated wildly. One old woman even picked up a stone and threw it at the house. The village dogs joined in their commotion and barked angrily at the doorway.

"*Gobi!*' Mombai whispered. 'It's not two girl babies. It's three!'

'Triplets!' I nodded. 'Well get the paddlers—and let's be on our way!'

But in the midst of the noise there was another wild shout, shrill and drawn out like a wail. The village women ran around like chickens with their heads cut off. The chief stood stiffly, looked at the hut angrily.

'Now it's not three girl babies!' Mombai announced excitedly. 'It's four! She's had four girl *pekins* at one time!'

'Quadruplets?' I said. 'They're very rare. What are they so angry about? Why are they throwing stones at the woman's house?'

The stentorian drums drowned out our voices. The village suddenly was like a lunatic house on full-moon night. I edged out of the way of the milling, angry-faced villagers and the wailing children and barking dogs. Mombai stopped me. Every man in the village stopped suddenly in his tracks and looked at the little house and the group of observing women. For a long moment there was deathlike silence. And then a woman screamed. Other women joined in. My ears seemed about to split with the noise.

'*Gobi!*' Mombai said, as though now he couldn't believe it. 'There's another. It's not four girl *pekins*—but five! Such a calamity hasn't happened before!'

The chief now was beside himself with anger. The medicine men were loudly haranguing him. The chief picked up a stick and stomped angrily towards the huddled women. They stepped aside and made a path for him through their excited bodies. He stooped down and stuck his head and shoulders into the little doorway of the accouchement hut. For a long moment he stooped there with his head inside the doorway, his buttocks out. Then he backed out, and slammed the wooden door. He stood in front of the thatched hut and yelled damning Djuka oaths. Women picked up handfuls of dirt and threw them at the house. Dogs yapped and snapped at the thatch. Men stood off in little groups and eyed the chief in silence as he walked back to his house.

'I want to see them!' I said to Mombai. 'There is only one other set of quintuplets in the world—and they're in Canada.'

'*No-no!*' Mombai said. 'Don't enter that house. The woman is in disgrace. The *pekins* will be killed. Don't interfere!'

'Disgrace?' I repeated. 'A disgrace because she's the mother of quintuplets?'

'*E-ya!*' he said with a scowl—the Village-of-the-Soldier-God, long respected by every Djuka, was now in eternal disgrace.

'Only very few women in the world have ever given birth to five babies in one day!' I said, trying to combat with consoling wisdom his primitive disgust.

'*E-ya, Bokkra!*' an old man standing near by said. 'And may it *never* happen again in Djuka country! *Gobi!* The woman had a *good* husband. She should have been content with him. Such shame was never known among us before! Never, never, has a husband had such a promiscuous wife!'

Little by little I pieced together the cause of their anger. The chief went inside his big house and closed the carved door. He refused to let anyone enter to console him. The medicine men spoke dismally through the thatched walls. He answered when he felt like it. The birth of twins I discovered among Djukas is considered proof of a wife's infidelity. One of the twins has to be destroyed as soon as the husband can discover which is his, and which is not. The birth, therefore, of quintuplets was in their eyes, proof of a rampant departure from the straight and narrow path, a mass immorality which no husband could tolerate.

'*Gobi!*' one of the medicine men muttered the eternal Djuka oath. 'If he were not our chief he would pack up his possessions and move to another village. She would be a widow! But he's a chief—*she'll* have to be sent away, if any other village will have her!' The women nodded approvingly. Yes, they demanded, she had brought great shame on the village. Send her away—as quickly as possible.

'Ah-Tu-Deo-Du will be very angry!' a Djuka said. 'He will make us change the name of the village. No longer will we be known and respected as the Village-of-the-Soldier-God!'

'When he hears about this,' another suggested, 'he will call us the Village-of-the-Fifi-Pekins—what a disgrace!' Yes, all of the villagers chimed in unhappily, the Village-of-the-Five-Babies would be their new, and notorious name. They howled with unhappiness and threw bigger stones at the woman's hut.

'If I had a wife like that,' Mombai said, 'I'd give her poison to drink. Come let us now be off up river. Let us be the first to report just what happened to Ah-Tu-Den-Du!' #




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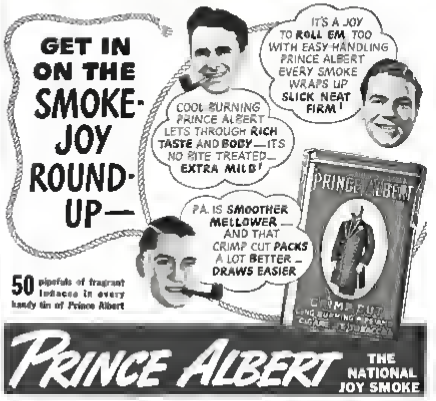


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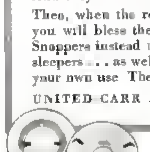

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## Take These Things Hence

*Continued from page 44*

really do you a world of good."

"No thanks."

"Out here I can fill the flask every day. Things are different when you are in the front. They are not stingy out here. Double rations. How do you like it?"

"I don't know. I'm too tired to know."

"Take a spot of rum, it will buck you up."

But he still refused.

"These are better trenches than we had last time. Much cleaner. Everywhere you look you see sandbags. And clean dugouts with iron cots, double-deckers. And the boys left it nice for us. Guess they had nothing else to do."

We had come into this front line just before dusk. The fields ahead were green. The trees were green. It was clear to anyone that here was virgin ground, not a shell hole or even a gun spatter to mar nature's beauty. It is just as we heard. Not a shot had been fired.

The last rays of the sun seemed to outline all forms with a soft orange crayon. The branches pinned before us to conceal the edge of the trench from peering enemy eyes presented a mad entanglement of orange and black. If one looked hard and long at this jumble one would be certain to discover faces, castles, letters of strange alphabets, scenes from old books, or almost anything at all.

As it grew darker the dead branches before us took on the appearance of wrought iron. Somewhere beyond this black grille was entrenched the enemy.

"How far away?" Michael asked.

"Perhaps a mile, perhaps two, maybe even three. Who would know? What the hell difference does it make! You always begin with plenty of room."

He gazed across the green land ahead of us between the tangled branches and brown crumbled leaves. It was all new and strange. We had had a long day and were very tired. His eyes seemed to close. He was thinking of something far away. The last rays of the setting sun seemed to brush the soft edge of his cheek and light up the little blond hairs still untouched by the razor. He was young. Pretty soon, I thought, they will be taking lads out of kindergarten.

"Well, this is the place," I said.

"Could be much worse. We will be here a week or perhaps ten days. When is Sunday? Tomorrow? Yes, about a week and then we go back and perhaps get our three days' leave in Paris. A nice hot bath at the Ritz."

His eyes were shut. I don't think he was listening.

"Are you disappointed?"

"No."

"It's not what you thought it looked like. Any day it may change. Everything is now green and fresh but in one night, a good spray of machine fire and everything is changed. Even the trees take on a look of skinned rabbits. Things that are green suddenly become brown and the whole world seems different. Then you can even see much further for everything is leveled off and somehow more sharply defined."

He did not reply but his lips smiled and I knew he heard me.

"The first night," I said, "I always find it hard to sleep. But then you get used to it."

"I could go to sleep right now and . . . I wish, I wish . . ."

"What do you wish for most in the whole world?"

"Well, I wish I could sleep until this whole business was over."

"Wrap yourself up well and I will be right here. If anything is going on I will wake you up. You won't miss a trick."

I unrolled my blanket and stretched out across the bottom of the trench and he did the same and rolled in beside me.

In a sleepy voice I heard him whisper: "God bless you. Do kiss."

* * *

I dreamed . . . and it was wonderful.

Everything seemed so brilliant that your eyes were dazzled. A million diamonds were overhead sparkling and blinking. Sharp little darts of light shot here and there. I looked up and saw that all this gay dazzle came from a great crystal chandelier and I was standing in the lobby of the Ritz. This is the place! It hasn't changed in all these years.

A porter in smart livery took my pack and we walked toward the desk. The clerk placed the pad before me. "Room and bath for two." I said. I took the pen and wrote my name. "My friend will be along in a few minutes," I explained. "His name is Michael and you will know him. He is very young, clear blue eyes and his people live in Kent. He is the youngest son and his father is well known. The family have been on the land since the time of Cromwell. You can tell it in a glance. He reads Greek. You are certain to recognize him. Tell him that Donkey is upstairs waiting for him and give him the number of the room. He will come along very soon and while I am with him no harm will come to him. You see, I'm an old hack. And after the last war I came home and I married a nice girl and she had lost her father and two brothers in the war and we had all their medals in a picture-frame under glass. We wanted a kid and if she could have been certain it would be a girl, she would have gone through with it but . . . She was afraid. It's your own flesh and blood," she says. 'And you nurse him and wean him and fondle him and pour all your love over him and you sacrifice and spend your last penny to give him a chance in life—a bit of something, a little schooling, some neat clothes, a bicycle or whatever it is . . .' And then one day they take his measure for a free suit of khaki . . . And I'll be goddam," she says, "if I'll go through with it!"

"Hush," said the clerk. "Not so loud." And he pointed to the large hall beyond the elevators. I turned and started in this direction.

I walked on thick carpets between rows of beautiful marble columns in the direction he pointed. There were long rows of brilliantly lit crystal chandeliers which hung from the gold ceilings and mirrors here and there reflected a most dazzling gayety. I passed the place where the elevator opens its golden doors to take you to the floors above and stopped at the arch before the great banquet hall.

Here was a scene as gay as anything one could imagine. The ladies were in very low evening gowns and the gentlemen were all officers of high rank in fine tailored uniforms. At three long tables in the center of the room they were playing roulette. The croupiers wore black silk hats and were dressed in flaming red evening suits with tails. They had smartly waxed black moustaches and carried themselves with the suave air of a Mephisto. One of these gentlemen took charge of each of three tables and several dressed in similar fashion stood about at stalls where they changed money and sold and bought back the silver coins. There were rates on the wall at the far end of the room which were constantly being altered according to current fluctuations. These numbers showed Pounds into Francs, Francs into Marks, Marks into Roubles and every other currency of Europe was listed.

Money was piled high on the tables and everyone in the room seemed to have great sheafs of bank rolls in their hands. The clear ring of silver coins resounded in the air.

Music was playing, people were laughing and calling to each other. And there was one more thing about the scene which I noticed and this was the strangest of all. In one corner of the room were rows and rows of gilt cages with grey doves. And every once in a while some of these would be released and they would fly up and disappear through the ceiling. This I could not understand or explain but that is how it appeared in the dream. And suddenly a strange feeling came over me.

In spite of the gold, the crystal, the tall marble columns, the red brocades and carpets, the laughter and gayety—in spite of all before me—a strange shudder of horror crept through me.

I turned away and rang for the elevator to take me to some floor above. Slowly it descended and came to rest. The metal doors opened and I was about to step in but suddenly I saw His eyes and His head and His soft red beard. A soft light enveloped Him. He wore a long white robe and sandals. It was Christ Himself. And He walked with a quick determined step toward the great hall. Somehow I felt a little ashamed at having been found in a place such as this. I wanted to explain but there was no time. He brushed past me.

There was a sudden hush and people drew back. He walked up to the first table and overthrew it, and He did the same to the second and the third. And He went towards the booths of the money changers and pulled them down and everything was scattered wild across the floor. And He finally went to the corner of the room where stood the rows of gilt cages filled with doves and He said: "Take these things hence; make not my Father's house an house of merchandise." And He drove all the fine ladies and gentlemen out of the place, and they were glad to run to escape from Him. And those also in the red suits with tails they lost no time but fled with terror in their faces.

And all this occurred while I stood before the door of the elevator in the great lobby of the spectacular Ritz hotel. And in another minute He had returned and stood before me and said: "Why have you forsaken Michael? He is so young and he needs you."

"He is coming. He will be here soon."

But He shook His head slowly.

"You have forsaken him and he is so young."

"No, no. I will never leave him. He is like my own son might have been. I will never forsake him."

He passed by, shaking His head sadly.

The doors of the elevator closed behind Him and the elevator began to ascend and I could see the cables through the grille going up and up without end.

Oh it would be a long time before the car could come down again and I would have to wait all this time. It would be too long and I kept saying to myself, "I won't forsake him. I won't."

And then I became very impatient and refused to wait any longer for the elevator to descend. And just as I turned around to go I heard a great crash as though the whole civil building had suddenly collapsed.

A shrill whistle was blowing in my ear and I suddenly awoke. The dream was over.

* * *

The grey light of dawn was over us all and every man had jumped to his place. There was the droning noise of a plane above us and a sharp rat-tat of machine gun fire. Then came the dull pounding of our anti-aircraft cannon.

The captain said they were flying low, probably taking photographs in the early morning light. Someone fired and they fired back with a short hot spurt of their machine guns. No damage done, no one . . .

"Him? He's tired. Probably never heard the whistle. Let the kid sleep. He was all in when we got here last night. And it's his first night in a trench."

But the captain pointed with his finger. There was blood on the blanket, a small round stain the size of a silver coin. Michael was dead. #




STEP UP YOUR GAME

WITH WILSON "Professional-ized" SPORTS EQUIPMENT

No one knows golf and tennis equipment like the "professionals" who make their living with their golf clubs and tennis rackets. Equipment is *vital* to them.

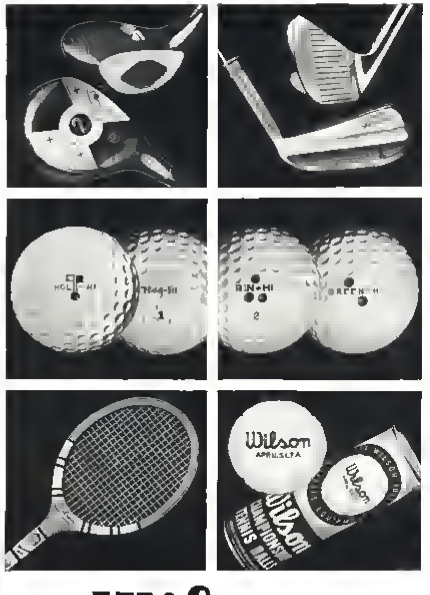
Wilson has made equipment for the world's great golf and tennis stars *for years*. Men like Guldahl, Snead, McSpaden, and Sarasen—like Ellsworth Vines, Don Budge, Bruce Barnes, and others—use Wilson Equipment *exclusively*.

And the same is true of leading women players of both golf and tennis. That is why *all* Wilson Golf Clubs and Tennis Rackets have a "professional-ized" *look* and *feel* that makes good play come easier.

*Step up your game!* Swing a Wilson "professional-ized" Wood or Iron—or a Wilson "professional-ized" Tennis Racket. See if you do not note the difference. Then take your Wilson Equipment out on the course or courts and put it to the *playing* test. You'll *love* it.

There are Wilson "professional-ized" Golf Clubs and Tennis Rackets at prices to suit all players and purses. Preferred by those who know. Featured wherever fine sports equipment is sold.

Players pictured above in order shown, are Ellsworth Vines, Bruce Barnes, Gene Sarasen, Helen Hicks and "Jug" McSpaden. These players are retained on Wilson's Advisory Staff.




Wilson

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

WILSON SPORTING GOODS CO. • *Chicago, New York and other leading cities*

# Good Judges of Fine Bourbon Whiskey always look for this Signature

*If you've a liking for fine Kentucky bourbon, then Old Taylor is made to your order. It is distilled in the heart of the famed bourbon country from the choicest grains money can buy. And for more than a half-century, it has held true to the high standards of a master distiller, the late Colonel E. H. Taylor, Jr., whose bold signature has endorsed this rare bourbon since the first barrel went to the rackhouse.*

Copyright 1940
National Distillers Products Corp.,
New York

## American Sugar Daddy

*Continued from page 43*

to lower their prices to subscribers When prices dropped, a barrier to really large circulation disappeared Furthermore it was more profitable—since space rates go with circulation—to sell to a large number at a low price than to a smaller number at a higher price But by hit, this situation put pressure on contributors to write for larger and yet larger groups in a low-priced, freely illustrated magazine

On account of that new demand for circulation, the slick contributor, like the ad copywriter, was called on to write copy that all could understand and that none could stop reading After the Civil War, about the time *Scribner's* was getting ready to bust the advertising dam, Godkin of the *Nation* complained "It is very difficult to get men of education in America to handle any subject with a light touch. They all want to write ponderous essays if they write at all"

The ad copywriters soon learned the trick Before 1900 the following phrases were in use

You press the button, we do the rest (*Kodak*)
See that hump (*Dr Long Hook and Fye*)
It floats (*Ivory Soap*)
Don't be a clam. (*Frank Siddall's Soap*)
Works while you sleep (*Cascarets*)
Pink pills for pale people (*Dr. Williams Pills*)
Yours for health. (*Lydia Pinkham*)
For that tired feeling (*Hood's Sarsaparilla*)

By 1938, you find the copywriter already nostalgic Speaking for Fuller Smith and Ross he told in *Fortune's* ad columns the trade secret of his art

"Little words have guts '

'An idea is simple and can be told simply Only hazy ideas need many words . . . If we know just what we want to say, there is bite and power in our words as 'Go to Hell' but when thought is muddy, writing is a row of tired phrases."

'Words were meant to talk with Writing was an afterthought A word is a grunt with meaning '

"People don't mind long copy if it is easy to read Lucid jolting little groups of words are like candy When one pleases you eat another '

'Ideas said simply sound honest and are believed "

"Little words have guts."

It took half a century for advertising to become self-conscious enough to advertise advertising with copy that was simultaneously an example of the art, a lesson in the method, a eulogy of the technique and a sales talk on the advisability of advertising None the less the rules of the game as made clear in this bit of modern copywriting were already at work in the Lydia Pinkham era.

The economy of style and singleness of mind displayed by the ad copywriter were an example and like as not also a thorn to the regular contributor Furthermore that contributor's editor was insisting that he be simple in thought and simple in phrase, continuously agreeable and frequently hot Out of this requirement arose the giants of the slicks—Jack London Harold Bell Wright Zane Grey, Gene Stratton Porter, Booth Tarkington These were the days of Gibson and Harrison Fisher

Next in the period between John Held Jr and Petty, the American Girl began to undress and as she did so new groups of writers moved into the adjacent columns—apart from the vortex of twentieth-century American journalism a star reporter, Ernest Hemingway an ex-assistant editor of the *Uncle Remus Magazine* and editorial writer for the *Sun*, Don Marquis a small town editor and dramatic critic, Willa Cather, a sports writer, Ring Lardner the ex-editor of a slick Theodore Dreiser, and a gag writer for *Puck* and *Life* and ex-advertising man, Sinclair Lewis. All of these writers had served apprenticeships on newspapers or slicks, in other words in advertising's get-circulation school The little-words-have-guts philosophy had really got going, and the little-words-get-readers was not forgotten

When advertising with the aid of the slicks, knifed Emerson and Godey's Lady, it provided the means for a break between English and American writing

Optimistic America wanted this break only those who became thoroughly exposed to Britain such as James Adams and Eliot, accepted the narrowing road of the English tradition which faced the end of the trail and led to a melancholy obscurity or into the arms of God For Americans unwilling to shoulder the problems of the British Literary Empire advertising provided a safe and lucrative asylum They could go in for copywriting or for objective potshots at the bedtime Cinderella audience—the stories that brought readers in to the ad-copy There was a knack in the making of this Cinderella sandus and the best American writers learned it

In the field of literature and journalism, then we find that the advertising giant's money provided large and fertile fields for the whole school of modern American writing From Jack London through Booth Tarkington, John Dos Passos and Ernest Hemingway and up to such super-slicks as the *New Yorker* and *Esquire* with writers like Saroyan and Thurber—advertising bought the drinks and didn't care what they cost so long as they were intoxicating to a lot of people

It was the same mainspring that was behind the growth of the Yellow Kid into a Pop-eye advertising money and advertising's heightened pressure for circulation Without such a mainspring,



we might not have had the twentieth century's great new art, the animated cartoon nor yet the unequal and unclassifiable but wholly visible school of modern American writing

The progress of Art paralleled the progress of comics and slicks Advertising patronized Art, both directly, as in the case of the commercial artist who is analogous to the ad copywriter and indirectly as in the case of the illustrator who is analogous to the Harold Bell Wrights. The classy illustrators of the early nineteen hundreds were enormously respected A few of them F O C Darly, Winslow Homer, Frederick Remington, Howard Pyle began what has since become known as "an American style"

Their point of view, subject matter and naturalistic treatment are characteristic of American painting today

The illustrators had their subject matter determined for them by the writers. In the course of time they got to like it Art critics assured the world that subject matter was not important composition and technique were what mattered That did not confuse advertising managers and editors For them subject matter and point of view were bait composition came afterwards Magazine editors knew you couldn't catch mice by hanging mistletoe on the trigger of your trap Little words got readers and so did simple technique and the familiar subject matter

With an eye on circulation, magazine editors are giving space to pictures by Grant Wood and Paul Sample to the familiar Mark Twainish exaggerations of Thomas Benton and James Daugherty and to the hogs, horses and cyclones of John Steuart Curry—modern extensions of the barnyard chromos of almost a hundred years ago The bait is good a school has been made

The figures on them modern American canvases move with the same grotesque vitality that animates the giants of the comic strip world The man and wife of Wood's *American Gothic* are the country cousins of Moon Mullins (It is not surprising The creator of Moon Mullins has been a barker at country fairs ) It is all one art Wood Benton and Sample Li'l Abner Barney Google and Popeye

It all holds the same energy and it is all part of advertising's bloodless revolution Once again the advertising sugar-daddy and provided the means by which American Art was able to dodge the dead end of melancholy obscurity

While Europe tried surrealism America went back and took up where the American primitive had left off

Without advertising, America would nonetheless have receded from the spare intellectualism of Concord and Cambridge The popular and crass movement was in the deck from the start For jazz—which is analogous to strips and slicks—was launched without the aid of advertising allowances. The issue was whether this revolt was to take the form of mere regional insanity or become a national urge

Though every mailman with a whistle could carry news of a new tune the rise of jazz really dates from the popularization of the Victrola and the consequent creation of a circulation problem In these days advertising could do no more than contribute a slogan —"His master's voice" In the end however Industry invented radio—and the advertising manager at once became ragtime's wealthiest patron

At first advertising only made the thousands of special insanities of Tin Pan Alley into one big case of drunken driving on the air It introduced the evils of big business into what had been an artisan's heaven, but it also gave tremendous momentum as well as new direction to our Tin Pandemonium

Advertising seasoned and restrained stabilized and gave weight to what was becoming too specialized a lunacy

While *Alexander's Ragtime Band* in the movies was burying jazz, radio advertising made swing a national fad rather than a fan's fad

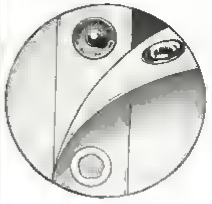
The harmonica the jew's harp and the accordion are returning after the intellectuals' purge Without *Show Boat*, would we ever quite understand the Big Apple? The return of the ballad under Maxine Sullivan sprang from the school of the high hillbillyism which radio advertisers founded with such hours as Snow Village and Death Valley So with the aid of the advertisers' money music developed the broad base which a robust muse should have—an aspect which cannot be wholly ignored even though the critics neglect it.

In a much looser sense than is the case with the other arts, advertising has fostered architecture The Chrysler and Empire State Buildings and all the lesser skyscrapers are at heart only glorified billboards. They are not the product of the advertising departments but they are the product of the same idea—monuments to the decade in which Commerce and Industry forgot that they were mortal. The next best advertising teaser after America's knowing virgin, the American Girl was a set of skyscrapers jumbled, irregular and beautiful like gigantic chess pieces left locked in their final checkmate upon the chessboard

Advertising steers us into the future It makes over our civilization and our torsos as it goes. In the advertising pages the American Girl is perennial She still goes back to the clipper ship days she is still a mermaid above the waist well-shaped and slacks but in the next column the skyscraper is losing ground to the washboard belly of the American

*Continued at top of page 146*

*"Take a tribute to Shorts with 'Grippers'!"*



• Why should millions of men be enthusiastic about a *little* thing like GRIPPERS fasteners on shorts?

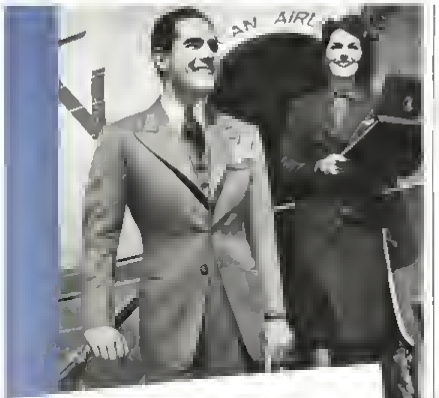
Why? — Because GRIPPERS are mighty important when it comes to peace of mind ! No buttons to rip off—no torn button holes to mend GRIPPERS are neater and more convenient, in the bargain!

It's just common sense to insist on these obvious advantages Ask your dealer for shorts with GRIPPERS today And be sure you get genuine GRIPPERS—tested and proved in actual use for over four years.

***GRIPPERS**

**the snap fasteners that end "button bother"!*

SCOVILL MANUFACTURING CO., WATERBURY, CONN.



WHY IS SPUN RAYON

RIVERCOOL

SO TERRIFICALLY POPULAR?

A French Marquis going through New York on a trip around the world, stops to buy three suit lengths of Rivercool to be made up by his Paris tailor.

An officer in the diplomatic service in the Orient writes half-way around the world for a Rivercool suit.

The President of one of America's great corporations wears Rivercool—and a month later 200 men in his organization have followed suit.

Why? It's not just because Rivercool is low in price. It's not merely because Rivercool requires no more dry cleaning than your finest worsted suiting. It's because Rivercool is the lightest, coolest, smartest looking fabric that's ever been made for summer suits and slacks. Ask your local dealer for Rivercool suits and slacks.

CREASE-RESISTANT

RIVERCOOL


## American Sugar Daddy

*Continued from pages 43-145*

youth. There are threats even to the washboard belly. For example the streamlined train—that Monel Metal eel sliding along the creases in the country-side—is a favorite theme. The streamlined train does not usually sell us a quick trip to Chicago but rather a fountain pen or a bull bearing. Nonetheless, a demand for the train or the belly is established and it is the commercial artist's boss who forces the step.

The whole technique of commercial advertising has ended by channeling our ways of thought. Having gained the nation's ear it has exercised the nation's mind, made more extravagant our taste in humor, built up our love for the catch phrase, refined our taste in slang making it stimulatingly far-fetched. Hemingway's he-said-she-said style has its roots in the same ground as Rinso's housewives. The Freudianness of Thurber has a relation to "See That Hump."

From the clipper ship to the Chrysler Building, from Winslow Homer to Paul Sample, from the mermaid to the girl in a Jantzen, from Jack London to James Thurber, from Autocault and the Yellow Kid on woodpulp to Disney and Mickey on the silver screen those arts which have been strongest and most original in America are the arts which have also been financed by the advertising industry. Even the movies have taken much of their inspiration and strength from the parallel course of the commercial art renaissance.

America owes most of its Art, then, for the last half-century, to the advertising giant. The one thing that he demands has been a very healthy ingredient—great popular appeal.

So now it has become suddenly clear that the Art he did so much to foster and which with him was a form of cynical and desperate expediency in retrospect acquires charm, depth and facility. Already we are beginning to see that we have just lived through one of the world's great periods. Already we are nostalgically burying copper cylinders full of accounts and pictures so that the archeologists who will unearth the seven cities of New York will know that ours was indeed a golden age—sponsored by that prince of sugar daddies, Mr. Advertiser. ##

## Esquire on the Record

*Continued from page 103*

*to weep*
*And then Pretty Polly she fell asleep*
*I threw dirt over her and turned away to go*
*Down to the river where the deep waters flow*

Accompanied by such instruments as might be gathered around a campfire, there are songs of the outdoors, of railroaders, coal miners—*The Death of Floyd Collins*—of farmers and their issues. Friends:

*Bell Weevil and to the farmer*
*Better sell yo' el' machine!*
*When I get all through with you,*
*You can't buy no gasoline*

. . . And a ditty that would be popular in Reno of 1940:

*I married me a wife and then*
*I married a wife, the bane of my life,*
*I wish I was single again.*
*My wife she died and then*
*My wife she died and I laughed till I cried*
*Now I was single again.*
*I married me another*
*I married me another, the devil's grandmother,*
*I wish I was single again.*

* * *

For Moderns:

*Ernest Bloch: Sonata.* Played by Josef Gingold violin, and Beryl Rubinstein, piano. Victor M-498. First-rate performance of a 20-year-old testament by the notable vendor of cuckoo clocks, lecturer on metaphysics, pedagogue and composer. "With an architectural mastery not inferior to that of the great composers of the past with subject matter and a vision owing nothing to any other artist this tremendous sonata gives an overwhelming impression of the play of elemental and ruthless forces. The obstinate violence of the opening movement and the massive brutality of the closing one are crushing in their effect, and this is hardly surprising, since the first suggests the idea of man buffeted in the clutch of uncontrollable powers while in the third is pictured a scene of deliberate and pitiless slaughter." The rest you can imagine.

*Jean Francaix: Trio in C major for violin, viola and 'cello.* Pasquier Trio. Columbia Set X-130. Early work of Mlle Nadia Boulanger's present protégé.

*Charles T. Griffes: The White Peacock*, Opus 7, No. 7. Howard Barlow and Columbia Broadcasting Symphony. Columbia 17149-D. Most popular of the four *Roman Sketches* orchestrated.

*Roy Harris: Symphony for Voices on Poems of Walt Whitman.* The Westminster Choir directed by John F. Williamson. Victor M-427. America's pioneerman treats America's bard to a symphonic setting of excerpts from *Leaves of Grass*. Alternately strong and tender, painful and arrogant, this music springs from the deliberate uncouthness of Whitman's work.

*Paul Hindemith: Quartet* (strings). The Coolidge Quartet. Victor M-524. Sauey, rhythmic—not Hindemith's best.

*Gustav Holst: The Planets* (Suite of seven tone-poems). London Symphony Orchestra conducted by the composer. Columbia Set 359. An ambitious subject in an old recording—but the only one you are ever likely to hear.

*Prokofieff: Concerto No. 2.* Played by Jascha Heifetz and the Boston Symphony Orchestra,

*Continued on page 148*

*"The gentleman over there would like to know if you can spare one?"*

*Suit the music to your mood*

**WITH VICTOR RECORDS**

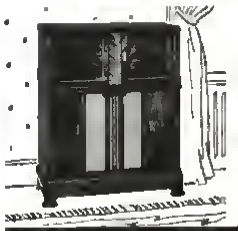
Tonight one of the great symphony orchestras under a world renowned conductor can transport you to a magic world of music. You have only to wish, and it happens, with Victor Red Seal Records. Or perhaps you want to see again, with memory's eyes, a colorful and exotic ballet. The music on Victor Records recreates it for you. Then again, dance music may be your desire—the newest tunes by the world-renowned dance bands, or favorite old numbers that you want to recall. Here, too, your wish is instantly granted with Victor Records. Victor Record music is music just for you, music attuned to your mood, and that means music at its most pleasurable.

Today or tomorrow, go to your RCA Victor music merchant's, and choose from the Victor Record Catalog the recordings of some of your favorite music. Hear it on an RCA Victrola in his shop, and learn the unequaled pleasure of enjoying the music you want, when you want it!

*The Musical Masterpiece of the Month*
Symphony No. 1 in G Flat Major ("Spring") (Opus 38) (Schumann) The Boston Symphony Orchestra under direction of Serge Koussevitzky Album M-655 (Also available in automatic sequence) 8 sides $9.00

Get the new RCA Victor Long Life Needle with precious metal tip. Saves records and brings out finest tone. $1.00

*The World's Greatest Artists are on Victor Records*



Genuine RCA Victrola
Model U-45
with automatic record changer

This brilliant instrument combines record and radio entertainment. It has a newly designed Cradle Action Automatic Record Changer, powerful Push-Pull Audio System for brilliance at low or high volume. Radio with Push Button Tuning and built in Magic Loop Antenna is designed for use with Television Attachment and gets American and foreign stations. — $225.00

Trade marks "Victor" "RCA Victor" and "Victrola" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by RCA Mfg. Co., Inc. For finest radio performance, RCA Victor Radio Tubes. You can buy RCA Victrola on C. I. T. easy payment plan. *Trade Mark. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice.

**RCA Victrola**
COMBINES RECORD AND RADIO ENTERTAINMENT
A Service of the Radio Corporation of America


## Esquire on the Record

*Continued from pages 103 146*

Serge Koussevitzky conducting Victor M-450. Mr. Heifetz sketches what he classes as one of the five or six great violin concertos. Fresh, stimulating, logical, sensitive convincing it is welcome to those who can stand a rest from Brahms Beethoven and Mendelssohn.

*Stravinsky: Symphonie des Psaumes* Stravinsky conducting the Stravinsky Orchestra and chorus Columbia Set 162. Not a new recording of the 53-year-old Revolutionist's religious outbursts! Composed in 1930 "to the Glory of God" and dedicated to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The text is from the Vulgate.

• • •

*Indian Love Lyrics from "The Garden of Kama"* Song by Nelson Eddy Columbia X-150. Amy Woodforde-Finden's setting of *The Temple Bells, Less Than the Dust, Till I Wake*, and the perennial *Kashmiri Song*. "Pale hands I love beside the Shalimar" Should please his fans. Connoisseurs expect more.

• • •

Recording artists have little idiosyncrasies when performing for the studio mike. Tommy Dorsey has a special raised platform for his trombone solos. Hal Kemp conducts with the index finger of his right hand. Clinton sets the rhythm by nodding his head. Bea Wain invariably wears a sunbonnet in contrast to Dorothy Lamour who prefers a kerchief wrapped around her head.

Swing is on the way out, according to "Pappy" Whiteman. "There's not the slightest shadow of doubt," says he, "the college kids already look upon swing as high-school stuff. There is a deep-seated romantic sentiment about college days and college dances that swing just doesn't seem to fit in with."

### BEST SELLERS

*Permanent* — *Transient*

**RCA Manufacturing Co., Camden, N. J.**

**(RED SEAL)**

*Blue Danube Waltz* (J. Strauss), *Tales from the Vienna Woods* (J. Strauss), Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. 15425

*Tristan and Isolde*—Prelude—Liebestraucht—Liebestod, (Wagner), Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. 15202-15206

*Peter and the Wolf* (Prokofieff). Serge Koussevitzky & Boston Symphony Orchestra. 15442-15444

*Concerto in D Major for Violin and Orchestra* (Brahms), Jascha Heifetz & Boston Symphony Orchestra. 15525-15530

*Lily Pons in Song*. Lily Pons. 15610-1905-1918-1992

**(VICTOR)**

*Woodpecker, Tavern Waltz*, Will Glahe. V 743

*The Little Red Fox, It's My Turn Now*, Hal Kemp. 26416

*My Silent Moon, Tosella's Serenade*, Larry Clinton. 26417

**(BLUEBIRD)**

*Careless, Vagabond Dreams*. Glenn Miller. B-10520

*Indian Summer, Farewell Blues*, Glenn Miller. B-10495

*All In Fun, All the Things You Are*, Artie Shaw. B-10493

**Rabsons Music & Camera Co., Inc.**
**111 West 52nd Street, N. Y. C.**

*Symphony No. 5* (Sacostakowles), Leopold Stokowski & The Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-618

*Othello*—Abridged Version (Verdi), Tibbett, Martinelli, Jepson etc., & Members of the Metropolitan Opera Chorus & Wilfred Pelletier & Orchestra. Victor M-620

*Ave Maria* (Schubert), *Gretchen Am Spinnrade* (Schubert), Dorothy Maynor & Arpad Sandor. Victor 15752

*Rodgers & Hart Album*. Lee Wiley with Joe Rushton's & Max Kummsky's Orchestras. Rabsons R-1

*Willie Howard Album* (*French Taught In A Hurry, Comes The Revolution* etc.) Gala Album No. 1

*Streamlining Your Hips & Thighs*, Wanda Bowman Wilson. Victor P-8

*But in the Morning, No!*, Charles Baum & Hotel St. Regis Orchestra. Royale—1800

**Helen Gunnis Record Shop, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.**

*Quartet No. 1 in C Minor* for Piano and Strings (Gabriel Faure). Columbia M-265

*Scenes from Hamlet and King Richard II* (Shakespeare), Marmion Evans. Columbia Sets M-303 & 340

*Blue Danube Waltz* (Strauss) Lily Pons. Victor 15610

*Xavier Cugat's Album of Latin and American Music*. Victor P-9

*You Tell Me Your Dream, My Heart Is In Vienna Tonight*, Wayne King. Victor 26441

*Deep Night, Starlit Hour*. Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26445

*In The Mood, I Want To Be Happy*, Glenn Miller. Bluebird—10416

**Meier & Frank Company, Inc., Portland, Oregon.**

*Johann Strauss Waltzes for Dancing*. Decca Album 5

*The Lord's Prayer, Just for Today*. John Charles Thomas. Victor 1736

*Finlandia*—Parts 1 & 2, Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 7412

*720 In the Books, El Rancho Grande*, Jan Savitt. Decca 2771

*Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, Oh!, How Many Times*, Orrin Tucker. Columbia 35228

*Cars Bars Bim Yodelin' Jive*, Bing Crosby. Decca 2800

NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER

THE NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY ▼ BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

▼ ▼ BREWED FOR THAT GROUP OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO VALUE FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP ▲ ▲

## with the greatest of ease

With mother earth's ample lap to sit on, this daring young man with a cheese sandwich has to do it the hard way. We don't know whether the seat cane supports him in a style to which he is accustomed, but let's give him the benefit of the doubt. His sense of balance seems to be well up to par, both kinesthetically and sartorially. And that in case you don't know, brings us to a description of his thoroughly countrified outfit. Ease and informality are the keynotes here, the centerpiece being the three-button single breasted tweed jacket with side vents. A tweed cap, tan Glen plaid shirt, red tie with yellow spots, velvet cord breeks, ribbed wool hose and reverse calf chukka monk-front shoes round out the ensemble. The main thing to be said about the fellow in the background is that he believed the weather report—hence the cotton gabardine raincoat.

*(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*



## Home Ties of a Human Cannonball

*Continued from page 65*

out of the machine shop were cutting, shaping and electrically welding sheet metal into patterns and things that looked like part of Grover Whalen's fair. A brand new modernistic circus was being designed, fabricated and rehearsed at one and the same time.

After a while one of the workmen, short and slightly bald, face greasy and dripping with sweat, came over to inquire deferentially if it would be too much of an inconvenience to move the car slightly so that the cannon might be brought out for practice. The car was moved and out backed the huge piece of apparatus that had been viewed at long range by millions and had made the Zacchinis famous and rich. Mounted on a truck chassis, it was steered over to the vacant lots and aimed at a distant net.

The sweaty individual with the flying thin black hair and tanned scalp was thereupon asked if it would be too great an inconvenience to secure an audience with the renowned Hugo. The sweaty individual wiped his brow with a sleeve and grunned: "It is me, maybe, that you wish to see?"

So Hugo related how, with all the country to choose from, he had come to Tampa to live.

"You think it funny, but I tell you. As a *bambino*—you know, a little boy, in Rome I read that book by Jules Verne who wrote that a great cannon was set up at Tampa in America which shot people to the moon. He call his book, I think, *Dalla Terra Alla Luna* and maybe I get my idea for my cannon from it.

'Anyway, when I come to America I think about Tampa, and one time when the circus play in the South, I slip away and come to Tampa to see. I say, this is the place. Jules Verne writes about a cannon that shoots people into the air from Tampa. I invent one that that does that thing. My cannon must be here.'"

Hugo's eyes became retrospective. His gaze shifted to the distant skyline of the city. Then his expression changed. He pointed to the outline of buildings. "Every city has those," he said. "Every city has a fine post office, but only Tampa has Zacchini. Nobody come to see those buildings. Everybody that hear about Zacchini come to see him."

Hugo spoke simply. There was no rancor, only the hurt voice of incomprehension.

From across the lots came two dull explosions, and through the air zoomed two bulky sacks, substitutes for human cannonballs at rehearsals, which landed in the net, a distance equivalent to an ordinary city block away. The reports were not loud, for gunpowder, which adds noise, smoke and realism, is not used in the daily rehearsals of the cannon.

These tests, Hugo explained, were necessary as the complicated mechanism must be kept in perfect working order. Nothing must be left to chance. One little oversight could easily mean death.

Hugo had invented the cannon and with the help of the family had also assembled it. "We are all fine mechanics, engineers and artists," he said. "We design and build everything, and everything is figured out scientific. It is a great thing to make a cannon that will shoot two men into the air gently and safely so they won't be harmed."

Asked if it was patented, Hugo shook his head. "Nobody would want to build one. They try to imitate Zacchini's old cannon, but I invent this double-shot one; they don't try that. It cost $60 000 but I would not sell it for $200 000." He shrugged. "Why should I? It makes me $40 000 a year."

The original single-shot cannon is still in use, however. This now belongs to Edmundo who, with brother Vittorio, takes it on a separate shooting tour. Hugo himself no longer plays the part of projectile. "They shoot me out for fourteen years," he stated, "now I let the other boys have their turn."

The real danger of the act, it appeared, was not to be shot out but to be left stuck in the cannon. Fumes from the exploded gunpowder would cause death from asphyxiation if the hapless human duid were not quickly removed. This has happened three times: once to Hugo and twice to Emmanuel, the second time to Emmanuel at the DeSoto exposition at Tampa a year ago last February.

The gun uses compressed air for ammunition and the two plungers that catapult the Zacchinis into the net operate under 7 000 pounds' pressure generated by twelve pumps. Earlier in the week at the exposition one of the pumps had been shot out along with the human bullets and nearly hit Bruno, the trigger man in the head. Repairs had been made, but Bruno was not satisfied and he warned Emmanuel. "I told him he was taking a chance, but Emmanuel is a courageous cannon man and he said 'Okay' and went ahead."

So after much aiming and consulting of gauges and other instruments Bruno pulled the trigger. There followed but one bang and one Zacchini, Mario, rocketed high into the blue, but Emmanuel, first to go in and last to come out, still beating Mario to the net by describing a lower trajectory, failed to whiz past as scheduled. Mario noting this bounded from the net and made a dash for the cannon which Bruno was frantically lowering. Other performers rushed to the stage and spectators wring their hands and hid their faces.

Bruno dived head-first into the cannon's smoking mouth and dragged out a very groggy brother. Emmanuel, lungs filled with carbon monoxide gas, resulting from

*Continued on page 152*

*Clark Gable as Rhett Butler from the Selznick International Picture GONE WITH THE WIND produced by David O. Selznick & Metro Goldwyn Mayer release*

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WALKS THE FIRST TEN MILES

## Home Ties of a Human Cannonball

*Continued from page 63, 151*

the explosion of two pounds of gunpowder. Nevertheless Emmanuel, the true showman, took a staggering bow before being rushed home for treatment. A few more minutes in the cannon and there would have been six instead of seven Zacchini brothers.

Hugo is spokesman and business head of the several Zacchini families, which consist of father and mother Hildebrando Zacchini, seven sons, among whom Hugo is the eldest, two daughters, and enough grandchildren to make up an even twenty-five in all, not counting a man painting the roof of Hugo's house.

The man on the roof was only a friend and was not involved in the current litigation, but the fact that the paint was red and not very loud at that, had made it a subject for added complaint.

"He just stays with us," said Hugo. "We have many friends. We like friends. They like us, and they like it here, so they come. Some come for a week, maybe two weeks. They stay six months. Some they never go away."

There was no way of telling friends from the family, but over on the lots where several of the metal pylons for the new show glittered in the sun, were at least fifteen Zacchinis of both sexes and of all ages and sizes working out on the maze of apparatus. Though famed for the cannon act, the family is a complete circus in itself. From the kindergarten stage up, all members are performers.

On a tight wire a healthy young woman, without balancing rod or parasol, was turning handsprings.

"That is my sister," glowed Hugo. "She is a great artist." A younger girl was doing a toe dance on a large white ball and a tot of six was balancing herself on a rolling barrel. Everybody was busy and obviously having a good time.

"We do not train the children," declared Hugo. "They just play like other children. They like to imitate grown-up people. It is a game. They have fun, and after a while they are fine performers."

The sights on the Zacchini lot easily dwarfed the fanciful didos of the movie family in *You Can't Take It With You*, and it was suggested that Hugo might want to see the picture.

"I know," he chuckled. "My lawyer say, 'Hugo, I want you should go to a movie with me.' So he take me to that picture and he laugh and say, 'Hugo, that is you.' But all we do," he added ruefully, "is work and try to help people and they call us a Number One nuisance."

He beckoned to a little towheaded girl of about five, one of his nieces. "Come and tell the gentleman what you want to do when you grow up."

"I want to wash dishes," came back the quick response.

"But don't you want to be a gymnast?" Hugo prompted hastily.

The little girl nodded acquiescence. "But I want to wash dishes too," she insisted.

"She likes to help her mother cook," Hugo explained. "My wife," he added enthusiastically, "she is a wonderful cook. In the show business we meet people from every country in the world. They teach my wife to make their dishes and now she can cook in every nationality."

Reference to some newly planted shrubbery along the edge of the circus lots touched off the thing closest to Hugo's heart, the passionate Italian love for horticulture. From then on such bothersome things as carping neighbors ceased to exist. A fierce light kindled Hugo's eyes as he kicked the loose dirt at his feet.

"We tested this climate, and we tested this soil. I tell you, before we come. It will grow everything in the world. I, myself, have invented a secret fertilizer," he went on excitedly, "that will make roses bloom for a hundred years, or forever. Come now, I will show you!"

Hugo led the way to the front lawn. If the rear of the Zacchini premise was a matter for complaint, the front was certainly one for commendation. Luxuriant plants bordered the house and the fence was a sturdy hedge of roses bursting into bloom. The lawn, a rich green, was closely clipped. There had been a long dry spell but everything was well watered and fresh. Across the street, the park that had been violated by the goat was weed-grown, the grass parched and in places the ground bare for lack of attention.

"You see," exploded Hugo, indicating a rose bush with the stalk of a healthy young tree. "That is just a wild one, but look, how strong! That one will bloom next week, and with my fertilizer it will bloom every consecutive week for as long as I want it."

He moved to the side of the house and pointed to a row of leafless but vigorous saplings. "Cherry trees," he announced proudly. "They say you can't grow cherries in Florida, but that is one grand mistake. I get these from Italy, and you wait. Them will grow cherries."

Hugo went on explaining, at times his voice a caress as he tenderly lifted a blossom, again fierce with expostulation. It was a strain to reconcile this fervent little Italian with blaring bands and booming cannons when he got started on his favorite mania, and only the detection of a concrete fountain almost hidden among the shrubbery switched his enthusiasm. Water from the fountain trickled over a group of bas-relief figures, crudely modeled, but one sensed that they had been shaped by the hand of an artist.

"That is just a little thing I fix," confessed Hugo. "It is nothing. My father is a very fine artist. *Anch'io son pittore!* My father teach me in Rome. Now he paints



here. I do too sometimes."

One of the brothers called to Hugo and he had to leave, promising to show the pictures later. He was working against time, trying to get his new show assembled ahead of a threatening injunction.

An opportunity did not present itself to view the paintings until after the Zacchini Brothers' Show had taken to the road, two jumps ahead of a court order. Grandpa and Grandma Zacchini were then running the household and looking after the younger grandchildren.

Grandpa Hildebrando, progenitor of this amazing family, combining talent, daring and versatility, is a chunky, bald-pated little man with a ruddy complexion and bright eyes harboring a mischievous gleam. He looks nowhere near his seventy-odd years, and he speaks just enough English to explain and prove that he speaks no English. But he is nonetheless eloquent. There was no mistaking the gesticulated invitation to climb to the third-floor studio.

Grandpa is a product of the solid old Italian school in Rome but since coming to America has livened up his technique and now produces portraits, landscapes and allegorical scenes with equal facility. He paints anything that comes to hand. Lately he has turned to beauteous nudes, a turn that evidently evaded the vigilant eyes of the subdivision gentry. At least there had been no complaint.

Hugo's work is more in the modern manner and runs mostly to circus life, dressing-room scenes, clowns making up, preparations for the big parade, and many of the other hidden interludes of the big top. He is bolder and uses stronger color than his father but does not become garish in catching the theatrical flair of his subjects. He paints for the sheer pleasure of it, and there was enough of his work in the studio to put on a one-man exhibition at any time. Still, it is said that few except his intimates of the circus know that he paints at all.

Hugo's methods may be too academic for those who esteem dripping timepieces and some of the other kindergarten hieroglyphics of the modern school, but his work, aside from artistic quality, could easily acquire value as a first-hand recording of vanishing circus life. Also it is possible that the signature of the "human cannonball" on a painting might some day attain unique interest among the disciples of Magnasco.

Grandpa's output overflowed the studio and invaded the hallways and all the rooms of the house. He had even done a ceiling mural over the staircase and had added Barnum & Bailey trimmings to two fireplaces. Grandma Zacchini, a bit portly but with hair still black and eyes flashing, beamed and helped to show his work. From closets were produced stacks of oils, more from behind doors, and still more from under sofas. They covered the walls and every conceivable subject from the canals of Venice to the courthouse in Tampa, and ranged in size from dodgers to three-sheets. It was self-evident that Grandpa did little dawdling around the house. He was even then hunting for his hat to go downtown to buy more paint.

The Zacchini nuisance trial occasioned more newspaper notices than a political campaign. A notable thing about it was that not one of the score of witnesses who testified against them had a word to say about morals; there was no whisper of misconduct, as would be expected from strait-laced small-town suburban residents. Nothing worse than irrepressible energy seemed to have been the cause of all the protest.

On the other hand, friends and even residents of the section came forward to rebut their own neighbors, testifying that they had not been annoyed. One said he operated electric machines at his home and nobody had kicked. A radio technician reported that he had made tests and found no interference from the Zacchini machine shop, another that the Zacchinis clothed in rehearsal rompers and shorts to practice their aerial stunts were more fully clad than some other people he had seen in that vicinity.

Members of a near-by family said they knew the Zacchinis as "people of the highest type, keenly intellectual with lofty ideals and ambitions to be good citizens and neighbors, to benefit the community in which they lived and leave to posterity some worthwhile accomplishments and morals."

But there was still the goat. The garden club had spent seventy five dollars on shrubbery which the animal had been unable to distinguish from ordinary weeds. Besides, a goat was an obnoxious creature.

From then on things became technical. An expert witness was introduced to show that the goat was odorless, and for an hour or more the court and audience were subjected to an extensive and involved explanation of glands which boiled down to what seemed to come as a surprise to the legal talent for the complainants: that a lady goat has none of the malodorous attributes of a billy goat.

Still, it was maintained that the goat which had disappeared when the trial began had been hidden out and would be loosed again on the neighborhood when things quieted down.

Hugo was questioned about that. "After going through all this for one goat, you think we want to bring him back?" he exclaimed. As for the birds, the loudest, he said, were the whooping cranes which had been given to him by the city. "If anybody had come to me and said 'Hugo, those birds make a lot of noise,' I would have given them back right away. We want to please the neighbors. We want to be civic."

The aviary, with its removable glass roof to permit ventilation, contained at least 500 rare birds

*Continued at top of page 154*

(LEFT) For storm or sport, you can't beat this Galecoat by Alligator. Light weight, water rep. [illegible] $15.75. Above Stormtred cloth at $10.50 and Sandlus cloth at $12.50.

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## Home Ties of a Human Cannonball

*Continued from pages 65-151-153*

assembled by Hugo from all parts of the world, such as big-billed toucans from Ecuador, fruit pigeons in many colors from Australia, green jays from Asia, starlings from Africa, barbets from China and nightingales from Italy. The exhibit was free and attracted many school children and bird lovers, also sightseers who could not well ignore the outdoor activities opposite the bird building and this sometimes developed into traffic situations.

His proposed temples, Hugo related, were to be memorials to his father, but would be for the benefit of the public. They were to become a "Center of World Art," and would be the realization of a dream that he had cherished for many years. The three temples, designed along "naturalistic" lines by Hugo were to embody features attributed to the Garden of Allah, the Garden of Eden and the Garden of the Gods. Hugo had devised clay models and had named the trinity of weird structures the *Tempio della Fantasia*—Temple of Fantasy, *Tempio della Chimera*—Temple of Chimera and *Tempio del Sole*—Temple of the Sun. Plans called for elaborate landscaping, and the whole thing when completed promised to be as unique as Hugo himself.

But, a goat and a garden club are not to be ignored and civic virtue prevailed. The court ruled that noisy birds must be got rid of, no machines must operate after 5 p.m., circus equipment must be cleared from the lots next to the dilapidated Negro houses, the unfinished garage must not be finished and even the skeleton-start of one of the temples must come down. The court fixed a date for the cessation of all these alleged nuisances.

Hugo issued a statement that the order would be obeyed to the letter but "when we get branded in court as Public Nuisance Number One, there's nothing to do but move," he concluded sadly.

The properties were offered for sale, but the press put in a placating word: "We feel that there should be some measure of conciliation and compromise whereby these good people could be induced to change their decision . . ."

That took much of the sting out of defeat, and when it was learned that Hugo was not installing a permanent carnival back of his house but simply putting together a show to take on the road there was a general relenting. But Hugo was far from appeased.

The show was completed and took to the highway within the time allowed by the court. Five great red motor vans and two cancoes, with a Zacchini at the wheel of each, started out for a season of independent bombarding. In an official farewell Hugo let it be known that they would be back, but that there would have to be more enthusiasm if he were to go ahead with his temples. #

## It's Sporting To Guess Wrong

*Continued from page 52*

not employ a secret code. Those who can't write use a private language compared to which the headlines in *Variety* are reading material for the first grade. The reader who has not put in at least a year's preparatory training can never hope to find out from such articles what it's all about.

In America this code language is fortunately only a minor infection. In Europe, especially in Germany, it has become a major disease. All Germans are born experts and every German sports writer is a specialist.

Of course there are specialists in the sports journalism of every country. And naturally there are many in America, where certain sports have become far too big to allow those who write about them to take time out for other sports. But there is a difference between specialists from necessity and specialists on principle.

The specialist on principle can be spotted immediately by his use of a language which makes him totally meaningless to those whom he should inform. Further, he is unalterably opposed to all sports out of his private domain. A football specialist will prove to you on the drop of a hat why tennis or baseball or track is unworthy of the name of sport.

Such a fanatic is a frustrated sportsman. He hates all sports writers who can write. The fact that a man can write proves to him that he can't jump or run and that serves as proof that he should not be allowed to write about jumpers or runners—because he is no expert.

I have mentioned that in Germany this sort of thing has become a contagious disease. An interesting sidelight on this is the fact that during the last few years the Nazis have established training camps for sports writers—to all practical purposes concentration camps in which the writers live without any contact with their families or their newspapers and are trained in the sport they cover. Evidently the Nazis also believe that you can't write about sports without knowing how to do them.

Speaking of the Nazis leads me to the subject of corruption. It is difficult to talk about sports journalism without giving some account of bribery and corruption. In every country in the world the sports writing of all other countries is reputed to be rotten through and through.

In those countries where sport makes enough money to offer bribes, this might be true, although I confess that nobody has ever tried to bribe me. I mention this for the record, and I leave it to the reader to decide whether the promoters thought too highly of my character or not highly enough of my influence.

But whatever money does accomplish it is certain that there are better ways of influencing a writer's opinion. Rumors and "inside stories" are cheaper and bring more results—and no false sense of honor restrains a sports writer from printing them. There is no dearth of this kind of bribery in America.

Some years ago there was a moving picture about the life and tragic fate of a race horse. In this picture there was a crook who in order to turn a betting coup spread the rumor that a certain horse would win the next race. The horse—let us call her Betty Boop—was an outsider without the ghost of a chance.

The crook's gang was efficient and the odds on Betty Boop dropped steadily as more and more people put their money on her. But as the race was approached the con man completely forgot that he himself had started the favorable rumor and became worried and restless. Was it possible that all these people were wrong? Perhaps Betty Boop did have a chance after all! He became more and more confused and finally, only a few seconds before the barrier was lifted, he himself put his money on Betty Boop. She finished last of course.

This man could have been an American sports writer. He suffered from the disease of most sports writers—lack of memory. Nowhere in the world are so many superlatives used in writing as in American sports journalism. Merely good or bad fights never take place in America. There are only "the best middleweight fighter since Mickey Walker," or "the dullest match since Madison Square Garden was built." There is "the best forehand since Vines" or, "the most exciting race since the Olympic Games in Los Angeles."

During the last couple of years I have seen nominated as the best or the worst of all times at least three dozen boxers, baseball players, footballers, sprinters and swimmers.

And it's not only words they mean it. They rave about every game they see and really believe that they have seen sports history made.

There is the radio reporter who broadcast the Davis Cup Match from Philadelphia on September 3, 1939. When he literally said, "Compared to this fantastic battle the War of Nerves in Europe becomes a sham battle," he was I am sure quite honest.

This faculty for unrestrained use of superlatives is rooted in complete absence of memory. And it is his nonexistent memory which makes the American sports writer an easy prey for the tricks of publicity.

Sports writers know that before every one of Joe Louis's fights the public must be convinced that Joe Louis is not at all in form while his mediocre opponent is a magnificent boxer. When the Negro's managers begin to shake their heads and mumble that their man isn't showing up so well in training the journalists will smile ironically.

They know what's what. But as the day of the fight approaches the pressure increases. Joe Louis didn't work out at all yesterday. Why? Has he sprained his hand? Has he caught a cold?

Naturally there must be new tricks all the time. Before the last Armstrong-Ambers fight, for instance, Manager Mead wailed continually that Armstrong probably wouldn't be able to make the weight. The reporters chuckled. It seemed obvious that Mead was trying to whip up interest in the fight. The newspapermen didn't fall for such clumsy tactics. But suddenly the promoter, Mike Jacobs, stepped in and gave an interview in which he reprimanded Mead sharply for having harmed the prestige of his boxer in order to increase the gate. He said it wasn't at all true that Armstrong had any difficulties making the weight.

The journalists stopped smiling. Maybe there was something to it. With Mike Jacobs making such a statement perhaps Armstrong was having difficulties!

* * *

The most amusing press agent vs. newspaperman match was fought before the first Schmeling-Louis contest. When Schmeling came over everybody said he didn't have a chance. The press agent in Joe Louis's camp a man with the reminiscent name of Jesse Jones, wrote in every single press release that Joe Louis was not in form. The reporters jeered of course. For the sake of the gate Jesse Jones had to play down the invincible Negro.

Came the fight and Schmeling knocked out Louis. The sports writers were dumfounded. What was the explanation? Jesse Jones merely smiled and said classically, "I told you so."

Everybody guesses wrong. But it is undeniable that the American sports writer guesses wrong more often than not. Because he has no memory. Nine out of ten writers who pick the short straw on the eve of an event did actually choose the winner weeks or months before when they were not confused by rumors and publicity stunts. But at the last moment they forget all they knew and play hunches.

They disregard the facts and stake their prestige without turning a hair. Americans will perhaps be startled to learn that aside from horse racing there is very little direct tipping in the European sports press. Most continental sports writers get around it whenever they can.

The American sports writer cheerfully makes predictions because—and this is the best thing you can say about a sports writer—because he is a sport. #

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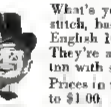

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## Take Another Bow, Honey!

*Continued from page 37*

she cannot decide whether she is Eleanor Roosevelt, Dorothy Thompson or Lonella Parsons, Mrs. Robinson still manages to be herself and to watch over Eddie's movie career. She reads all his scenarios and he makes no important decision without her advice. If he is to make a speech it is Gladys, the journalist, who prepares it with him.

Gladys Robinson is very proud of her husband and of his contribution to the cinema. She has said, "Eddie started every great cycle in pictures. He was the first one to play a gangster, in *Little Caesar*. He was the first to burlesque gangsters, in *The Little Giant*. He was the first to play a G-man, and now, in *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*, he is the first to do a genuine propaganda picture." Gladys is proud to say, "Take another bow, Eddie."

Freddie Bartholomew has been guided by his Aunt Millicent, with whom he went to live when he was three years old. His parents were willing to have Aunt Millicent rear their boy, and she has done a commendable job of it.

Millicent Bartholomew is a kindly, middle-aged English woman and the only love of her life is Freddie. She is responsible for his education, for the molding of his character and for his ambition to become an actor. She is always on the set with Freddie, although she never interferes with the director's instructions to the boy. She is content merely to watch, as if she is there to see that Freddie is a good boy.

It is at home that Aunt Millicent does her real work. She reads the scenario to Freddie, explaining the story and situations to him. Then Freddie reads for her the scene he is to play the next day. He reads it until Aunt Millicent is satisfied and then he goes to bed, placing the script under his pillow. He claims that this helps him to remember his lines. The following morning before going to the studio Freddie plays the scene from memory for Auntie.

Freddie is now in the awkward stage, growing rapidly. He is no longer the child who played *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and *David Copperfield*—no longer the boy who was given an allowance of five cents a day with a bonus of five cents the day after a successful preview of one of his films. Aunt Millicent is still guiding him, and it hasn't all been easy.

Freddie has appeared in almost as many law courts as pictures. Not long after he became a movie star his parents tried to regain custody of him from Aunt Millicent. They came to America for a series of legal battles that were recorded on all the front pages for many weeks. Freddie stood in the judge's chambers and told what his aunt meant to him. He said that he didn't mean to be unkind to his parents but that he scarcely knew them. It was Freddie's most touching performance. Aunt Millicent won the custody of Freddie Bartholomew.

Aunt Millicent has not been greedy in the process of guiding Freddie's career. As a matter of fact, she and the boy would be more secure financially today if she were a better business woman. She had signed a long-term contract at a low figure in order to get Freddie started in pictures. After the various law suits Millicent and Freddie had very little money left.

During the shooting of *Captains Courageous*, Freddie and his Aunt were living in a small house which had been furnished by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer property department. At the preview of the picture at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Freddie was cheered and applauded. The fans fought to get his autograph. Children in the crowds said to themselves, "I wish I could be like Freddie Bartholomew." After the applause was over, Freddie went home to sleep in a bed that was loaned to him by the studio property department. The kids who got his signature went home to sleep in their own beds.

Another boy actor who is a member of the "Take Another Bow" organization is Bobby Breen. He became a star because of his sister Sally.

She wanted to be a singer and played in a few small theatres in Toronto. Sally's parents objected to her going on the stage; they thought it a shameful occupation for a young girl. Sally believed that her brother Bobby, then aged five, had a good voice and began to coach him. Then she entered him in local amateur contests. Bobby didn't understand the lyrics he sang, but he would listen carefully to Sally and sing in parrot fashion after her.

When Bobby was seven years old, Sally, then eighteen, decided he was good enough for Broadway. She intended to see to it that Bobby had the chance she had missed. Sally took Bobby to New York from Toronto by bus. She rented a small room in an eighth-th street boarding house. From then on they spent their days going to theatrical agencies. Bobby sang ballad after ballad, but not an agent was impressed. Cute kids with pleasant voices were a dime a dozen.

But Sally kept trying, and the only thing Bobby knew was that he loved Sally and would do anything she said to make her happy. Sally's money started to run low. She had to get a job in order to pay for food and their room rent. She managed to get work as a cigarette girl in the Green Room of the Edison Hotel, where she stayed until three o'clock in the morning and then rushed home to wash Bobby's one suit and shirt, go to bed and be ready to start on the rounds with him again at nine o'clock.

Finally, Boris Morros arranged for them to go to Hollywood. Sally and Bobby arrived with letters to several casting directors but nothing happened until Bobby played a benefit performance at the Uplifter's Ranch. Eddie Cantor saw Bobby there, needed a youngster to sing on a Christmas broadcast and hired Bobby. He sang *Santa Bring My Mammy Back to Me* and was such a hit that Cantor adopted him as his radio son. From then on Bobby was in the money and the movies.

Sally is responsible for Bobby's career. She managed him, selected his songs, coached him in the singing of them, dressed him and fed him.

And Bobby worships Sally. He once said that he didn't dare fail because he couldn't hurt Sally's feelings.

A friendship that has blossomed into "take another bow" proportions is that between George Raft and Mack Gray, familiar in the movie columns and fan magazines as "The Killer." The French claim that no man is a hero to his valet, but Raft is a hero to Gray. Except that Mack is more than a valet to George.

Mack not only lays out George's clothes, but he also wears them. He not only runs George's errands, but goes on dates with him. Mack may take orders as a servant, but he also has the privileges of a best friend.

The Raft-Gray combination is a "we" relationship. After a preview of a Raft picture, "The Killer" has said, "We'll get the Academy award for that performance." If Raft refuses to play in a certain film, it is "The Killer" who tells the press, "We don't like the part and we ain't gonna play it."

Mack Gray started out to be a prizefighter, but a couple of fights changed his mind, and he became a fight manager. When Mack left for California with a fighter, the Broadway sports crowd told him to look up George Raft, one of their boys, who was now a picture star.

Mack went over to the Paramount Studios to see Raft, who was surprised that Mack didn't want to visit any movie sets; that in fact, he wanted nothing but to talk about prizefights.

When Mack's fighter lost several decisions and quit the ring, Mack asked Raft if he could stick around for a while. It happened that Raft had to make a personal appearance tour at this time. He wanted company and asked Mack to come along. On the train, when Raft wanted to introduce his companion to the press, he turned to Mack and asked, "What's your name?"

"Mack Green," was the reply.

"Green?" said Raft. "I can't stand that color." Then addressing the reporters, George said, "Boys, I want you to meet my secretary, Mack Gray."

Since then Mack Gray has had many titles, but he is usually referred to as George Raft's bodyguard.

Mack used to like that, but now, since he has started going about with glamour girls, he believes it is undignified.

A little over a year ago George gave Mack a present to help him win the glamour girls. Mack's original nose was a little off its course as the result of an early effort in the ring.

George took him to Hollywood's best plastic surgeon and treated Mack to a new nose. A few days after the bandage was removed, Mack, leaving the Brown Derby, got into an argument with a Vine Street hanger-on concerning Raft's acting ability.

One word led to another. Soon "The Killer" and the Vine Street rowdy ran out of words and were ready to climax the argument with their fists. There was only one drawback. Mack's new nose had not yet settled and one gentle push would send it running over his face.

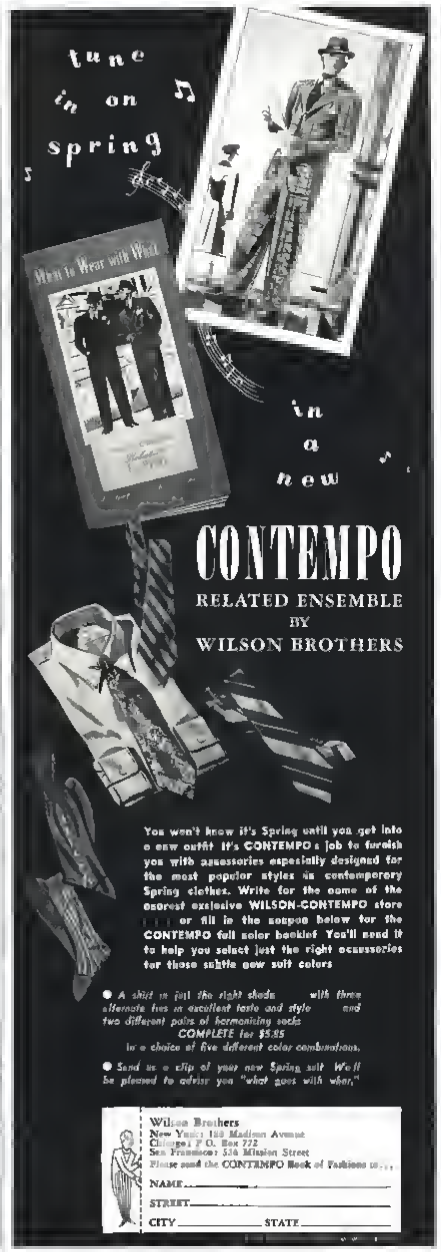
Raft, who was standing in the rear of the crowd that had gathered, stepped forward and socked Mack's opponent.

George Raft got into his only street brawl in Hollywood defending his bodyguard.

Mack reads the scripts of George's pictures. Raft asks him what he thinks of them, but he doesn't take "The Killer's" literary criticism very seriously. George's ego, however, is bolstered by the fact that Mack believes Raft is the best actor in Hollywood. Mack told everyone that George stole *Scarface* from Paul Muni, took *Souls At Sea* from Gary Cooper and had the edge on James Cagney in *Each Dawn I Die*.

"We certainly showed them guys up," said "The Killer."

Wouldn't Mack Gray, alias "The Killer," be startled to learn that he was only saying, "Take another bow, honey!" ###



*pat your face with a Breeze!*

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Men who desire to feel fit, to whom good taste means much, luxuriate in Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal Refreshant. It's like an ocean breeze mingled with the crisp, tangy fragrance of cool mountain air. You pat it on your face after shaving. You splash it on your body after a shower or a bath. You tingle with a fresh masculine glow — with a complete sense of well-being that says "Curtains" to cobwebs, and "Greetings" to that feeling of glad-I'm-alive. Deodorizes perspiration. Great after exercise and sports. Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal Refreshant will make you feel as good as you look — and look as good as you'd like to feel.

**the tingle-tang refreshant**

PINAUD
PARIS NEW YORK

*for close quick electric shaves*

Soon to the beds of men who now shave electrically is Pinaud's Set Up. Designed expressly for this purpose according to a scientific Pinaud formula, Set-Up conditions the face for the dry shaver. You rub it on beard — let dry — then shave. Almost magically, it erects each tiny hair, rendering the beard for a clean, perfect shave. Leaves the face with a pleasant after-glow and masculine scent. Set Up once used, becomes a delightful habit.


## Short Couples Have Fun

*Continued from page 75*

willing to believe the conservative Encyclopedia Britannica, you can learn what it means, for "a motorcycle can be ridden by anyone who is in possession of normal physical or mental powers." Take notes: "physical *or* mental powers." We say that you can learn to drive a cycle granted an above qualification, in fifteen minutes.

Since motors can't be rented the only proving ground will have to be the ride you might borrow or steal from some generous hound. If you succeed in begging one and the fellow is willing to teach you you're bound to become an overeight sucker for the thing.

Here's what your friend will do if he's a good instructor. He'll take you out on a highway or a dirt track early in the morning and let you hang on behind while he "lays" corners until your heart stops dropping into your stomach. You'll learn, it is hoped, to lean *with* him on the turns. When and if this stage is reached, he'll let you climb up ahead of him on the little jump seat or on the front part of the more comfortable buddy saddle while he handles the controls from behind. You'll be infinitely less scared up front, and eager to take over.

Say you learn the handlebars first. The left handle is your spark and hand-brake; the right is the throttle—unless it's the other way around. Makes differ. In any event, turn the handle toward you to increase speed, away to kill it. Condition yourself against "freezing" on the throttle before you tackle the next step. Or rather, try to condition yourself.

Your clutch pedal is under your left heel—unless, again, it isn't—and your shift lever is in front of you over the gas tank, with the same gears as your automobile excepting reverse. There are two kinds of clutch pedals: the standard, which is stiff, and the kind most hounds prefer, which is known as a "suicide."

As you shift, keep your other heel conscious of the foot-brake over the opposite footboard (that's getting around that left-right business); you may need it. Or your instructor may need it. Now, take it easy. Take the handlebars over and synchronize your movements slowly. You'll find your greatest difficulty in keeping your eyes on the road ahead.

All right, you're driving now, aren't you, and what's so hard about it? Oops—wound the throttle the wrong way that time and killed the motor. Oh, well, here's a good chance to learn how to start it. Quick—steady the damn thing. Joe—it's tipping over on me! If Joe isn't laughing too hard he'll flip out the jiffy stand and save you. You never knew an inert five or six hundred pounds could be *so* heavy—man alive.

Now you're ready to start it. Turn on the ignition. Turn the little valve under the frame down to let gas into the carburetor. Adjust the kick starter and jump down on it. Jump is the word, and jump hard. That starter can be temperamental as a horse, and probably will be, knowing you don't know how to boss it.

In the midst of your swearing consider the good old days when a "V" belt of rubber or leather (very slippery in wet weather) connected the engine direct to the back wheel. The engine couldn't run unless the motorcycle itself was in motion, so the only way to start the darn thing was for the rider to push it at a speed of six to eight miles an hour and jump on as soon as the engine fired—or caught fire.

Here's an important tip. After you've gotten astride and pushed up your jiffy stand to take off, be sure you lean your engine away from the clutch. This is because you'll shift into low gear to start with your heel depressing the clutch. If your motor starts to lean toward the clutch side you'll have to jerk that foot off to brace yourself. At this point it's too late to remember it is a "suicide," and *zoom*—off shoots your motor from under you, "doing a wing-ding."

Very well, students. Above you have the rudiments; now you may need a hypo. We know of nothing better for the purpose than the witnessing of your first T. T. road race. T. T. means Tourist Trophy, and it also means savage, A. M. A. sanctioned, grand run on a hilly dirt course by marathon daredevils. An afternoon of watching men spill, hop on that two-wheeled Juggernaut and spill again should drive all the sissy feeling about learning out of you.

Hop on behind your instructor of a Sunday afternoon and get into the stream of cars and cycles headed for the official rendezvous. On the way drop a tear for those goggled kids in the Model A who wave as you roar by; they're sure to be hounds without a mount.

When the dust from the procession of cars settles a little you'll see beer and hot dog stands dotting the hills, babies bouncing along in side-cars, programs fluttering, and all hounds maneuvering for the most promising view of potential accidents.

The best prehmeary view, though, is the inevitable bevy of streamlined motor girls comparing costumes in the pit. Sleek riding boots, slim riding breeches, and an eyeful of sweater which seems to cut down most of the wearer's wind-resistance, are united by a belt of unbelievable width lit up with gems. These breathlessly belted nymphs vary from New York to California in only one costume respect: the Easterners favor the helmet and goggles, but the Westerners somehow like to simulate traffic cops, with as much of an officer's facsimile above the visor as they can get away with. Each, of course, has its points, but the pleasure of seeing guilty motorists up ahead slow down at

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*"Her name is Dixie—and boy, is it true!!!"*

## Short Couples Have Fun

*Continued from pages 75 158*

sight of the visor is something that can grow on one. Many a motor cop got the urge to become a law-enforcer through overfeasting on this sensation as a hound.

All the dress, however striking, is utilitarian. You'll be glad your leg has a boot on it when the hot cycle pins it to the pavement. That flashy belt will help keep your kidneys in their original form, not to mention the rumor that it will enable you to skip a few of the annoying "comfort stations" stops on an endurance trip. Down in the pit the racers fit on more necessary protection, lead shoes to help skid around the corners of the course, cork helmets to soften a fancy dive in the dirt.

It's time for the start. Between beer commercials the voice over the public-address system drones another unheeded plea to keep off the tracks. The colored jerseys roar up to the starting line. "Brute strength and super power—just like the jobs the boys cleaned house with at Oakland and Daytona," read the cycle ads in the program, and these machines look the part, stripped of accessories and snorting threats. A starter gun adds little to the din, but off go the jerseys, whooping up the first hill.

Dangerously bunched as they are, the best riding ability comes out at the beginning; a top-notcher often pushing crazily ahead from a staggered rear position at the start to take the lead. If you've never before witnessed a race, nothing can top the thrill of watching the men take their first turn around that awful-looking course and you're bound to cheer hoarsely as the man or men rise to mount and ride again.

Usually four races are run; the first of, say, fifteen laps will be made up of 45's, cycles built for their lighter weight and greater economy. The next race is with the 61's, standard high speed motors with overhead valves and usually handled by somewhat older riders. The first ten men in each of these events compete in the fourth, or trophy race.

But often it's the third, the consolation race, that's the most exciting. It's short enough and the competition is bitter between the "hard-luck boys," many of whom would have made the trophy race but for spills or motor trouble. At Newport, California, recently, one Jimmy Hasagawa took the honors in this after beating a white boy on a superb one-cylinder Norton—an English job with a hand-clutch. As in the case of this win, thrilling competition will develop between one man's riding ability and another man's cycle. How you groan as a particularly sporting jersey bites the dust—how you and the rest of the crowd help him mentally to lift the spunking motor again for a last chance at finishing.

It's axiomatic that a motor hound thinks of his motor first, and will crawl over with a broken leg to reach up and turn off the ignition to prevent fire. And most of them, even when badly shaken, will make themselves climb back on that motor and ride the rest of the way home.

The main event is forty laps as a rule, an ungodly length, and by this time over a track that is well churned up into dust piles that spill riders even on the brief straightaways. By the time this race comes up you're case-hardened, but plenty of things can happen, including the tragic case of a rider who negotiates thirty-nine laps, perhaps leading the field, only to bounce off on the fortieth. There goes one now, and from the way he's landed—cork head inches deep in the soil—it's at least a broken neck! But no, he's up and after the spinning cycle, weaving a little as he walks, the new grime-lines in his face cut more obstinately than ever.

The winner has earned his cup many times over when he crosses the finish line. Veteran Ed Kretz in one of his recent wins did the last two laps on a flat tire. The point is, on a motor you won't wobble with a flat until you slow down to forty miles per hour, and Mr. Kretz wasn't doing any forty miles per hour. The crowd surges eagerly up to look at the dirty face of the hero, into which is at once tilted a pop bottle, and all the riders—at the start of the race just a homogeneous group of jerseys, now have a certain halo of familiar individuality about them. Youngsters move close to pat reverently some part of the cycle.

Nothing is talked of for days afterward but the if's and but's of the race, and everybody gooses his motor devilishly all the way home, fortified by what he's seen. It's at a time like this that the equivocal spirit in a hound comes to the fore, that overpowering urge to "wind her up" until she howls down the highway at a suicide clip.

Gives such an afternoon's amusement you're bound to become a graduate motor hound in spirit, anyway—eager to ride again, many inhibitions lost. Forty to fifty miles to a gallon on a 61, sixty on a 45, you can buzz anywhere, no matter if you're a prince or a pauper. The beach, the mountains, the next state—what's a few hundred miles on such a tireless mount?

But best of all comes the thrill at night when you and your saddle mate are growing home under the stars, laying the silent street corners, whipping across gleaming car tracks. The rushing black air drives even beer banshees out of your brain; whips cold tears into your eyes. You won't care if you are on an old '33 V-L. The cutest little toe of a cycle hound in breeches is cuddled close against you half-asleep. Yessir, let Bergen have that raw Harley—he's packing Charlie McCarthy. #

*"Do you mind if I remove my coat?"*

*"I have a surprise for you dear—the maid is going to have a baby"*



## Flops to a Fortune

*Continued from page 51*

though the doll might have done as nifty a job of tripping as one could witness in many mad rounds of the skating whirligig.

A lady known as Josephine (Ma) Bogash is the most proficient blocker in Roller Derby skating. She is a sure-enough Ma, her son Billy being one of the speediest and most proficient of the troupers. Ma is said to have taken up roller skating to cure some malady. If so, she must be cured, for she is the picture of robust health. She is an expert in the use of some of her muscles that with an adept and smartly-timed flip of a cheek of her posterior she can flit an annoying competitor off the track and into a resting place among the lighting fixtures or spectators.

Ma is not exactly photogenic but she is one of the nicest ladies you ever could meet in athletics. She has suffered the slings and arrows of fame. Pa Bogash threatened in the papers to break the bond that had made the Bogashes one, and to name the Roller Derby as co-respondent. That smelled like one of those things public relations representatives think up.

Ma tips the calendar at forty-four years. She and her son Bill constitute the Roller Derby team that was most effective in jimmying the event into sports page space when the merry-go-round was new and the bales of Oakleys it sent around rested undisturbed among the paper clips, rubber bands and tradesmen's statements in sports editors' desk drawers. Others are creeping up on Ma's sex appeal in the copy.

The sports pages have used a sockeroo story on Ivy King, a lean and spectacled girl who has been with the troupe since the proceedings started. Ivy, so the trusting scribes were informed, kept her family off the relief rolls by her earnings as a truck flash. It is contrary to the ethics of sports departments to investigate such tales, just as it would not occur to any of the lads to question the Roller Derby speed records as glibly related by impresario Seltzer. Fastest time on an 18 lap track is that of 39.4 seconds made by Johnny Rosasco, a 26-year-old Italian-American. That's what Seltzer says anyway. There are attempts to set "new world records" almost every night at a Roller Derby, and one would be pardoned for suspecting that if Uncle Bim would walk into the show some night and put up a C note for a "new world record" his $100 would become the property of a Derby entrant in less than 39.4 seconds.

Speed in the affair generally gets near 35 miles an hour. At that gait there is enough motion, fancy footwork and blocking to interest the clients and to remove large samples from the epidermis of the contestants. Sponge rubber padding on knees and elbows, helmets, and a protective pad over the coccyx are standard equipment, the use of which is enforced by the skaters' own mutual association. Nevertheless enough pratt area is de-hided and enough bones are broken in the competition to gratify the trade's sporting instincts.

Most lads and lassies on the Roller Derby circuit are young people who held factory jobs intermittently until this skating thing was opened for them. The best of the young men fellows like Mickey Milano, Johnny Rosasco, Red Willis, Eddie Rager and Joe Nigra, each earn in excess of $5,000 a year, and that's not peanuts for youths who were able to get jobs only on a precarious basis until they turned to roller skating.

The skaters' mutual organization determines the rating of the various performers. One of the most amazing things in sports is that there have been no internecine wars caused by the split-up of the cash.

The troupers have a rather severe routine which also is supervised by their association. Skaters are quartered in the same hotel or apartment building. Their daily schedule runs about as follows:

10-11—breakfast
11-11:30—general physical check-up
11:30-2:30—workouts

Then the regulars are on their own for two hours while the training school sessions for the substitutes and local candidates are conducted.

4:30-5:30—dinner
5:30-6 to—skull practice

Then most of them take an hour's nap before the evening warm up and the performance. The Derby stops at 11 p.m. The troupers finish the day with a bowl of soup, a sandwich and a bottle of beer or a glass of milk.

There's not much fraternizing among them. Each of them is a pretty serious competitor. That's an embarrassing statement from one who thinks the show is all a highly amusing malarkey; but it's a fact. Two romances did bud as male skaters picked up female partners and patted them consolingly on places where the track's contact had been anything but caressing. Eddie Rager and Catherine Carney, Canadian teammates, are married. "Muscles" Stempley and Eleanor Carron whispered their sweet nothings to the whir of the wheels—but after they became one in the eyes of heaven and man, Eleanor retired from Derby racing.

The fines and dues of the skaters' association swell the organization's base fund of 10 per cent of each member's earnings. After three years as a trouper the member may borrow 25 per cent of his or her share in the kitty, but that privilege rarely has been exercised. The fund is earning interest which keeps continuously skating, and the thrifty kids want to keep it going until they are compelled to withdraw from competition.

The rules of the Roller Derby

*Continued on page 164*

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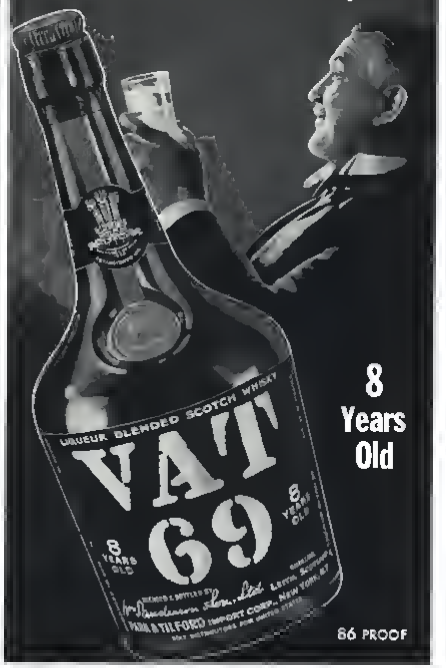


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I GIVE YOU THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII


## Flops to a Fortune

*Continued from pages 51-163*

are so simple that they are printed in the programs Here are most of them

Each night's racing shall consist of two halves of four 15-minute periods each and at the end of each half there shall be a 5-minute Open House period.

A team consists of ten active skaters and not more than six alternate or substitute skaters An alternate skater may only be substituted at the beginning of the night's skating or at the beginning of the second half

A couple is composed of a male and female skater wearing identical numbers. The boys and girls alternate in 15-minute skating periods A partner replacing his partner must make contact before being officially declared on the track.

A jam is an effort to score a point A jam occurs when one or more skaters break away from the rest of the field of skaters completely circling the track in an effort to gain a point. A point is gained by passing a member of the opposing team within the official time limit period for a jam which is two minutes

Points are scored as follows

For completing a jam by circling the track and passing a member of the opposing team 1 Point

Passing three members of the opposing team 2 Points

Passing five members of the opposing team 5 Points

A jam is concluded for any of the following reasons

1 The expiration of the two-minute time limit

2 By the fall of two or more skaters in the field.

3 By the leading skater on a jam placing both hands on his hips

Open House is divided into three sprints of continuous action The female members of each team start and skate for one minute and thirty seconds at which time whoever is in the lead receives credit for one point for her team Contact is then made by the male partners who skate for the next minute and thirty seconds for which the leading skater receives credit for one point for his team The next two minutes the partners relieve at will and the leading skater receives credit for two points for his team

While the dial face appears white the jam is in its first minute. When the dial face turns green, the jam has one minute to go When the green light in the dial flashes off and on the jam has only thirty seconds to go The green light is also used as a one-minute warning before the end of a skating period

No jam may be started when the dial face appears red The dial may appear red for any of the following reasons at the conclusion of a jam when a fall occurs and concludes the jam or when the field is not intact

Penalties are Levied for the Following Reasons

Unnecessary roughness on the track
Illegal blocking
Intentional falls
Stalling and holding
Intentional tripping
For failure to obey any lawful order of the referee
Fighting

This is not a bad job of compiling rules for a new sport even if it is a pseudo-sport. Brevity of the rules reflects—in reverse English—the trouble that the sports writers who suggested the Roller Derby rules, have had in trying to answer questions involving the abstruse technicalities in laws of most sports. As students know, very few sports consider they are really official unless their rules run a length just short of the wordage of the New Testament

The Roller Derby has employed another novel stunt in its effort to convert itself from a couple of smart guys' idea for making money into that and what the public is accepting as a sport That is the use of rouponed newspaper advertising That, and other devices have given the Roller Derby a mailing list of some 2,000,000 suckers and other sports promoters a tip that rattles faintly in their conks.

The Roller Derby started in tough times and without much of an me-men fund It has been rumored that a few sports departments at not a distant past date would not give a cash-and-carry sports promotion the measles, let alone any free space, unless the "see" was dropped, even if the Twelve Disciples were personally appearing in a relay race against time However, even those reluctant lads went overboard for this Roller Derby gag—and for free—since it was screwy and entertaining

But the Roller Derby's highest achievement to date was reached at Los Angeles Motion pictures glamour girls and boys went so daffy about it they forgot to show off in the presence of the public Joe E Brown helped to make its history The O'Neill kid who is the nearest the Roller Derby gets to Sonja Henie, gasps the story—"Mr Brown ast me for MY autograph. Imagine me Oh gawd, I coulda died!"

And if it doesn't make news when a movie star asks somebody for an autograph, what the hell is news? ##



## Pick Up Your Money

*Continued from page 55*

and he knows how to use it When we go underneath more of these holes you keep your trap shut as hard as it will stay shut.'

They went slowly shuffling with legs wide spread It was an awkward way to walk and tired Peter's muscles but the other two seemed accustomed to it The one called Doc. Peter never saw at all, but he caught glimpses of the back of the other when they passed undergratings—a tall man thick-set, heavy

At the fifth and sixth manholes Peter heard the shrill wet slushing of tires on macadam That would be Market Street Rainwater sifted by the bars tumbled eagerly through each grate The water in the sewer rose until it was almost as high as the catwalks This was a real downpour There hadn't been a pause in it since the middle of the morning

After Market Street they passed under eight more openings, but short of the mark they stopped at a place where the concrete wall on the left had been knocked out and a tunnel dug A faint light shone in the tunnel

There were three manholes to a block. That would mean that they were now under Prescott Avenue near the corner of—

'Oh said Peter Carmichael'

The big man leaned close

'What did you say?'

'Nothing.'

'You said "Oh"'

'Well what if I did?"

"That means you got it figured out where we are. Smart boy all right For all the good it'll do you'

Doc's voice said, "I'll go in first If we shove this man in ahead whoever he is, Art's likely to take a pop at him'

The sight of Joe Slocum was a shock Peter had already figured that the tunnel would lead directly underneath the building in which every weekday he toiled as a twenty-five dollar assistant teller He had figured too that these men could not hope to come up into the vault unless they had, or *had* had, inside assistance But Joe Slocum was the last man Peter would have suspected.

Slocum was the day guard He was an old man a former city cop but husky and solid still, in perfect health without an ounce of superfluous fat. He had been with the bank for a long while, and everybody liked him He had an unexciting but commendable record He had a wife three daughters two grandchildren He had also a slow grin that was good to see and a habit of remembering people's names.

If Peter was shocked—and for a minute he scarcely even noticed the fourth member of the gang, the one they called Art—Joe Slocum was thunderstruck

'Carmichael! Are you—You mean to tell me—"

'I got picked up by accident, Joe But it isn't hard to guess what's going on. What are you doing here?"

The look on that big homely face was answer enough Joe Slocum's eyes ordinarily straight and honest as any you'd find, were cast down

'So that's the way it is?' Peter said sadly "Hell"

This was at the other end of the tunnel in a man-made cave the floor of which was strewn with rubble, chunks of concrete steel filings. Besides the five of them, seriously cramped there were two oxygen tanks, an oxyacetylene torch a sledge hammer, a crowbar a flexing rod a large handleless coal shovel and various other instruments and tools

Art a weasel-faced man with disagreeable, worried eyes, peeled blue goggles off a face that was bright with sweat

"Concrete's all cleared and there's nothing but this one sheet of openhearth If we—" He saw Peter, and fear brightened his eyes His right hand went to a hip pocket 'Who the hell's *this?*'

The big man explained while Peter stared at Slocum who busied himself scooping up dirt and bits of concrete with the shovel. Slocum did not look at Peter He crawled into the tunnel pushing the shovel ahead of him Obviously they got rid of the dirt that way—by dropping it into the storm sewer

'I don't like the idea," Art muttered

"Neither do we. But what're you going to do?'

The man called Doc pushed forward He had a dry flat voice He kept his hands in his pockets and his hat was tilted low He wore steel-rimmed glasses his aspect was that of an intellectual gone sour

'Look. Maybe it's a break for us after all From the way this man was talking to Slocum just now it must be he works in the bank, too

'That's right" said Peter

"Well don't you chumps see how that helps us out? After the job the cops will be sure to figure we had inside help So they'd start investigating everybody who worked there finding out whether they were hard-up and who they'd been seen talking with lately Slocum might have been seen going into my hotel room or leaving it And if they really go to work on him—and they *would*, with that much money involved—maybe they'd break him to pieces and he's still his guts."

"He better not" growled Art

"We can't be sure Slocum's pretty leery about the whole business right now He's sorry he ever went into it you can tell by the way he's acting Well, suppose he falls apart?"

'What's all this got to do with this kid Sully picked up?"

"It's got this to do with it. If they find this kid when they open up the vault Monday morning

*Continued on page 166*


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## Pick Up Your Money

*Continued from pages 55-165*

they're going to figure *he* was the inside man—and they're not going to look any further."

Joe Slocum had wriggled back out of the tunnel and into the cave, his shovel empty now. Doc turned to him in triumph.

"Don't you see? It'll protect you beautifully."

Slocum shook his head.

"If Carmichael's found in the vault I can't see where that'd help. He'll tell them just exactly what he saw and heard."

Doc sighed in mock despair. Art snickered. The big man, Sully, emitted an unrestrained guffaw.

"Listen, brainless," Art said. "You don't think we're going to leave him in such a condition that he can give a nice long description of us, do you?"

"But all he has to do is tell—"

"He won't do any telling. He won't ever tell anybody anything any more. Because he will have had a fight with the babies he worked with, and they, the dirty bums, will have smacked him a little too hard—and left him behind. Cripes, ain't you got it *yet?*"

Peter swallowed. He felt a little sick, not in the pit of the stomach where you ought to feel sick, but higher in the chest.

Joe Slocum went pale.

"You mean—You mean you're going to murder him?"

"That's the idea exactly."

Joe shook his head.

"No," he said. "No. I won't stand for that."

"*You* won't stand for it?"

"Absolutely not. I went into this thing because my son-in-law's in a jam, like I told you, and I got to get him out. So I went into it. And I'll go through with it and I'll keep my mouth shut afterward. But murder I won't stand for."

"Do you think maybe it would be better to turn this guy loose then and let him go to the cops and sing his little song?"

"I won't stand for it. If I get caught and they put me in jail—well, I deserve it. I took the chance. But Carmichael here he didn't do a thing and you're not going to slaughter him in cold blood."

Sully, who stood near him, said softly, "You're going to stop us?"

"I'm going to stop you from doing anything like that, yes."

Sully's right hand came out of his pocket. It held the big black automatic but held it by the barrel. It moved like a flash—and the butt of the gun thudded against Slocum's skull.

Slocum went to his knees. Sully hit him again and he pitched forward on his face and was still.

Peter Carmichael had been seated by request. He struggled to get up. Art shoved a long Luger against his side and said, "Easy, sweetheart." Doc gazed balefully at him and there was a snub-nosed revolver in Doc's hand.

"You stay right where you are," said Doc. He glanced at Art. "How much longer will it take to burn through that flooring?"

"Fifteen-twenty minutes. This thing generates twenty-six hundred degrees at the tip when I get it going right."

"Well, get it going right then. It looks now like maybe there were *two* bank employees in on this thing, and maybe they'll have a fight about the divvy and bump one another off. And the rest of the mob could powder with the cash, leaving them there."

Art pulled the goggles over his eyes again, and raised the torch. It spluttered and sang, spurting blue flame the others could not see directly, it being concealed by a hole in the ceiling of the cave. Art's head and arms too were hidden in that hole.

"They came to me just at a time when my son-in-law was in trouble," Joe Slocum, conscious again though groggy, had wriggled to Peter's side. "I can't tell you all about it now, it's too long a story... but if I didn't get some money right away it meant seeing Ellen have her whole life ruined."

Peter said nothing.

"I wanted to tell you this, Carmichael, in case they kill me. I want you to understand. They came to me just at that time when I was desperate. Otherwise I wouldn't have listened to them."

"Well... It's done now," Peter muttered.

"I just wanted you to understand. I'd never have done it for myself. But Ellen was—it's hard to explain, Carmichael."

"Don't try."

"I didn't want you to think—well, it's too late now, anyway."

Peter, embarrassed, changed the subject.

"How did they ever get through that base the vault rests on? Why, it's three feet of reinforced concrete!"

"That was the riskiest part of it all. We'd worked a week on the tunnel, and tonight just after it got dark they knocked a hole in the concrete and filled it up with nitroglycerine and covered it with soft soap. Then they set a time fuse and we went outside. We went all the way to the manhole between Johnson and Telfair, which is the one we'd always used because it's so dark there."

"That's where I dropped my quarter."

"We split up, and after a few hours we met there again, all except Doc who was going to be late, and Sully waited for him. Art and I came back here and I cleared away the debris while he set up that burning apparatus. We were afraid the explosion might possibly be heard outside, which is why we stayed away so long. Then there was a good chance the tunnel might collapse. But it didn't."

"I know what I'll catch them."

"What?"

"In one corner of the vault there's a little—"

"You mean the microphone? I disconnected that just before I quit work this noon."

"Oh." Peter was thoughtful. "Well, there's still another thing. There's no closed circuit alarm system in the floor. I'll admit, because I guess nobody ever thought of burglars coming up from below, but how 'bout that photoelectric set-up—the thing they call the invisible eye?"

"They know about that. It covers the space just inside the vault door. Nobody could go through that door without breaking the circuit and setting off the alarm, but these guys know about it. They won't go anywhere near it."

He spoke bitterly.

"Oh, I did my part of the job well. I measured all the distances inside for them too, so's Doc could figure out how to come up in the right place. And now they're going to kill me—and that'll be my split."

Art put the oxyacetylene torch in the ground and raised gauntleted hands into the hole again. A moment later he lowered a heavy square of steel, its edges burned blue.

"We're in," he announced.

Peter Carmichael, when he climbed up through the hole, was filled with admiration for the calculating ability of the man called Doc. The tunnel from the sewer was at least thirty feet long, yet it led to a place immediately beneath the center of the vault. A few feet this way, a few feet that way, and they would have struck a wall, opening the closed circuit alarm with which those walls were shot through, or else they would have come up in the section protected by the invisible eye, with the same effect.

"You two guys sit on the floor over there," commanded Sully. "And don't you move! If a one of you wriggles an inch toward that door he gets a slug right away—and he gets it where it'll hurt the most."

He stood facing them, the automatic in his hand, and he was scrupulously careful not to let a heel or an elbow obtrude into the space covered by the "invisible eye."

"It's a spooky device. It consists of a cassium-type photoelectric tube which sends a signal amplified by a triode tube. The units are arranged to operate on an alternating current, a transformer supplying the voltages for the various parts of the circuit. When light falls on the cell, the half-wave pulsating direct current in the plate circuit of the tube rises. On the other hand, when the light reaching the cell decreases, the plate current drops almost instantaneously. An electromagnetic relay in the plate circuit is operated each time the plate current changes, and the relay contact can be used to control any sort of local circuit. It can switch lights on or off, operate power switches, open doors, start meters or stop 'em, and of course ring an alarm, all through changes in the illumination falling upon the photoelectric cell.

"The light rays may be visible, as in Pennsylvania Station, New York, where the device automatically opens a door as you approach—searing the wits out of you the first time you see it—or they may be made invisible to any light or in none. When they are concentrated, the slightest interruption will put an alarm circuit into play. The tip of a foot will do it, the tip of a finger.

"To smash this thing in any way would have had the same effect. An alarm would be rung not where they could hear it but in police headquarters, half a mile from there.

"Doc, it seemed, was the brains of the gang. Sully was the brawn, while Art, a professional yegg, was the skill.

"Though he had plenty of time, Art worked swiftly. There was no need of finesse. The strongboxes and the great gleaming banks of safe deposit boxes presented little difficulty to a man of his experience. Occasionally assisted by Doc, who had pulled on cotton gloves, he went about it in a businesslike way. Sometimes with a chisel and a lead sledge hammer he punched in the locks or combinations; more often he burnt a hole in the door with a mere touch of the oxyacetylene torch and then inserted a "can opener" and literally ripped the whole thing off. Doc would reach into the boxes and take out the loot.

"There was a great deal of paper cash. There was some silver too. Once a silver dollar slipped out of a bag and started rolling toward the vault door, a glittering array of time-locking machinery protected by glass. Sully sprang upon it.

"Doc yelled, 'Hey! You want to—'

"Sully stepped backward, and he was pale, frightened. Unthinkingly he had come close to the unseen light in front of that door.

"It made Peter shiver to see that great gorilla of a man back away, trembling from what appeared to be nothing at all.

"'Keep clear of that thing, you ape,' growled Doc.

"Peter, seated on the floor, his back against a wall, let his gaze wander to the little microphone high in a corner of the vault. *That* would have saved them. Far more sensitive than any human ear, it would have caught and electrically registered in the form of an alarm the sound of Art's torch. But it worked on an open circuit, and it was disconnected now. It was no longer an uncanny mechanical detector. It was just that much useless metal.

"The safe deposit boxes yielded a strange assortment—cash, bonds, mortgages, wills, old photographs, jewelry. From one end it contained nothing else. Doc lifted a lock of faded yellow hair.

"'This goes in Sully's share.'"

*Continued on page 169*

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*"O'Neill's a Yale man!"*



## Pick Up Your Money

*Continued from pages 58-164-166*

he said with great solemnity

"I'll toss you for it, Doc."

They decided to leave the jewelry. Too difficult to get rid of. Most of the legal papers too, they ignored, as well as many bonds. Doc made three neat piles.

"Too bad you're not in on this," he said to Joe Slocum. "If you'd only behaved yourself—"

He chucked the unwanted stuff into a corner. He alone had touched it and he wore gloves. The oxygen tanks too, and the torch and tools, they shoved aside. Doc went over them with a wetted handkerchief wiping off any possible finger-prints.

"Pick your pile," Doc said, jerking his head toward the table. "They're all exactly the same."

"They better be," said Sully.

Joe Slocum was fully conscious now, and the blood on the side of his head had dried and was turning brown.

"I'm going to jump them when they get all set," he whispered. "I'll jump them and you dive back down that hole."

"Don't be silly," Peter whispered back. "We'll both jump them."

"No, I'll do it. If it hadn't been for me we wouldn't either of us have been in this mess in the first place."

Doc snarled: "What are you two talking about?"

"We're saying our prayers."

"That's not a bad idea."

Sully was stuffing his pockets.

"Four hundred and twelve thousand smackos," he murmured.

Even with the price I'll probably have to take for the hoods, that'll leave me at least a quarter of a million. I think I'll—"

"Never mind the daydreams," rasped Art. He handed Sully his Luger. "Here, do your stuff while I go down and make sure we didn't leave anything in the tunnel. And remember—one with each gun. Then we'll leave the guns in their hands."

He lowered himself through the hole in the floor.

"Yeah—we'll make it look pretty," said Sully. He held the Luger in his left hand, his own automatic, a Colt, in his right. "It's going to make a hell of a noise."

"Go ahead, go ahead, get it over with!" Doc's lean face was tight with strain. "I don't like this business."

"You can look the other way if you want to, Doc," said Sully.

He spread his feet and waggled the guns, seeming to like the heft of them. He grinned.

"Well, here goes—"

Art's head came up through the hole.

"Say, listen, we can't get out of this place!"

Sully turned. He was probably more nervous than he wished to appear, and his voice had a sharp edge.

"What do you mean, we can't get out?"

"It must be raining like hell. The water's clear up to the top of the sewer. It's backing up through the tunnel!"

There was a terrible moment when the same thought crashed through the minds of all five and they were too dry-throated to say a word. Would the water rise eventually to where they were? Would it catch them in a steel trap inconceivably strong? It had taken all sorts of ingenuity and skill and a week of hard physical work, to get into this vault. And now were they to be—

Doc's voice, hard, flat, dry, cut the tight silence.

"Well, we're a few inches above street level. It can't come this high. It would back up through the manholes first."

Sully exhaled, blinking. Art, his face bright with sweat, climbed into the vault and sat on the edge of the hole. He was trembling. Doc looked at his watch.

"That's supposed to be quite a sewer out there. It'll carry it all away. Hell, it's only two o'clock Sunday morning, now. We got thirty-one hours yet. I don't know how you guys feel about it, but personally—" he drew a deck of cards from his hip pocket—"I think a little rummy would help pass the time away."

Sully laughed, though nervously and without joy. "Good old Doc!" He raised the automatics again. "Well, just as soon as I—"

"Cut it out!" Doc's eyes behind the spectacles were hitingly sharp. "I'm not superstitious or anything, but if you think I'm going to sit and play cards while a couple of stuffs are staring at me—"

"Absolutely," muttered Art. He rose. "There's plenty of time for that later. Sully. Just before we go."

Sully glowered at his prisoners.

"Listen. You're both going to sit right there and you're not even going to reach up a hand to scratch your noses unless you ask my permission first." He placed the automatics on the table, the muzzles toward Peter and Slocum. He sat behind them. "That clear?"

"Cut for deal," said Doc.

It was rummy for only a little while. They had too much cash on hand and they were too nervous to be satisfied for long by a game so slow. They doubled the stake, tripled it, quadrupled it, within a half hour, and then Sully suggested that they speed things up by a simple little game of cutting cards—say at a thousand dollars a card.

It was five thousand dollars a card the second time they went through the pack—ten thousand the third time.

They played very fast, flipping the cards over, slapping them down. They did not talk much. Sully, facing the two men on the floor across the automatics, watched the cards but never forgot his responsibility. Joe Slocum and Peter both realized that they would have no chance even of getting to their feet, much less rushing the table. Sully would not hesitate to shoot. Indeed he looked as if he'd enjoy it, for he was losing heavily and was in an ugly humor.

At the end of the third game at ten thousand a card, during which he had lost more than ever, he slammed his fist upon the table, spewing cards in all directions.

"Goddam it! I can't get *anywhere* in this game! How 'bout going through the deck once more at twenty-five grand a crack?"

The others hesitated.

"That's a lot of money," Art murmured, picking up cards from the floor.

"What the hell! You can afford it, can't you? You're ahead."

Art shrugged. Doc shrugged.

"O.K. Once more," said Art.

"And then we quit," said Doc.

Art shuffled swiftly, with thin, fine, highly tensed fingers. He placed the deck face-down. He drew the top card—Jack of diamonds. Doc drew the trey of spades. Sully, glowering, touched his forefinger to his tongue—and drew the ace of clubs.

He chuckled as he dragged the money.

"Fifty grand on one see. That's what I call profits."

However his luck didn't hold. After the first draw he lost repeatedly. When there were only two cards remaining face-down he had but a trifle over twenty dollars left, though his bet was up. The ace of spades had not yet been drawn.

"This is going to be it," he cried. "*Are* me?"

He drew the four of hearts.

He was wiped out. In two hours he had gone through a fortune. He sat back in his chair, glowering savagely at Peter and Slocum.

"Well," he mumbled, "that's that."

Doc did not turn over that last card and nobody asked him to do so. He raked in the money. He was chuckling as well he might be, having almost a million dollars before him.

"Quite a game," he murmured.

They did not look at one another. They were all touchy, all on the edge of an explosion. Even Doc, delighted though he was at the outcome of the game, had a queer light of madness in his eyes. He counted his money and stuffed it quietly into his pockets, while Sully glared intently at the prisoners and Art gazed froglike at the ceiling.

After a long while Sully said: "Well, we can't sit here forever. I get to watch these guys. Why don't one of you two go down and see if that water hasn't subsided?"

Doc stuck the cards into one of his pockets, all of which were now filled. Art rose, still looking at the ceiling.

"I'll go," said Art.

He disappeared through the hole in the floor.

Sully's brow was wrinkled in unaccustomed thought. He had the automatics in his hands now, the barrels resting on his knees as he sat with his chair tilted back against the wall. Suddenly he turned to Doc.

"Say, Art shuffled that last time, didn't he?"

"Why, yes. Why?"

"Then he turned over the first card?"

"Yes, I suppose he did."

"Look," said Sully. "Then why didn't he turn over the *last* card too? You turned over the last card—or at least, you didn't turn it over because we all took it for granted that it was the ace of spades."

"Well, it was. It must have been."

"Yeah? Well, why didn't Art get the last card, instead of you? There are fifty-two cards in the deck and the one that starts cutting them, when there's three playing, ought to be the one that finishes. I'm not so dumb I can't figure *that* out."

Doc's chin went up. He nodded vigorously. "Say, you're right at that! I wonder if—" He took the deck out of his pocket. He counted the cards and there were fifty-one.

He counted them again.

Fifty-one.

He turned them over, riffled through them and could find no ace of spades.

"It must have skidded off when you slammed your fist down that time. Maybe if we—"

He was looking around as he spoke. He stiffened. His eyes became very bright.

"Look, Sully," he whispered. "Over there by the door."

It was upright, the ace of spades itself, big, brash, impudent, leaning against the door. Had it fallen through the wall of invisible light, fleetly casting a shadow on the sensitive photoelectric cell? Or had it merely slid underneath that light?

It had been twenty minutes or so ago when Sully, at the end of the next-to-the-last game, had walloped the table, causing the cards to fly. Had police, in that time, come storming into the bank? The men in the vault could not possibly have heard them if they had.

Had the police found the walls and ceiling of the vault intact, untouched and had they used their heads and made for the new storm sewer?

Sully sprang to his feet.

"We got to get out of here! We got to get out even if we got to swim under water to the nearest manhole! Call Art back!"

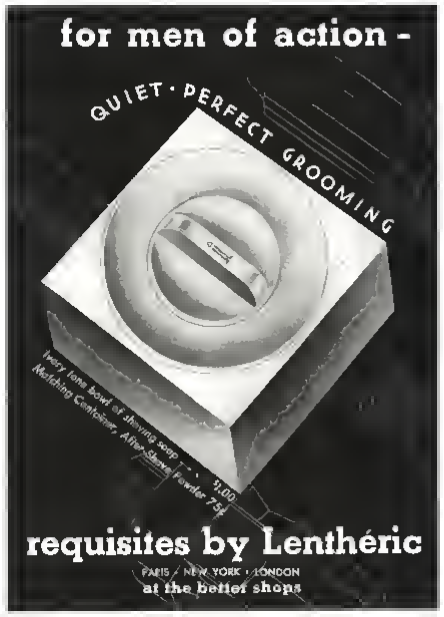
He came around the table, gripping the two guns firmly, snapping the safety catches off.

Peter felt Joe Slocum, beside him, tighten.

Doc had crossed to the hole in the floor, and he leaned over it calling, "Art! Art!"

The voice that answered him

*Continued on page 170*



## Pick Up Your Money

*(continued from pages 55-165-166-169)*

was not Art's. And with it there came through the hole the snout of a sub-machine gun.

"Your friend says to tell you he's not coming back. *Hold it!*"

Doc was petrified, a pillar of stone. He stood, rooted between the sub-machine gun and Sully.

"Well, you guys aren't going to get out of it anyway!" cried Sully and raised the automatics.

It was then that Joe Slocum sprang.

Peter got to one knee, but Joe Slocum sprang into sure death. Slocum had reached his feet when the Colt spoke. Elbows, head, shoulderblades, he rapped back against the wall. He staggered forward again.

The Luger spoke. It was a 9 millimeter Luger like the Colt 45 as army model and celebrated for what military men call "stopping power." But it didn't stop Slocum. It killed him, and his body shuddered like a loose frame of rags when the bullet hit, but it didn't stop him. He lurched on, and fell against Sully.

As this happened the Colt roared again, but the chunk of lead meant for Peter Carmichael, thanks to Slocum, tore instead through Doc's back, and Doc was pitched forward over the hole in the floor—and also over the sub-machine gun.

Sully reeled, shaking off the limp Joe Slocum who collapsed. The encounter turned Sully a little, and he found himself facing the man with the machine gun. Only that man's head and shoulders were visible. The gun he held had been knocked out of line by the falling Doc.

Sully grunted, leveling his automatics.

Then Peter hit him.

Peter dived in a long low-clean tackle. His right shoulder struck the upper part of Sully's legs, his arms went underneath Sully's knees, bringing them together, and as he fell forward he lifted those knees.

It seemed to him as he went down that Sully himself must have exploded. In fact it was only the automatics, but with Sully off-balance they jarred his whole body. Sully went over backward, neatly, emphatically. His head hit the wall, and he took no further part in the fight.

When Peter rose he saw men pouring up through the hole in the floor. It was as though a huge oil main had been smashed and was erupting its contents. The men all carried guns, and they were soaking wet. One of them was Carey, the night watchman at the bank, who rushed up to where Peter was standing.

"Mr. Carmichael! How in the world—" He saw Joe Slocum then, and stopped, aghast. "Why, how could—"

"I think they must have kidnapped him and brought him here to try to make him tell about the alarm system," said Peter, and he was amazed to find his voice low, slow, even. "He wouldn't do it. You can see where they beat him. They were going to kill him when they brought me in. They were going to kill me too. Joe wouldn't tell them what they wanted to know."

One cop, who seemed to be in charge, was demanding to know how the alarm had been rung. Peter pointed to the ace of spades.

"That's what did it."

Every man in the place stared at the card as Peter told the story. This was why they did not see what Peter was doing with his hands. As he talked in an even unexerted voice he reached up to a corner of the vault and screwed a wire back onto the microphone.

The president, Mr. Wylie, mentioned that microphone when Peter reported back on the job a week later after a vacation the bank had insisted he take.

"I'm glad to see you looking so well, Carmichael. The directors have decided to increase your pay by two dollars and fifty cents a week as a reward."

"Thank you, sir."

"It should have been more. And it *would* have been more, except that the directors did not feel they could afford to pay you a suitable cash reward, and at the same time give Joe Slocum's widow enough to make her comfortable for the rest of her life—which was certainly only fair."

"Oh, absolutely!"

"You see, it was not only taking care of the widow, but Joe's son-in-law had got into some little trouble. Ahem! We won't go into that now in detail, but anyway the bank felt called upon to straighten it out for him, in view of Joe's heroism."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Wylie was silent for a moment.

"It's a funny thing about that microphone," he said at last. "It seemed to be in working order when they tested it, and yet it never rang in the alarm—the invisible eye did that—on another circuit. If it hadn't been for the fact that the police found the microphone connected, there might have been some people who would think that Joe—" He broke off, as though ashamed of himself. "But of course that's silly! It was connected, anyway."

"Yes, sir," said Peter.

When they parted, Peter to go back to his teller's cage, Mr. Wylie said with a laugh: "It's too bad you lost that quarter after all!"

"Oh, I still have it." Peter drew the coin from a vest pocket. "I went back there afterward—and it was still there."

Mr. Wylie laughed again.

"Imagine thinking of a quarter at a time like that!"

"Well, after all," Peter pointed out, "it's twenty-five cents." ##

*Donald Barr Chidsey will have another crime story, Roughhouse in Colon, in the June issue.*

*"I just want to make sure I'm not just falling for the uniform"*

*"Aw, leave 'em alone! It's a better ending than the picture had"*




# WHY BRANDS?

*Fancy Chicago being ANONYMOUS.*

*Rather neat—this business of having a name for everything, don't you think? Otherwise we'd all be getting off at the wrong stations, venting our emotions on the wrong people, serving each others' jail sentences, and getting into all manner of difficulty.*

IMAGINE, for instance, getting cyanide when what you really wanted was quinine, or finding your nut sundae full of chopped cabbage and Epsom salts, or discovering that all the checks for last month's insertions had come in from your clients—*unsigned*

And yet there are those who insist that everything be on an *incognito* basis

If brands mean nothing, then why waste money on dyes—why not eliminate the red stripes, and the blue field where the stars are? A white flag would *cost less* and *last* just as long! What if the world *does* think white means "surrender"? Forget it! That's an old inhibition, too!

* * *

It is the way of man that he behaves better at high noon, with everybody looking, than he does at night, in a dark alley And the same is true of *merchandise*

Brands on merchandise do certain specific things for the consumer

— they enable him to come back again and again for the preferred thing

— they hold the maker publicly and conspicuously responsible, thus giving the buyer a comeback, in case the merchandise falls down

— then, too, branded merchandise is more likely to be made and sold in greater volume, meaning economies all along the line, which can be, and for the most part *are*, passed on to the consumer in the form of lower price

— the practice of branding merchandise is in no small way responsible for the much-vaunted "higher standards of living" which this country alone enjoys.

* * *

Newspapers, too, have names, enabling you to call again and again "for the preferred thing"

One of the staunchest and most respected names in the newspaper field is THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS—a name most advertisers remember, when it comes time to burn a brand into the consciousness—or shall we say the *subconsciousness* of Chicago's more potent people

This Newspaper is particularly effective at getting sales things done for you—as proved by the fact that

*In 1939, The Chicago Daily News carried more General Advertising than any other evening Newspaper in the United States, and—barring Alcoholic Beverage Advertising, which it does—more General Advertising than any other Newspaper in the country—morning, evening or Sunday*

*Lineage Source Media Records Inc*

# THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

**CHICAGO'S HOME NEWSPAPER • WITH THE MOST VALUABLE CIRCULATION IN THE CITY**

DAILY NEWS PLAZA, *400 West Madison Street*, CHICAGO

NEW YORK OFFICE: *9 Rockefeller Plaza* • DETROIT OFFICE: *4-125 General Motors Building* • SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: *Hobart Building*

# the new slope crown hat

## tweeds for town

If you're youngish and the weather is springish we can make no better recommendation than the lightweight tweed suit For choice of pattern and model follow your own dictates The one shown at left, in spice color oatmeal tweed with overplaid, is in the three-button notched lapel single breasted model The waistcoat follows the new sporting model with square flap at bottom, notched collar and five buttons to button Accessories include a solid color shirt with soft lounge collar foulard tie and brown calf quarter brogue shoes. The hat also illustrated in the separate sketch, calls for a description all by itself This slope crown model in ginger color is the latest and smartest deviation from formality Not only is the crown lower than usual but it is worn crushed with one side higher than the other—a touch of nonchalance meticulously achieved.

*(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff 366 Madison Ave., N Y.)*



## Dutchman's Delight

*Continued from page 94*

roots look like underground cousins of fennel, giving off a fragrance equally individual Proportions in which these three "traditionals" are used vary from brand to brand Besides which there are other ingredients—number and nature undisclosed—as called for in the house formula.

By artful processes each aromatic, billed for performance and okeyed as to talent is unleashed into the redistillation of the alcohol But here some mighty adroit stage management is necessary, because each element has a different boiling point and goes to town when the mood comes upon it. That is to say, the rising heat is like a rising stock market that reaches one sell order after another To control this activity and achieve a precisely balanced result, not a lopsided mess, is a dizzy feat of juggling for which an amateur need apply

Incidentally, there's the game of heads and tails For when a "kettle" is put into operation the first vapors to make their exit are below par and have to be tanked aside and the fag end of the run is similarly flunked out—only the middle being let through as qualified Subsequently in different apparatus, the "high feints" and "low feints" as they are called are redeemed and restored to the fold. And all this distillation traffic is controlled with the aromatics coming in and tapering off on a scientific basis checked by innumerable samplings, testings, and thermometer readings—the whole show straddling between 170° and 212° Fahrenheit where alcohol and water choose to boil

I don't have to tell you that the equipment for such doings represents a terrific penny of anybody's money You could ransom a couple of kings with the culinary section alone Besides which there are the de luxe tanked storing department and the bottling facilities, with every fifth getting a diploma on its chest and a physical exam before it emerges into the waiting world of thirst If these gifted graduates strut their prestige, you can hardly blame them considering what's back of it

And what's *in* it, thank you!—bonqueting ap.. say, amid the necromancy of a Martini, than which a wayward appetite knows no slicker rehabilitator Boy!

The other evening Wine Tasting G Selmer Fougner, dean of refined swiggery, was comparing experiences with me in regard to this noble drink which is numbered among the million-odd items he has lipped onto appraisingly for the benefit of literate humanity. We twain found ourselves in heartfelt accord on the great question Could a Martini be improved upon?—our answer being No! Indeed the very thought of an attempt on the part of mankind to devise anything crisper and refreshinger seemed so tragically futile it well-nigh brought tears to our eyes But there was another point whereon the Baron and I clasped hands affectingly—and that was that a Martini to be worthy of the name had to be made with the gol-darnedest finest Vermouth and positively subliminal gin otherwise it was a sell and a swindle incompetent to set the mood for a meal

Fortunately the Martini Vigilantes are ever on the increase making aroma holiday a frequent occurrence And some of the brethren armed with tape measures and smoothing sticks are investigating the size of glasses in the conviction that this drink has deeper possibilities than stingy servers realize They want to meet Olive when the tide's in, not wade to her

Minuting ambitious leads inevitably to Rickeys (half a lime squeezed and tossed in upon sugar and ice, gin seltzer) of highball stature and their lemon counterparts known as Fizzes, and then on to super-cylinders of the Collins persuasion—Fizzes grown up To save mixers of these highboys (perhaps picked with Angostura) from overtaxing themselves there is a special Tom type of gin—sweet—consisting of the regular Dry subjected to a sugar caning And the squeeze and strain of fruitage can be dodged by the use of already-fruited mixes which the bubble-goods purveyors put out along with their ginger ales—the latter being also gluable at will, especially with lemon or a twist thereof

A more intricate upstander the N' Orleans Fizz, alias Ramos, is nice work if you can do it. Crescent City sucklers say you can't instancing the special touches administered to this drink when concocted on its home ground The devotion with which the bartender assembles the ingredients The zeal with which the sepia athlete to whom he hands it shakes it to a chill furv Even so one hates to take defeat lying down beforehand Better to try and try, failing as nobly as one can and *then* go bye-bye Anyhow, here are specifications for it—

NEW ORLEANS FIZZ
(Proportions per person)

Juice of ½ lemon and ½ lime
1 tablespoon sugar
2 ounces Dry Gin
White of 1 egg
1 pony cream

Shake with crackedice as though your life depended upon it For eons Pour into Ramos glass (lithish, svelte tumbler) which has been white-rimmed by being dunked upside down in a saucer of lemon juice and then in powdered sugar Add seltzer, but not too thumingly and a few shots of orange flower water Relax and reap the fruits of your labor

Symphonic variations Some fashioners prefer a trifle more lemon juice than lime At the old Waldorf it was straight lemon and

*Continued on page 176*

HERE COMES STYLE

Feet First

And *feet first* it should be. No man can be smart if his shoes lack smart styling But comfort is essential, too

In every pair of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes are four scientifically-designed features that bring you fact comfort you didn't know existed These features relieve muscle tension, give aver all foot support and bring comfort to over-worked nerves

If you don't know where to buy Wright Arch Preserver Shoes, we will be glad to tell you. E. T Wright & Co., Rockland, Mass.

*Wright*

ARCH PRESERVER SHOES

*for Active Men*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A request for change of address must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, enclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy The Post Office will not forward copies to your new address unless extra postage is provided by you

## Dutchman's Delight

*Continued from pages 94-175*

the drink was served in a goblet Ceremonial fizzing among the squirearchy of the Gulf is apt to involve the frosted gleam of silver, either hourglass or hoyishform Back in 1885, sensitive stylist Lafcadio Hearn, who was then a newspaper reporter in New Orleans before moving on to Japan found and consumed fizzes of the sort we know and also a version employing Holland gin likewise one wherein seltzer was replaced by French Vichy, and white of egg by yolk

Other interesting developments in fizzology are the Alabama, consisting of the standard Fizz with the addition of fresh mint sprigs and the St Raphael assembled out of a demi-pony of gin 2 ponies St Raphael-Appetizer, 1 pony orange juice, shaken and strained into a glass which is thereupon filled with pre-chilled mineral water of best quality And one may hoomps a Daisy to the tune of 1 jigger gin, pony of grenadine and pony of lemon juice shocken and fizzed up Or (for spiritual revival) one may clutch at a Sling contrived with an Angostura-dashed jigger of gin twisted o'er with a lemon peel spiral in a highball setting perhaps sweetened with gum syrup

We are in for controversy when we come to the Singapore Sling with colonnists to right of us, columnists to left of us, volleying and thundering With all their barrage this one thing is certain it contains GIN And also lemon juice and cherry brandy—plausible proportions being 1 lemon and 1 pony of the cherry to 2 ponies of gin plus barspoon of sugar From here you're on your own But if you'll promise not to bite the loving hand that feeds you information I'll stick my neck out to the extent of 1 dash Bénédictine or Drambuie 1 dash Angostura, shaken well with ice cube and poured without straining into Collins glass seltzer, float thin layer of Port wine on top Anyone who prefers to omit the vinous roof, or chooses to substitute ginger beer for the seltzer can go straight to the Straits and sling his Sling the way he wants to I'm standing pat.

But the cherry brandy (Cherry Heering is especially appropriate) brings up the matter of gin's camaraderie with cordials and liqueurs. For example, the following string of cocktails each boasting gin as its cornerstone, preferably *good* gin!

WITH YELLOW CHARTREUSE (2/3)
Gin 2/3, Orange Bitters 2 dashes. Stir icily and strain Name ALASKA

WITH GREEN CHARTREUSE (1/3)
Gin 2/3, Italian Vermouth 1/3, Angostura 1 dash Stir strain squeeze a piece of lemon peel on top Add a cherry Title EDOU

WITH CRÈME DE CACAO (1/3)
Gin 1/3, cream of the cow 1/3 Shake, strain. Label ALEXANDER

WITH COINTREAU (1/3 pony)
Gin 1 jigger, juice of 1/2 lime, white of 1 egg grenadine 1 dash Shake and strain into wine glass whose rim has been sugar-frosted Identification tag BONZAI

WITH CRÈME YVETTE (1/3)
Gin 1 jigger, white of egg Shake, strain Handle BLUE MOON

WITH MARASCHINO CORDIAL (1/4 OZ.)
Gin 1 1/4 oz., lemon juice 1/2 oz Shake, strain Code word AVIATION

WITH GRAND MARNIER (3/4 OZ)
Gin 3/4 oz, juice of 1/4 lemon and 1/4 orange Shake, strain Order-er's cry BED LION

WITH BENEDICTINE (1/3)
Gin 1/4 maraschino 1/4 Shake, strain Halloo HONOLULU

WITH CURAÇAO (1/4 OZ)
Gin 1 1/4 oz. unsweetened pineapple juice 1/4 oz., Orange Bitters 3 dashes Shake, strain garnish with maraschino cherry Dalhbage ON ALOHA (L Mackall inventor No money refunded)

Gin cordialing among the British tends to go Sloe utilizing the handsome maroon-hued gin of tangy charm which is the offspring of the mating (in the privacy of the distillery) of Old Man Dry and Miss Blackthorn-Berry of the Plum family They drink it neat We busy builders erect it into rickeys and fizzes—for sprinkling the dirt dished on the verandah, for assuaging sandtrap sorrow or even mere quenchment of a smaleworthy sort Or cocktail it as a Blackthorn, with 1/4 Italian Vermouth bittered with a dash of Angostura, and maybe additionally zested with a shot of lemon

If we have skimped our Sloe opportunities it has not been through deliberate neglect but because of the crowded condition of our Dry calendar A day has only so many hours and only so many drinks What have we done this week, this month, we ask ourselves guiltily, about that priceless classic the Dehmomeo? (3/4 oz gin, 1/2 oz each of French and Italian Vermouth, 1/2 oz Cognac 2 dashes Angostura twist of orange bide) And the Dubonnet? (50-50 gin and Dubonnet, stirred with a citrus twist.) And the Clover Club? (1/2 oz. lemon juice dab of sugar, jigger gin, white of 1 egg 1/2 oz grenadine, well agitated) And the Amer Picon? (1 oz. each of gin and Amer Picon, 1/4 oz. grenadine, squirt of Curaçao) And the Pink Lady? (1 oz gin 1/2 oz applejack, white of 1 egg juice of 1/2 lime, couple dashes grenadine or strawberry syrup or raspberry syrup with cocktail of mint in its bonnet) Really, for all our diligence, we've been asleep at the shaker

Somehow, though we do manage to interpolate a bit of gin-and-tonic on occasion particularly after exercise Say, we've just finished three pretty vehement sets of tennis and are lingering at courtside to watch our successors. Our

ACCENT ON CALIFORNIA

If you realize that fashion rightness is essential in your sportswear you'll insist on the SKIPPER label This ensemble was designed for men who like California style ideas

The cottar is modeled for comfort worn open and for smartness with a jacket Note the tassel flap pockets and the clean-cut details of tailoring Slacks are pleated to form a most becoming waistline The set comes in matched or contrasting shades of green, blue and tan

Shirt with short sleeves, $3.95 Long sleeves $3.50 Slacks, $5.95

WILSON BROTHERS

Chicago · New York
San Francisco


peres are ugly and it's blossom time for pimples of the goose Nobody needs to prescribe what's wanted faithful Yes-sir-right-away-sir" has fielded our nod, and fetches—tinkling glasses gin of choice and bottles of charged tonic water

It's a combination that cools without chilling Boosts not jolts And the sly bitter of the quinine does something to parched throats and fagged systems that mere sweetness couldn't. Army men in India and other regions of the Tropics caught on to this idea in the days of colonization and it's been an unofficial part of the regulations ever since, with lemon or lime, or the peel of either, sometimes added at the behest of individual fancy Staminas cry for it

All such classics constitute however only the entering wedge of wisdom.

Anyone with some ambition a bottle or two of worth-while gin, and a flock of fixings, can stumble onto magnificence that would surprise you For instance this past winter at a bar fest of the Society of Amateur Chefs, new formulae were broken out all over the place some of them swell Comedian Joe Cook unveiled with pardonable pride a little something called 'Sleepless Hollow Gin Old-Fashioned, the short drink with the long name" which proved to be a standard-practice Old-Fashioned but with gin as its liquor plus 1/4 oz. Italian Vermouth And good Baritone Reinold Werrenrath took bows in a Chazy Lake Cocktail of 4 parts gin 2 parts Italian Vermouth, 1 part lime juice and 1 part Crème de Cacao And fictioneer Achmed Abdullah sprang an Abdullah Special of 2/3 gin 1/3 Jamaica rum, juice of 1 lime, dash of brown sugar, which was of a forcefulness to knock your white cap off even if held down by a brick but tasty withal.

Curiously enough, the most novel drink in the gin line is straight gin People seem to have forgotten that such a thing ever existed Or never knew A neighbor of mine, an attorney who in the course of his work travels all over the country by plane and pick-up a cocktail wherever he alights, recently had his first introduction to really superior gin in the altogether He heeled the case with, "Why *this* is marvelous! It doesn't ask for a thing!"

Which was exactly what the Dutch were aiming at when they invented the said liquor centuries ago

## A Pair of Amateurs

*Continued from page 63*

after six. Each time the men went down for stuff leaving him alone with the girl, Will Gross found his excitement increasing until he reached the point of adolescent embarrassment he couldn't look at her without blushing Whereas he was usually easy with girls, he found himself thinking up a thousand approaches, merely to ask her to dinner And as her employer's desk was brought and placed, he couldn't refrain from prodding her with remarks like "You certainly know your boss's wishes"

'Oh yes I ought to"

'When a man lets a woman clean his pipes for him—" as she was doing— Tchk! tchk!"

That isn't the half of it He even lets me pick his neckties" Though she responded to his banter, it was as if by rote She was deep she was deep; he still felt oddly at a distance, even inferior to her, like a servant It was that beauty, that eternal unnerving beauty rousing in possessor to an unattainable world

As they finished work he actually stammered his mind-rehearsed speech, Miss West, I've caused you so much extra bother won't you at least let me take you to dinner?"

She looked at her watch "Thanks But I'll only have about an hour" she warned him Then I must leave!"

"Okay One hour to live!"

He didn't know quite where to take her He had a feeling that so beautiful a girl must be used to the swellest places places where the prices weren't even printed on the menu! Her being in a hurry was a saving circumstance Where would you like to go?" he asked.

'Oh anywhere Was she estimating his range thinking of the places she went with Mr Better? "Longchamps?" she suggested

Where could she be going afterward? Whom could she be going to meet? Some man of course. Her boss? But why so early? Seven-thirty And you'd think the guy would take her to dinner Unless it was a married man that had to show up at home

She wouldn't order a thing except salad (Though you could get a whole dinner he noticed for the price of the salad) I really should not eat a thing right now," she said, ' but I am hungry."

She was like this, he decided—always leaving a touch of mystery about the simplest things "Why not eat if you're hungry!"

"Food is bad, just before a meet," she said.

A meet? Now she dropped another bit of information. He was tied to laugh, her mystery was so simple It seemed that she was an exhibition diver, and she was competing in a meet tonight

There was the whole thing her hurry her mysterious date her odd dinner Why hadn't she told him in the first place? Just pure feminine need for mystification he decided She was just a simple girl after all an athlete

'Is this a public affair?" he asked "Would you mind if I came along?"

"Of course not If you're sure you won't be bored

Now he thought he was beginning to understand her constant deep repose there was something of water-calm about the girl, it

*Continued on page 178*

A SMART "THREESOME"

You'll find many uses for *each* of the three garments in this assemble And they're all designed for good style worn together The Threesome is a SKIPPER fashion

The set includes a white knit pull over shirt edged in green or tan to harmonize with the striped crash in and-outer jacket and the solid color slacks flexed together complete $5.95

Write us if you can't find this new ensemble in a smart store near you

WILSON BROTHERS

Chicago · New York
San Francisco

*The Play's the Thing.....*

*"THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE"**

*...in a Crown Tested Rayon Sports Ensemble*

PLAY days are gay days — when you golf, or tennis, or just lounge around and like it in slack ensembles like these! Nicely muted tones, in crisply tailored spun rayon and acetate rayon fabrics — Crown Tested, of course — laboratory check tested and approved for various points of consumer satisfaction, including durability, fabric strength, and dry-cleanability.

*ON SALE AT FINE MEN'S STORES AND DEPARTMENTS EVERYWHERE*

**Current Theater Guild hit starring Eddie Dowling*

CROWN TESTED RAYON FABRICS

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION 250 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.
*The World's Largest Producer of Rayon Yarn*

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THE FIRST NAME IN RAYON
THE FIRST IN TESTED QUALITY


## A Pair of Amateurs

*Continued from pages 63-177*

was the mood he sometimes felt himself when taking a long swim.

The affair was at the Women's Athletic Club. Around the pool a few rows of benches had been set; there was a scattered but gathering audience. She touched his arm, "I'll have to leave you now."

Will Gross walked gingerly around the slippery edge of the tank, and found his seat-number, a ten-inch space on a bench. On the printed program, under the third event was her name. To discover it there gave him a pleasant shock: Angela West. Angela.

At the diving end of the pool the contestants began to appear: women and a few men—all very serious. The announcer, a friendly bald man in a tuxedo, stepped to the edge of the pool and blew a whistle. Five women lined up to race. Colored floats, like long strings of firecrackers, divided the pool into lanes. One of the women jumped prematurely and there was a friendly laugh. These women had wide, butcher shoulders and it was odd how, under a bathing cap, a woman's face lost personality. He was somewhat worried about how Angela would look.

Then she appeared. She was wearing a white bathing suit and even now putting on the severe helmet-like cap. As she stood with one foot forward, her head slightly inclined, preoccupied, while her raised hand pressed the final strand of hair under the cap, she was in the precise attitude of the Venus de Milo. One does not really fall in love with only the physical appearance of a woman, he told himself. After all, I don't know a thing about her.

The way she was standing, the scar on her leg was visible—it was not bad at all, now that he saw it, have a trifle a badly stitched cut. She seemed to remember and drew her feet together to hide the mark.

The race had ended. The women, as they pulled out of the water, were plastically modeled in their clinging suits. He knew he was wanting to see Angela so revealed.

She was climbing to the high-dive. And as she poised, balancing, upon the end of the high springboard, Gross knew that it was not merely infatuation that had led him to see such beauty in her. For all up and down the tiers of benches around the pool, her name echoed in a murmur: Angela West, Angela West, in the same hushed tone with which people repeat the names of art in galleries.

"Miss West will do a plain dive," the announcer said.

She raised her arms. There was the held breath moment—as when an orchestra leader raises his baton. And then she was in the air. One utterly and essentially feminine touch distinguished the flight of her curved body from the perfect, impersonal abstraction of art. The tie-string of her bathing-suit, decoratively long, fluttered prettily behind her.

Though ignorant of the technique of this sport, Gross could not help but feel that he was watching a performance which was the perfection of form, the perfection of an art. Something like a sigh of pleasure rose from the audience.

She went into the water knife-smooth—there was no drop of spray; there was only the rhythmic sway of the water against the sides of the tank, almost instantly, she was emerging.

Now her wet body, reflecting the glistening, polished white stone of the pool, showing with every movement the wonderful modeling of her thighs, her flanks, the small of her back, her abdomen—and the strong forward thrust of her breasts—now this was indeed beauty that transcended flesh. Her expression was one of tranquil gravity, as upon the face of a sculptured goddess.

She performed again, a back-dive, and in that instant passage through the air she left him a timeless image, her breasts a pillow upon the resistless bed of space. Will Gross felt that now he knew the use of beauty: to stimulate a man to the point where he thought more clearly and deeply than in his normal state. He understood here that perfection destroyed both time and size, the instant being perfectly realized, might occupy years in memory.

In a half-turn, she was like an airplane carving, then she did a swan.

* * *

He had heard that the Old Hickory Club was the rendezvous of the smart crowd, and took her there—though the cool way she walked in, the way she said, "It's become quite popular lately," made him feel that the people who really knew had already left this place to the camp-followers. She ate healthily now—a huge steak. There was a noisy hot band, and talk was difficult. He didn't quite know how to express the thought in his mind—and blurted, "It must be quite a responsibility to have so beautiful a form."

She looked disinterestedly toward the band. "It's nothing a girl can take special credit for—is it? Having a fine body." There was a trace of inferiority in her tone. "Naturally I take care of it as well as I can."

"I mean," he persisted, "it's like a work of art, in your keeping, but really created for the world's pleasure."

"Yah. The world's pleasure," she repeated, with a thin-pulled smile of sophistication that in her, seemed disturbingly related to coarseness.

They danced and during a music pause, while they stood in a clear spot, he noticed her moving her leg, to conceal the little scar. "Please don't think I'm butting in," he said, "but it's really nothing of a disfigurement, why does it bother you so?"

"I got it in a fall from a spring-




*The Play's the Thing.....*

*"LIFE WITH FATHER"**

*...in a Crown Tested Rayon Dressing Gown*

has been considerably smoother. And he's a *handsomer* father, to boot! As for comfort—he swears by the expert full cut tailoring, and the smooth yet sturdy Crown Tested Rayon Fabric—laboratory check tested and approved for various points of consumer satisfaction, including durability, fabric strength and dry-cleanability.

**Current stage hit in New York and Chicago*

*AT THESE AND OTHER FINE STORES*

| | |
|---|---|
| Stern Bros. | New York City |
| The Hub | Chicago Ill. |
| Strawbridge & Clothier | Philadelphia Pa. |
| Dermont's | Los Angeles, Calif. |
| Jordan Marsh Co. | Boston Mass. |
| Godchaux Clothing Co. | New Orleans, La. |
| Rich's | Atlanta Ga. |
| G. Fox & Co. | Hartford Conn. |

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*The Play's the Thing.....*

*"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"**

*...in a Crown Tested Rayon Dinner Jacket*

HE is the man who "knows all the answers," when it comes to sartorial splendor! And HE insists on a tropical weight dinner jacket like this tailored to a T—in a Crown Tested Rayon and cotton fabric—laboratory check tested and approved for durability, fabric strength, dry cleanability and various other points of consumer satisfaction.

**Current stage hit*

*AT THESE AND OTHER FINE STORES*

| | |
|---|---|
| Saks 34th St. | New York, N. Y. |
| Continental Clothing Co. | Chicago Ill. |
| N. Snellenburg & Co. | Philadelphia Pa. |
| Brooks Clothing Co. | Los Angeles Calif. |
| Raleigh Haberdasher Inc. | Washington D. C. |
| D. L. Pincus Inc. | San Antonio Tex. |
| Efird's Dept. Store | Charlotte N. C. |
| Armstrong Clothing Co. | Cedar Rapids, Ia. |

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board," she said. "It was sewed up badly."

"But why do you take such trouble to hide it, since everyone who knows you must know it is there?"

She looked at him with an odd smile as though her answer must spread to wider meanings about herself. "Sometimes people will hide something simply because it is ugly," she said.

He felt, for the first time, a true warmth between them. To lighten things he remarked: "Standing up there on the springboard you reminded me of a statue by Lehmbruck. It's in the Modern Museum—do you know it? Right near the entrance."

"You're certainly an expert on art, for a real estate man," she said. "Do you do any yourself, paint or something?"

"No. I'm just an amateur."

"You mean it's a hobby? What do you do, paint or sculpt?"

"Neither. Strictly speaking, the word amateur means a lover of the art."

"Oh." She looked away again, with that same touch of inferiority. He thought perhaps she had never received all the education she wanted. "You'll have to take me to that museum sometime," she said.

He tried to talk of her sport. It turned out she had traveled quite a bit to tournaments in California, they had made newsreels of her, oh yes they had given her a screen test in Hollywood. Didn't she want to go take the movies? She shrugged. But didn't she want to do something with her beauty?

"It's just selling your body in another way, isn't it?" she said, with naive bitterness.

He smiled away her remark. But it seemed so strange he said, to find such beauty wasted, just tucked away in an office—

"What would Mr. Batter do without me?" Again that tight, evasive smile. But would she have made the remark, if the nasty meaning were the true one?

"You see I do take part in the meets," she went on. "So I do my duty by my public." That's where Mr. Batter saw me. In the Hollywood meet. And he told me, if I ever needed any help to look him up in New York. Well, then my father lost his job and I had to support the family, so you see, I came here."

This she had told him looking straight into his eyes, almost as though she had decided he had a right to know about her. Then probably, as they said in melodrama, the worst was true.

When he offered to take her home she said she had left her car in a garage near the office. If he'd just take her there, she'd drive herself home.

But win on earth drove a car to work in Manhattan? Where did she live? In Westchester?

At the garage she said good-bye pressing his hand faintly and giving him a warm, overpowering smile. He could not help waiting across the street until he saw her drive out. She was in a sporty latest model convertible coupe.

* * *

It was clear enough what she was: he would dismiss her from his mind. Yet whenever he had to show space, Will Gross selected the seventeenth floor. And he could not help himself, in casual talk with the elevator man, the mailman, from mentioning the Restless Corp., say they certainly kept funny business hours, never opening the office until ten eleven, and when the boss was in town he was usually in the place up to one a.m., no wonder with that beautiful secretary, some looker, have you noticed her? They always had.

Around the building Will Gross picked up items about Mr. Batter's interests: he was mixed up in a zome here a mill there, he had a Long Island estate, a family accepted in society. What chance did a guy have against that kind of a setup?

Once in the lunchroom, Angela West settled onto the next stool and said, "When are you going to take me to that art museum?" And at the museum she was careful to be favorably impressed by the modernistic Calder things, she could laugh and say, "Amusing, aren't they?" and before the Noguchis she could say, "Clever, isn't he?" There was a torso-fragment by Maillol. Will Gross lingered around it, to wean her toward it at last, with almost humble lack of pretense, she said:

"This is the real thing, isn't it? You don't quite understand it at first but finally it gets you, it's beautiful." And then she smiled with disarming surrender: "I never was educated right, so if I make a boner just tell me, will you?"

It was for moments like that that he thought he couldn't drop her, at least until he was sure.

One odd thing: Angela would never make a date further than a day or so ahead. "I can't say just now." Or, "We'll make it tentative, call me tomorrow." Yet it appeared that she had no other friends at all.

He was spending too much on her, but he had never overcome the feeling that only the swellest places were fit for her. Each time he thought he would get at her, get through that mysterious calm, find the answer to the questions consuming him. How did she live? Where did she live? There she would sit with him—in the Rainbow Room, so beautiful a girl across the table. And he knew nothing, really nothing about her. She might be anything.

Sometimes he would look about the room and see others like himself—men, with their beautiful women at their tables, and the whole structure of this civilization would seem poisonous and precarious to Will Gross. These women might be anything, anything at all. In the city's honeycombs—in the office buildings—how many were there? What were they, really? And it seemed to him sometimes that beneath her cool poise he caught a glimpse of frightful

*Continued on page 180*




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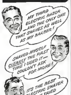


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## A Pair of Amateurs

*Continued from pages 63 177 179*

desperation, the desperation of those who know they have no place, in the scheme of things

Once as they started for dinner Angela touched his arm and said "I'll have to go at ten-thirty tonight"

"Got a swimming meet at ten-thirty?" he kidded.

"No I must meet someone"

He was brusque "I don't suppose it's any of my business."

"I'm meeting Mr Batter He's coming on the train then," she said calmly

He had been letting himself in for her, making excuses for her thinking of her as after all someone within his reach: an office girl stunning looking but not even a college graduate, certainly not out of his class. He had a good job he was going up in the world Surely these mysteries she made were a kind of play a continuous romance she built around her own beauty. She was different being beautiful, and her life had to be made to seem different from that of an ordinary office girl. Surely eventually, she was someone he need never be ashamed of The Batter idea was nonsense And it would be kind of nifty to have a wife one could show off a champion in her sport She would be like some work of art he might have created if he had had more talent and less business sense

Will tried to make his inquiry lightly "I hate to have you go so soon, Angela. What is this with your boss are you at his beck and call night and day?"

"Mr Batter is out of town so much, you know I really have it very easy when he's away so when he is in town I feel sort of obliged to work at any hour he likes We often work late in the office haven't you seen our light?" Was her inflection malicious? It was true that he had watched their light quite late a few times.

Well then this was why she wouldn't make any dates in advance She was always on call for that boss of hers. On call—

He didn't know what to believe. During this tormented period Will Gross even tried to pick up a friendship with the bookkeeper in her office managing several times to run into the man as he was leaving the building His name was Benedict Sloan He was not interested in baseball, in politics, in stocks—except to say that his boss was making plenty "That's an awfully smart girl in your office Miss West she practically runs the business doesn't she?" Will finally led.

"Correct" One side of the bookkeeper's mouth twisted "She's plenty smart."

"She's up there pretty late with him sometimes."

"Correct Confidential secretary" He faced Gross leering

Gross couldn't help himself now "I've seen her driving a snappy convertible around Couldn't buy that on an office girl's wages I suppose she's more than a secretary, huh?"

The leer broadened "She's one smart girl all right Buying an annuity, too"

Will Gross was startled

"So her folks won't starve in their old age Got it in her mother's name Vespucci That's her name. Italian not West. An annuity like that takes quite a piece of change" he speculated longingly.

"Where does she get it all?"

The bookkeeper ogled him "Champion diver ain't she?" He chuckled

And yet the story could check out She might have won some money some prizes, might have made a few thousand that time in Hollywood And that annuity— The only way to settle it was to have the whole question out with her

She couldn't see him all week end. Angela said; she was going up to Boston for a tournament Gross got a newspaper The tournament was no lie By Saturday afternoon he was nearly crazy He got into his car and drove The semifinals were in progress when he reached the pool

Will squeezed in between a college kid and an old bald-headed prof The place was in an uproar over a relay glancing at his program he saw that her event was next.

Again, as Angela poised on the platform, that strange warm calm came over the crowd. Will Gross heard someone remark, 'Beautiful, isn't she?' It was the prof on his left Will turned to look at the man. Instantly, he knew this was Mr Batter The man was about sixty his skin had that expensive, well-preserved look attainable only to the very rich. His face showed tremendous power Even seated he appeared huge, bull-shouldered A high collar gave him the professional look

"Yes, she is quite beautiful," Gross agreed And as Angela went through her performance he watched the old man Surely this was the proprietary air of an owner at a race-track the pride and with it the participation The old man followed her movements completely absorbed and each time, as she flowed through the air her tie ribbons fluttering behind her, an intoxicated pleasure filmed his eyes

"Beautiful, beautiful," he muttered

Will Gross saw the man's hands tighten with pleasure These were an old man's hands flecked, blotched, the skin loathsomely smooth in spots, and again crinkled like crumpled paper "At least he appreciates her" Will reflected bitterly "Well, he can afford it"

As Angela mounted the platform for her half-turn, she looked toward them with a little smile of greeting For the old man Will knew that smile—she had turned it to him, sometimes Now she must have seen him, too her face puzzled for an instant, before her dive

It would have been better if he could have left without her knowing he had been there But now, things would have to be final He waited as she came toward them saying, "I didn't know you two were acquainted"

"But?" the old man turned questioningly She introduced them They made the obvious remarks over the coincidence God how those two were carrying it off! Gross cursed himself and them, because he was the only one embarrassed.

The judges were making the announcement, Angela had lost on the track dives. She shrugged. "Good, now I don't have to stick around for the finals" Mr Batter said he would just have time to catch his plane for Detroit

"So you knew I wouldn't win!" she jested.

Smooth oh they were smooth

When the old man had gone, Angela said "That's quite a pleasant surprise I'd have been stuck here all alone. Mr Batter was a darling, he re-routed his flight especially to see me perform tonight on his way to Detroit" Then she asked, "Where are you staying?"

Nowhere he said he had sort of intended driving back at night Perhaps she'd like to come along for the ride?

To his surprise, she assented

The whole thing was tumbling about him again The case worked out so completely either way, innocent or guilty If she and her boss were here together it would have been easy enough for her to make some excuse and meet him later at their hotel Or had they arrived here last night?

Then, take it the other way—all innocent! the old guy really appreciated her beauty, and just stopped over to watch her Why not?

In the car Angela was so utterly relaxed, so water-calm, that all his doubts his loathing lifted from him. They scarcely spoke and yet a good understanding seemed to exist There was a scant moon the stars were overwhelming to one who got out of the city so rarely the white road was peace A honeymoon could be like this Now she seemed accessible again, there was no mystery, no evil There was only this beauty that he could carry with him all the world was beauty-laden

"Why did you come?" she asked

"To see you"

"You haven't seen much of me lately"

"I wanted to. I was a damn fool" He let the whole thing tumble out "Angela you have such an air of mystery sometimes a man can believe anything about you—I guess chiefly because you're so beautiful, and one expects things to happen to beautiful women . I mean just an ordinary fellow like myself—"

She touched his hand He felt suddenly, and buried the idea out of his mind that he could suggest they stop overnight in one of those cabins and—But he wanted something more, something deeper, with her. "I mean when I took you out, Angela, I could never get near you, you were always there two feet away—" he laughed self consciously—"always with that mystery about you, what did I really know about you—how you live what you really want out of life—" She was staring straight ahead "Well I got all kinds of ideas. I even pumped that bookkeeper, Benedict what's his name, about you"

"Did he tell all?" she said, with the hollow, sophisticated tone

"Oh, it just looked kind of funny," he persisted desperately. "You told me your folks were broke and then that car you drive, and he told me you were buying an annuity . . . a fellow can't help figuring, how does a secretary make so much—even a good one—"

She had not drawn away, but he felt her tighten

"Listen Angela I wouldn't say this except, well, you know, it's something to me I'm falling in love with you I had to know about you"

"And so you found out?"

"Oh all that was crazy There are any number of ways a person can get a car and a little money For all I know your folks may be back on their feet. And you could have made a lot of money with your swimming prizes and posing and stuff I don't know the first thing about that stuff, You might even be a professional, for all I know"

There was that laugh in her throat he had heard it a few times before, only it did not sound pretty to him now It sounded slightly obscene He turned and saw her face lighted momentarily in the white glare of a passing car's headlights.

"No" she said "Not really a professional I'm an amateur Just an amateur But I get along all right" She sucked in her lip, cynically There could be no doubt of her double meaning

It was the first time he had seen so knowing an expression on her face. The calm was gone, and the classic pose The car-light swept by but her face fixed in the civilized leer remained incandescent in his mind Looking down, to relieve his eyes of headlight glare, he noticed Angela surely unconsciously shifting her scarred ankle so that now, even in the dark, the ugly mark was hidden

It passed through his mind that wealthy collectors sometimes loaned their works of art to public museums, where ordinary folk might have a look at them

"What were you saying?" she asked

"Nothing Orchid, why couldn't we stop in one of those overnight cabins? Just as a couple of amateurs?" He turned to her with that same sophisticated leer on his own face #

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## Afternoon of a Fan

*Continued from page 68*

other fielders away and waited for it. Suddenly he got the full orange flame of the sun in his eyes. He stepped aside to escape the glare but a half-dozen dark spots freckled the air before him—floating away like tiny balloons. The ball had vanished! He backed up calculating desperately. He could not see. He stood there with his hands outstretched. A low scornful snarl: Boo! rose from the bleachers. He heard the ball strike the ground to his left. And the winning run had come in.

When Joe Canfield shook his head with the memory of it. Folks had never really forgotten it done to the year when he had asked for his release. Nowadays the boys used dark glasses and took no chances with Old Man Sun.

A ripple of applause swept the stands. Bud Dalton was coming up swinging a fistful of bats. With a flourish and a glance at the grandstands he selected his favorite. Even as the pop and hot-dog vendors hushed when he took his stance.

"Dalton's a swinger" said the Gray Teeth.

"Just like I used to be," Joe thought and wondered whether his neighbors had recognized him. But of course they hadn't.

The pitcher aursed his cud and took his signal. He wound up—stretching like a lean thoroughbred rearing on its haunches, and grooved it down sizzling hot. Dalton waited and swung. Before the bat had come back to his shoulder the ball had plunked—*wch!*—into the catcher's mitt. Joe's wrists and shoulder muscles teased and relaxed. Savagely Dalton caught a piece of the next pitch and sent the ball sailing back over the left-field foul line. He swung at another and was out.

Joe watched the dejected figure returning to his dugout and reflected how he used to go in there swinging. His final batting average: he recalled with some pride, stood around .200. Besides—his hits had usually been good for extra bases. A sports writer had once named him "Joey 'Extra-Bases' Canfield."

Unconsciously he pulled himself up—hands on loins, and wondered whether anyone had recognized him. "Get down! Hey! down in front!" they yelled behind him. Gray Teeth yanked at his arm and he sat down. After all, he'd been out of the game a half-dozen years and the fans forgot you after a season or two. Look at Babe Ruth, who had always had people tagging after him— But he doubted that either Gray Teeth or the Seersucker would have missed recognizing The Babe.

He stared blindly at the next few innings of play—suddenly disheartened by his own thoughts. Although, maybe a fellow had a right to expect people to remember him — After all, it was only six years ago that he had been in there — He chewed on his cigar and was unaccountably irritated every time his neighbors exclaimed or applauded.

At the seventh-inning stretch he got up with the others. With a tiny pencil in a meaty red fist Seersucker was making fish hooks in the tiny spaces on his scorecard. His collar button gleamed at the base of his throat.

"O Donnell hasn't had a hit in three times at bat," he chortled. "Fast he hasn't had a hit two days running. And they call it a 'lively' ball!"

"Yeah!" Joe responded politely. Then he pressed his lips together and spat. The fans nowadays were always expecting to see the ball lifted over the wall or into the bleachers.

One successful year when he had hit eight homers—and that before they had packed jumping-beans into the ball—no one had made much of it. But no one had made much of ball-players in general in those days. That was why after twelve years in big league ball he'd had to rustle himself a job with a sporting-goods house, and lucky to get that.

An airplane droned over the park, an aluminum cross on the line sky. A wind stirred up the dust of the outfield and brought the smell of earth to Joe's nostrils and brittle particles against his cheeks. Although he reconsidered, in a way he really couldn't complain. There were times when the stands had rocked when he'd get up to bat. He rose to his feet as a wave of applause swept through the tier. The side had been retired—one, two, three. Seersucker was down on his hands and knees and was looking under the seats for his collar button.

Hardly had the next inning begun then the umpire called a balk. Immediately a half-dozen players streamed to homeplate to protest. They waved their hands and shouted but what they said did not carry to the stands. Finally the umpire jerked his arm. The shortstop walked off the field toward the dugout. The complaints tapered off and the others hurried back to their positions, their shadows preceding them across the diamond.

"He's telling 'em who's boss, all right!" Seersucker cried. The cuff-band of his shirt was open and there was a green spot where his collar button had rested.

"Aw—what do you know about it?" Joe grumbled to the others astonishment. Those fellows down there had to stick up for their rights once in a while. The hollow voice of the announcer poured out the muted name of a substitute for the shortstop.

"Yeah—" Joe repeated to himself—"what do these fellows up here know about the fellows down there?" They certainly forgot them soon enough. He watched the figures changing on the scoreboard.

The home team was coming up at the end of the ninth, two runs behind. Then there was one out and a runner on first. A man came up to bat and the next batter after him held himself ready at the side of the plate—he knelt on one knee in though in prayer. But the first man grounded into a double play—the ball went to second, then to first—and it was all over. A few boos rose from the disappointed home fans as the players trotted in to their dugouts. Still the vendors called their wares.

Gray Teeth stood up and removed his coat. "Some game!" he declared. Perspiration had pasted seersucker gorgets about his neck and armpits.

"They played nice ball!" Joe snapped. He rose and pushed his way through the aisles. Paper cups, candy-wrappers, straws, torn ticket stubs and scorecards were scattered underfoot. He elbowed his way down the ramp.

"Is Bud Dalton married?" a girl in a red blouse and blue slacks was asking her companion.

"Got two children."

"Aw! — But he's handsome anyway."

Joe paused to stare out in the sunlight where a platoon of uniformed attendants were covering the infield with an elephant-gray tarpaulin. Moving sidewise, he stumbled over a crackerjack box and jostled a red face in a checked sportcoat.

"Take it easy! Think you own the ballpark?"

Joe muttered an apology and hurried forward. The fellow didn't have to get sore about it. Time was when those same folks wouldn't have let him pass without crowding around and patting him on the back: "Nice game, Joey!" and "Good boy, Joey!" and "That's the stuff, Joey!" That's what they used to say—years ago. With hostile eyes now he scanned the people pushing alongside him.

As he approached the turnstiles he saw an old white-coated vendor selling bags of popcorn from a tin carton. Each paper sack had the top folded over like a mouth with the lower lip sucked in. Joe searched in his pockets for a dime.

"Gimme one—Popcorn."

The vendor passed a bag to him—the back of his hand was shaggy—and looked up.

"Why, Joey Canfield!" he cried. His creased sunburned face shone. He seized Joe's hand in one fist—and continued to deal out more bags with his other hand. "Joey! Good to see you. Say you're getting gray! Get your popcorn here, folks. How'd you like the ballgame, Joey?"

"Great game."

"Popcorn here! There you are, sir. — I'd have give a lot to sit near you and hear what you had to say, Joey.—Ten cents. Here's your change, mister. — They ain't playin' the same kind of ball they played in your day, Joey." He paused to refuse the dime. "On the house, Joey, on the house! If I'd have known you were here! Say!" his voice whined, "Why'n'cha look an old man up once in a while? I'm always here. Get your popcorn here!"

Joe smiled. "O.K., boy, see you some more sometime."

"Yeah—so long, kid.— That's Joey Canfield, folks, over there. Remember him? Centerfielder. Extra-Bases' Joey Canfield. That short fellow just going out. —"

As the turnstile clicked behind him Joe's footsteps lagged. He smiled to himself. It had been good to see old what-was-his-name? He couldn't remember, although he'd seen him at game after game for so many years. And he was still there! Not much of a life, selling popcorn year after year. He welled with sympathy for the man and was increasingly annoyed that he could not remember the name. But it would come to him. Besides, he had an old book of pictures that included everyone on the park staff. He'd find him. He wondered whether the old fellow had any children. He could send them a glove or a ball or something in the sport line as a keepsake, just to remember him by.

It certainly was strange that of all people it should have been the old fellow who recognized him. But there was a man talking to a boy and pointing his way now. Joe smiled to himself. What had made him think no one had recognized him? If one fellow had, others must have, too.

He felt a hundred eyes upon him now.

He lingered outside the gate and let a stream of faces, disgorged from the upper tier, flow by him. Good old ballpark! he sighed. Hot-dog carts were strung alongside the exits. The street was jammed with automobiles. Thousands of fans pushed toward the trolley-cars and whistles blew as several policemen tried to keep the traffic moving.

Consciously Joe paused as he reached the curb. He squinted toward the sun and chewed a mouthful of popcorn. Come to think of it, he did owe something to the game. For years he had earned his living by it. The least he could do was to come back to the ballpark once in a while, to sort of show himself to the folks who used to root for him. Next time he came he'd have to make it his business to look up the popcorn man and one or two others. It would be a gracious thing to do and in a way it was his bounden duty to look them up. He sank his hands into his pockets and drew a deep breath. He was sure there must be at least a thousand eyes observing him now.

"That's Joe Canfield," he thought he could hear voices saying. "Old Extra-Bases' Joe!"

He turned his face to the sun setting at the end of the street and glowed in its reflection. How eagerly the old popcorn fellow had pounced upon him! as though he hadn't seen a friendly face in weeks!

Those old-timers, Joe mused sagely, were always tickled to be remembered. ##




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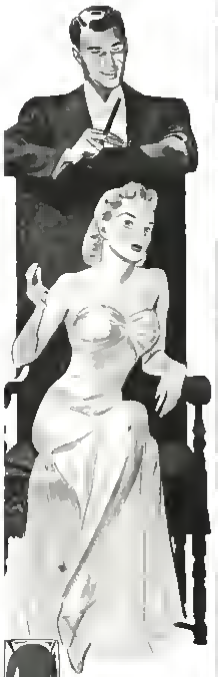

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Quincos — 2 for 25c
Fancy Tales — 15c

*First in the Social Register*


## How I Made My Start

*Continued from page 52*

Mr X, if it disturbs you to hear him called Mr Botts 'Mr Botts"

"Thanks kindly" says Mr Botts

"For some years," I continue, "Mr X had been bothered by a certain dissatisfaction. Seemingly, nothing more than a trivial idiosyncrasy But disquieted by its continuation, I finally took the liberty of consulting a psychiatrist in regard to same And to my intense alarm! For this man of science found it miraculous that Mr X had not cracked up long ago He'd seen innumerable cases of a like nature, he said, go—like that! Dissatisfaction with desk mottoes, he told me, was one of the commonest symptoms of—"

"My God!" says Mr Botts through trembling lips, his face ashen

"I beg your pardon?" I say

"My God!" he says, breaking out in a cold sweat "My God!"

"May I get you a glass of water, Mr X?" I ask politely

President Botts seems paralyzed he just sits there, behind his great flat-topped desk, all hunched over, eyes dark with fear

And I know compassion I am a little sorry for what I have done. But business I remind myself coldly is business

Then in a hollow voice that must sound strange and far away to him President Botts speaks

"I'm never haven't been for years satisfied with my desk mottoes" And he collapses burying his head in his hands

"My God!" I exhale softly "My God!"

And the rest of it would be easy The pants scared off him, President Botts' only thought would be to stave off his nervous breakdown by getting away for a long rest But not knowing who could take his place as President of the Botts Manufacturing Company, he would hesitate until I said "Come, come, Mr X, this is no time to quibble about details I'll look after things while you're gone"

So he would thank me with tears in his eyes and scream the hell out And there I'd be—very nicely situated as President of the Botts Manufacturing Co

There were other plans of approach to the never-satisfied President Botts Mostly developed however, during that inspired period of semi-consciousness which immediately precedes a good night's sleep, and I often had difficulty remembering in the morning just how I'd turned the trick.

And it was with something entirely different in mind that I finally advanced upon the Botts Manufacturing Company A short course in electrical engineering followed by several happy months of puttering with wires and gadgets had prepared me for the crucial interview

But first I encountered a cool blonde item Who, it seemed—was secretary to Mr Botts himself

I told the cool, blonde item that I wanted to see Mr. Botts; that I had a present for him from the Botts Admiration Society of North America and Environs

She didn't believe me didn't believe there was any such society

I made a note of it

"Say!" she said warming up "You won't tell old man Botts I said that will you?"

"Please announce me and my mission to President Botts" I snapped "And without further delay!"

That was the way to do it

And when I went into the private office Mr Botts was standing poised behind his desk very pleased and very happy

"Mr Botts!" I said "the Botts Admiration Society of North America and Environs has no wish to take up the time of such a busy busy man as yourself with long-winded and flowery speeches We know you as a direct man of action who has no time for words words words or zero Bluntly then we ask you to accept this small token of our esteem"

"If I had only known," said President Botts "I would have had a nice little impromptu speech of acceptance all prepared."

"Don't give it a second thought, Mr Botts," I said, unwrapping my parcel and plugging in the electric cord "Deeds Not Words is our motto"

And having made a simple adjustment I gestured to indicate the motto which was, in fact *Deeds, Not Words*

"Well" said President Botts sitting down and squeaking back and forth in his swivel chair "Well sure that's a great thought But on the other hand there's a lot to be said for words too you know"

"Indeed there is" I agreed and with a flick of my wrist the motto became *Words Are the Messengers of Thought*

Amazement crept over the features of President Botts. "Am I dreaming?"

*Today's Dreams are Tomorrow's Facts* said the motto

President Botts couldn't yet believe it It was too much He tried again, speaking deliberately But other times, by God, I think it's best to be practical"

*One Fact* agreed the adjustable desk-motto *is Worth a Thousand Fancies*

Convinced President Botts relaxed Contentment spread over his face He beamed upon me

"Adjustable?"

"That is correct" was my modest admission

"Why young man" said President Botts, "this is wonderful! No more worrying and fretting when my desk motto doesn't agree with the way I feel Just press the buttons and get a new one that backs me up to the hilt Beyoh boy! I have a drink!"

"Thank you very much," I said politely "But it is my opinion Mr Botts, that the unemployed should not indulge themselves in alcoholic beverages"

The effect of which mazdy little speech was truly amazing

President Botts glowered darkly, puffed out his rosy cheeks in indignation, and snapped "What do you *mean*, unemployed! Why I do the work of two three four—sometimes five men!"

"But Mr Botts I mean I'm unemployed"

"Well" he grumbled, "I'm sensitive Nobody thinks I do any work around here Always joking about it. And it's not far either! Because I really do a lot of work"

"I'm sure you do" I said. "I'm sure you're a very, very busy man"

"Just look at all these papers on my desk! Why, I've got a lot to do This is my busy day"

And President Botts happily adjusted the desk motto to agree that this was his busy day

"I guess I'll be going then," I said

"Fine! Glad to have seen you Drop in again sometime when I'm not so busy"

I left him shuffling the papers on his desk back and forth back and forth And giving my address to the cool blonde secretary I went on home to wait for a call to hurry right over to the Botts Manufacturing Co

Which came, of course in a very few days

"Well well," I said, when President Botts had explained what was wrong "I cannot imagine what has got into the concurring desk-motto *One Good Turn Deserves Another*, indeed! What a silly thing to keep saying to a man like you Mr Botts."

Whereupon, I removed my coat, rolled up my sleeves and set to work briskly But with a great lot of unnecessary motions since, because of the way it was built there was nothing simpler than to regulate the desk-motto so that it would—or would not, keep saying *One Good Turn Deserves Another* to a man like Mr Botts

And President Botts was mighty impressed by the way I took hold of things.

"By George!" he exclaimed admiring my unnecessary motions, "you certainly take hold of things as though you meant business If I had a smart young fellow of your caliber in my organization things might be different around here"

"There she is" I finally said.

"Thanks a lot," said President Botts "Much as I hate to take up your time I certainly do appreciate it Have a cigar"

"Why Mr Botts" I said "Don't worry about taking up my time I really haven't a thing to do"

"You haven't?" said President Botts.

"No sir" I said, "I haven't."

Nothing to do," said President Botts, dreamily "What a lucky chap! Nothing to do all day long And look at me! Work work work work, work Certainly wish I was in your shoes, with nothing to do all day but take it easy"

In the months that followed President Botts became used to having me around Too, he was always very nice about offering me cigars.

Ever so often the adjustable desk-motto would begin repeating some such sentiment as "Botts is an ingrate" I would get a call to hurry right over Then when I had fixed it so that temporarily it worked like a dream, President Botts would offer me a cigar And quite frequently he spoke of my skill and efficiency in glowing terms

After about two months of this when I once again received a call to hurry right over to the Botts Manufacturing Co my step was firm as I entered the private office

"It just keeps saying *Botts Is Botts*" said President Botts unhappily

"We'll soon fix that" I said removing my coat And with fewer unnecessary motions than usual, I presently had the adjustable desk motto ripping along so that Mr Botts for the time being could get anything from *Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters* to *Never Sign a Paper for a Stranger* out of it.

"Thanks a lot," he beamed "Have a cigar"

"Do you mind Mr Botts," I said lovingly, "if I smoke it on the train?"

"Train! Train?"

"Why yes Mr Botts," I said "Didn't I tell you? I am leaving for Chicago this afternoon to accept a responsible position with a very prominent firm."

"Chicago!" said President Botts "That's a terrible place. You won't like it in Chicago at all"

I shrugged my shoulders "Chicago is Is"

"But my God!" said President Botts "What'll I do?"

"Oh come now Mr Botts" I said. "You'll miss me for a while of course. And I shall miss you too you know But you can bury yourself in your work and cultivate other interests"

President Botts snorted "This damn adjustable desk-motto of yours! Who'll fix the thing when it gets out of order and begins saying *Botts Is Botts* every time I try to get me a saying that fits my mood?"

"Oh that!" I said "Just a toy, Mr Botts after all"

And President Botts tried to pull himself together "Sure" he said "Oh sure" He laughed a little between squirms. Just a toy, of course! But I've become sort of attached to the silly thing I guess Heh! Heh! But please don't misunderstand that's not the reason I hate to see you go to Chicago"

I raised my eyebrows idly

"It's your future I'm thinking of, young man Ah—Um—Say! Have a cigar!"

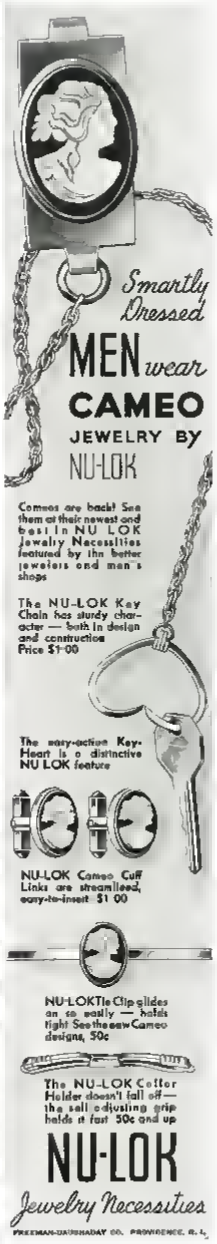
"I have a cigar Mr Botts"

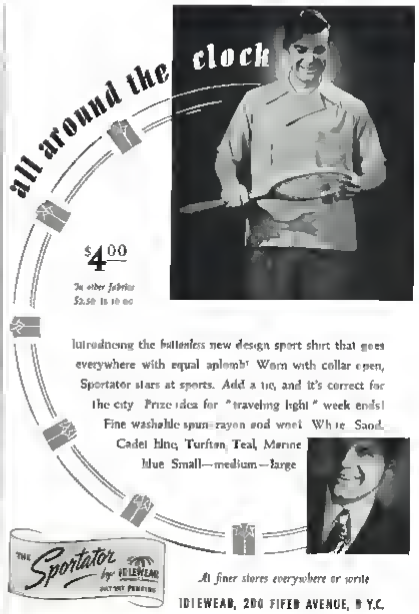
"Oh yes, of course" He was striding nervously about the office. "Well"

"I'm smoking it on the train"

*Continued at top of page 186*



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## How I Made My Start

*Continued from pages 52-185*

I passed "Which leaves in fifteen minutes."

"Now listen" he said "I don't think you ought to go to Chicago—I think you'd be making a big mistake."

"Really?" I said, yawning loudly.

"Absolutely!" said President Botts. "As I see it, young man, your future is here. Why, I've been thinking about finding a place for you right here in the Botts organization."

I yawned some more.

"Whether you know it or not, young man, I've had my eye on you."

"I know it."

President Botts was amazed at my insight.

"About once a week for the last two months," I pointed out.

"Kept slipping my mind though," he complained bitterly. "Busy! Things keep coming up. I'm really a very busy man you know."

"Guess I'd better be going then."

"Now wait a minute," said President Botts, pushing me back in the chair. "Just wait a minute."

And well, as you've probably guessed by this time, I begin Monday with the Botts Manufacturing Company.

So the way to get a position is to give the matter some thought, gather information, see how you can use it, develop a plan and then keep everlastingly plugging away at your objective. That's how I did it, and I see no reason for others to despair of following in my footsteps.

Now that I've made my start, incidentally, the possibilities for advancement are limitless—according to my employer, President Botts. Only one way for an office boy to go, he tells me. And that, he says is up! ##

## The Professor from Fairview

*Continued from page 186*

the room opened to admit a portly gentleman. Anybody who read the papers in those Prohibition days would have recognized him. He was a Chicago millionaire with enormous liquid assets. He took one look at the little gathering and collapsed into a chair. "Out of 20,000 people," he moaned, "out of 20,000 people at the race track" and he pointed a thumb at his lieutenants, "you dopes have to pick on John Scarne for a game of cards?"

He ordered the boys and the blonde to line up against the wall. (This may have been a procedure learned in essence, from the St. Valentine's Day massacre.) Then he handed the pack of cards to Scarne. "Show 'em!" he shouted and for two hours Scarne did card tricks for the toughest pack of confidence men in Miami. The boss allowed him to keep his winnings and added a fifty-dollar tip for services rendered.

Scarne has always been an enigma among professional magicians. For one thing, he seems to have a flair for numbers. He is invincible at chess and checkers, and he has invented a game which he proudly calls "Scarne." It is by common consent of those who have tried to master it and have turned eventually to the theory of relativity instead, the most incredibly complicated mathematical game ever invented. Needless to say, Scarne is unbeatable at "Scarne." Properly marketed, the game could have made him famous but the Professor hasn't bothered much with it. He'd rather be known as a magician's magician than as an inventor of indoor sports. To astound an amateur is child's play but to make a professional magician sit back and gasp is Scarne's notion of living the good life. There is a little magician's novelty shop over on Sixth Avenue—Maturka's it is called—which has a little stage set up in the rear especially for magicians who like to perform for magicians. It is Scarne's favorite stage.

He has always lived in Fairview, New Jersey, hard by Hoboken. The two things he likes best in this vale of tears are magic and prize fighters. A fate that gave him lightning fingers also made him the perfect tonic for a prize fighter. Magicians come to his flat to learn new screenes but Scarne goes out to perform for the pugs. He will go as far as Detroit to see a fight or even to Miami to watch one of his friends go into training.

He has always been most generous with the "moves" he invents and Scarne pupils are scattered all over the world capitalizing on his non-patented discoveries. But the Professor sticks to Fairview and ventures forth only for private exhibitions or night club jobs. Fairview is near the New Jersey training camps and living there keeps him close to the little band of champions and former champions who peculiarly enough were bred all in a bunch around Hoboken. One of the happiest recollections of his life is the story of the night with Primo Carnera. In the weeks of training before the bout with Max Baer, Carnera was too frightened to sleep. On the night before the battle Carnera's manager sent out a hurry call for Scarne and the Professor from Fairview came running. All through the night while Carnera sat on the edge of his bed, shaken by the tremors, Scarne did card tricks for him. Finally the big man fell back, exhausted by the combination of fright and wonder and slept twenty winks. It was his only rest before the fight.

Scarne has sometimes exerted a strange influence over pugilists. It is a well-known fact that the manly art is riddled with superstition but the extent of its faith in Mumbo-Jumbo is sometimes hard to believe. The New Jersey prize-fighting country is voodoo country. In the training areas around Pompton Lakes and in the discussion centers of the Hoboken barrooms the gods of luck are potent deities. Professor Scarne may be blamed for a good deal of this faith in hocus-pocus for his hypnotic powers have given rise to some tall tales. Visitors to the region are often shocked to find that he is a mild-mannered fellow with a cigar in his mouth instead of a bewhiskered villain in a cape. But the tall tales persist and the Professor is often requested to make his extra-sensory perceptions work for a fighter who feels the need of help from the world beyond. He may be asked to do card tricks to take a nervous fighter's mind off the fray or to make a few hypnotic passes and thus endow a pugilist with the strength of a superman ("Let 'em think so," says the Professor. "It's good psychology.") But while Scarne has his devout followers in the profession there are other gentlemen in the trade who avoid him as they would the plague. One of these is the celebrated "Evil Eye" Finkle, a serious-minded little man who sells a special brand of exorcism. For a price he will sit in a lighter's corner and throw his evil eye (one or both) upon the opponent in a manner designed to make the fellow unfit for combat. Many fighters believe in the powers of "The Eye" as sincerely as he himself does. (Especially in a brand of evil-eye he calls the Slobodka Stare.) He is rarely unemployed on fight nights; he has turned his eye on some of our best champions, with conflicting results. But he is scared of Scarne. There was a time when both Finkle and Scarne would sit in the corner of light-heavyweight Gus Lesnevich to lend him a double-barreled dose of moral support, but since then Finkle has seen Scarne hypnotize two fighters at once and he has avoided the magician. He figures that Scarne may contrive to deprive him forever of his God-given optical gifts.

It is hardly a flagrant use of generalities to call Scarne the greatest card man in the world. The claim may sound strange because he has been happy to live his own life of camaraderie around the training camps and to teach his routines to others who cash in on them. The ultimate word of praise, however, comes not from amateurs nor from his Fairview friends but from card men themselves. The late Nate Leipzig, a gentleman of the old school, was always considered top man with a deck of cards but when he was at the height of his fame Leipzig wrote these words about Scarne: "He is the most expert exponent of wonderful card effects and table work I have ever seen in my life." Leipzig himself climbed the heights with sleight of hand with nothing but his fingertips to climb with. As long as he lived he was the greatest of magicians' magicians and the most widely respected man in the trade—perhaps all the more respected because of the climax of his career he could point to the little Italian across the river and tip his top hat.

John Northern Hilliard, for years the manager of Thurston the magician and one of the best American authorities on the history of magic has added his compliments. He lists Scarne as one of the ten greatest magicians of all time. "I have seen all kinds and conditions of magicians," he wrote, "but I have yet to see any one who surpasses Scarne in originality and sheer skill of hand. His skill is unbelievable."

In the teeth of such testimonials it seems doubly strange that Scarne is not the most celebrated magician alive. Other sorcerers performing ten-cent store tricks are world-famous. Scarne with all his skill is on the fringe of fame. The answer lies partly in the fact that, although he has been handling cards for twenty years Scarne is just thirty-three years old.

The main reason, however, is simply that the public has become conditioned to a one-sided notion of what magic really is. The authorities will inform you that magic may be evenly divided into two classes. There is mechanical magic and there is sleight of hand. Though the latter can be infinitely more difficult, the former is certainly the more spectacular. And the public prefers spectacle above all else in a magician. When Houdini snapped his fingers and made an elephant vanish into thin air it seemed as if magic could do no more. Actually, Houdini was executing a stunt that can be performed by any magician who can afford the accessories. When John Scarne hands you four aces asks you to insert them into different parts of the deck and then with one flick of his wrist brings the four aces to the top of the deck he is demonstrating something which Houdini at the height of his powers could not touch. But the four ace trick brings a polite round of applause whereas the vanishing elephant would bring the house down. Houdini was the greatest of mechanical magicians and the greatest escape artist of all time. He knew comparatively nothing of sleight of hand.

Sleight of hand is an intimate kind of magic. It needs a small audience and an informal atmosphere for a handful of coins or a deck of cards cannot be seen to best advantage at the rear end of an auditorium. Scarne is at his best at a private party or at a night club table. He thrives in cramped quarters. When he holds the three of spades in front of you cocks his head a little to one side (he looks like Humphrey Bogart) and says, "Here's the little trey of spades. You don't like the little trey. You want the little two. What do you do? Just tear off one of the little spades." He reaches down to the three with thumb and forefinger, plucks off the middle spade and the card

*Continued on page 188*

WHEN YOU AVOID "MID-SECTION SAG"

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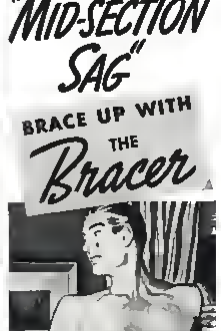


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## The Professor from Fairview

*Continued from pages 186–186–187*

turns into the two of spades. All this is done with the spectator's nose approximately two feet from the deck.

Great sleight of hand men are few and far between. The measure of their greatness is the fact that there are but a few men in America today who are held in awe by their fellow performers. These are men like Louis Zingone, Dai Vernon, Cardini, Mickey MacDougall, Paul Rosini, Jerry Kahler, Le Paul, a few more. The measure of a magician's greatness is the number of tricks he alone can do. Scarne has never shrank from an honest appraisal of his own powers. A few years ago he posted a $2500 wager with the Society of American Magicians. It is to go to anybody who can beat him at a bout of magic. The opponent is to pick his weapons—no holds barred—but the offer has never been accepted. Though Scarne is acknowledged the king of card men, his gifts in the other fields of magic are no less potent. Having made his hands fit a deck of cards like the lox they come in, he finds his palms pliable enough for any sort of legerdemain. He can, for example, hold thirty-six half-dollars in one hand and conceal them for hours while he goes through a routine. This sort of pliability seems to work internally too, for Scarne happens to be that rare natural phenomenon, a pulse-stopper. He can stop his pulse dead in his right arm while the pulse in his left shoots to a beat of about 140. The day he showed this feat to the medical staff of the New York Hospital he created more excitement than a certain Mrs. Guglielmo Ricci, who had given birth to triplets the same day.

Scarne must have been born with an ace up his sleeve. He started working in earnest with cards when he was twelve years old. He would attend the clam bakes and open air card parties of the Fairview set. At one of these functions he saw that one of the card players, a highly respected member of the community, had a habit of retaining certain cards and hiding them under his knee joint. This would be a convenient place to reach for them, unobtrusively, when he wanted certain cards. That simple act was the first great light in Scarne's life. He galloped home and practiced hiding a card under his own knee joint.

By the time he was fourteen there wasn't a card player in Fairview who would sit in on the same pinochle game with him. When he was fifteen he was watching Nate Leipzig in vaudeville every time he could buy a seat and he was already a serious student of the master's technique. When he was nineteen he was ready for the world, and he chose Leipzig for his first real audience.

One night after a performance Leipzig came over to his hotel desk to get his keys. He paused for a moment because he saw a darkish young man showing card tricks to the night clerk. In a few seconds the master's eyes were plastered to the deck and he was urging the young man to show his whole repertoire. He invited the prodigy up to his room for a talk. The nineteen-year-old Scarne spent the rest of the evening showing card tricks to the great Leipzig and a career was really born. Leipzig eventually showed his protégé to Harry Houdini and Houdini became a convert. Whenever he gave a private party he had Scarne in to perform.

There are those who ask why Scarne doesn't use his remarkable talents to pile up a fortune across the gaming tables. Any man who can take a brand new deck, shuffle it cold and proceed to deal out as many pat poker hands as you like might do well for himself in a financial way. The one immediate answer to the question is that Scarne is more interested in magic than in gambling. If a card man should decide to leave the straight and narrow and go in for gambling, he would find himself facing two obstacles. Gamblers gamble with either (1) suckers or (2) other gamblers. The process of looking for a sucker who can play for high stakes is an expensive one. The gambler must play the best hotels, the best steamships, and the best people. He needs a wardrobe, a vocabulary, two or three henchmen—and a bankroll to start out with. It is altogether, a hard way to make both ends meet.

On the other hand the process of gambling with gamblers necessitates not only a bankroll to start with but an inside knowledge of all the tricks. A man might spend a lifetime learning these. Contrary to popular opinion there are very few gamblers who know all the ropes. Scarne contends that if a gambler could master two moves with a deck he could clean up. Unfortunately—he has never met the gambler who knew the two moves. Furthermore, it would be impossible for a man to keep on winning—even honestly—and expect to keep on playing with gamblers. Once a man makes a reputation as a steady winner among card sharps they will have nothing to do with him. Thus gamblers know every sleight of hand man and manipulator in the business. Scarne's face is as familiar to professional card men as it was to the irate gentleman that winter in Hialeah.

The news about Scarne is beginning to spread. Winchell saw him, reached for a typewriter, and devoted an entire column to the Professor. He is a great favorite at private parties, club meetings, and the like. Sometime he will bring his coins and ropes along to supplement the cards. Sometimes he will work with baby chucks. (Where other "chuck men" can keep seven to ten chucks concealed on their persons, Scarne likes to work with fourteen.) He has made a short in Hollywood with Robert Benchley. Benchley, incidentally, played the spectator in a scene in which Scarne did a rope trick. Benchley spoiled the "take" ten times. It turned out later that he was deliberately prolonging the shooting because he was trying to catch Scarne's move. He never did.

On occasion Scarne appears at the White House, and when he does the President always requests one particular trick. This is the one in which Scarne lets him pick any card out of the deck. The President is asked to take a pen and make a mark of identification on this card. The card is returned to the deck. Scarne shuffles once and hands the pack back to the President. The card is no longer in the deck. While the other guests invariably begin to look a little puzzled, the President begins to smile, having seen the trick several times he knows where the card is. He smiles all the more broadly when Scarne slaps his hands and starts to point frantically to his mouth. While the assembled guests stare pop-eyed the card comes sliding out of Scarne's mouth. It is the same card the President has marked. That's the one Mr. Roosevelt likes best.

The one I like best is a little removed from ordinary sleight of hand. Like the rural lady who exclaimed "there must be a trick to it!" when she saw the magician saw the lady in half, I know by now that no matter how much Scarne seems to defy the laws of gravity and logic with a deck of cards there must be a trick to it—a trick concealed somewhere in the texture of his fingers. But when the good Professor gets really warmed up he does something which I now ascribe, after some thinking on the subject, not to sleight of hand but to witchcraft. It sounds simple enough. The Professor cocks his head in that characteristic way and makes a simple request. "I want you," he says, "to *think* of a card." You are, in other words, your own free agent. You are free to think of any card in the deck. "Got one?" asks the professor. You nod. The Professor half-circles around you, extracts one card from the deck and hands it to you, face down.

He asks you not to look at the card until he asks a few questions. "I've got you now," he says. "You thought of a red card." No, you say, you did not. The Professor seems appalled. Not red? It must have been black. It was a spade! No, you say, it was not a spade. It was a club. Whereupon the Professor proceeds to make wrong guesses all over the deck. If you are at all sadistic you will enjoy his obvious embarrassment until he narrows his choice down to the one card in the deck you happened to pick. "You mean to tell me," he says, "that you thought of the three of clubs?" Yes, you say, the three of clubs. "Look at the card in your hand," says the Professor and you look down to find that the card you have held in your hand all through the cross-examination is the three of clubs.

In less enlightened times any man who could stop his pulse, hypnotize two pugilists at once, and deal five pat poker hands would surely have been convicted of witchcraft. Any man who could guess the card another man was thinking of would certainly have been burned at the stake. In these reputedly civilized times, however, the Professor will go far. No matter what sorceries he may brew the spectator knows there must be a trick to it. Me, I'm not so sure. I'm not so sure he hasn't got powerful connections in the spirit world. ■

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THE YALE PRINCETON Harvards and others of their ilk have a way of fomenting new fashions with startling regularity. So, while the campus fashion news is still sizzling, we'll serve it up to you piping hot. Khaki color hat, in low crushed model with lighter-shade stitched felt on brim, wows them at New Haven . . . Striped Shetland jackets loom as heir apparent to plaids . . . Fringed tongue shines bespeak this country trend . . . Crochet knit silk tie is runner-up to the favored foulard. Staple good taste and still A-plus rating: Covert slacks, saddle strap shoes, striped oxford shirt with button-down collar, gabardine suit. This particular gabardine suit, however, deserves a headline all by itself. Its Colonial tan is one of the smartest of the new shades and, putting it well toward the head of the headline class, one of the newest of the smart shades.

*(For answers to your dress questions, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)*



## Biddle: Early American in Art

*Continued from page 81*

furniture. Each one of these mediums must have been fun during the experimental stage, but I suspect that Biddle wished to have his cake and eat it too; that is, to play at art as a not too serious hobby and do it so well and so easily that he would win attention as a serious artist. His mare movement among mediums, no less than his movements around the face of the earth, argues the presence in him of an abiding sense of dissatisfaction. Here, among the Japanese, the Russians, the Jews and the Germans, the Poles and the Italians, among the immigrants and the sons of immigrants who are painting in America, you would expect to find in George Biddle a man serene in the consciousness that this is his land, this his heritage, but the story of his career reveals a restlessness more intense than that of any hobo, a sense of uncertainty more deep than that of any newcomer who has only begun to find his bearings. You would suppose that George Biddle belongs, and yet he doesn't belong. In his career we detect a consistent movement very much like the struggle of a square peg to shape itself into the contours of a round hole. Maybe his Harvard classmate, Van Wyck Brooks, might study his friend's career as the text of an essay on the sense of malaise that must be suffered by an early American who tries to live in terms of art rather than of success. Maybe Biddle's difficulty was that he was trying to fight on two fronts—art and material success—with emotional and physical equipment sufficient only for one.

George Biddle has always wanted success not for its own sake, but for the applause which goes with it. He has always accepted the standard of success as set by others and has never quarreled with it. In his boyhood, he tells us in his autobiography, *An American Artist's Story*, "I wanted very much the approbation of older and successful people. Life for me was a contest rather than a holiday." In those two sentences you have his life motif. At Groton and at Harvard, as he himself reports, he tried to conform, to measure up to a standard whose barren quality he recognized. He has never had the courage of convictions that went against any setup in which he found himself. It was difficult for him to become a leader out of the classroom at Groton; he therefore strove to excel in his studies and win enough prizes to give him consolation. At Harvard he tried to make a social success by participating in athletics and other extra-curricular activities. He rowed in his freshman year and played cricket and soccer, but being forty pounds underweight could not make any one of the teams through which a student might gain distinction. He was kicked off the cross-country team and was excused from the managership of other teams, but he made the *Crimson* and several of his drawings were printed in the *Lampoon*. Again he was driven to become a good student—there was no passion or direction in his studies, he himself reports—and graduated in three years with a degree *cum laude*. He even made some of the better clubs.

George Biddle represents one of the most costly investments in nurture and education and yet he has been most happy and most fulfilled when he was able to struggle out of the mold into which that nurture and education would have confined him. Probably the reason why Mary Cassatt was his first great influence as a person and as an artist was because she also had come out of the same milieu—Philadelphia society and wealth—and had abandoned it to make a place for herself as one of the great artists of France. Biddle too strove for a European reputation—there could than be no doubt of his abilities in America—and did all the things one does in order to court a European reputation all except one thing—paint the pictures that could stand by the side of even the living masters. At Julien's in Paris, he made himself quite the hero of the class by knocking out a huge Breton and by roping a horse attached to a milk cart but he found to his deep chagrin that his fellow students' good opinion did not extend to his work. It is one thing to be a good fellow; it is another to be an artist. Had I properly understood the ground for my popularity at Julien's," he writes in his autobiography, "it might have saved me subsequent loss of pride in my desire to compete with Paris reputations."

Almost from boyhood has he been a world traveler and the traveling has been in quest of something more fundamental than a change of scene. He was only seven years old when his father died and eight when his mother took Monsieur and him to Vevey, Switzerland, on the Lake of Geneva, for a fifteen months' introduction to European culture via mountain scenery and tutor. Then he went to the famous Haverford School, from which several weeks were subtracted for a fishing and hunting trip to Canada with tutor. Although he was happy at Haverford, there was a session of bad health and he was withdrawn for a lengthier period in order to study painting in Philadelphia with a young graduate of the Pennsylvania Academy. His health was always precarious and his mother encouraged his painting studies in the hope that he might achieve a respectable reputation as a landscape painter should his health prove too feeble to support a real profession. His health improved—he was despatched to Groton Massachusetts, to the famous school to which Franklin Roosevelt and George's elder brother Francis had preceded him.

Groton was and probably still

*Continued on page 192*

## Biddle: Early American in Art

*Continued from pages 84-191*

is, the nearest thing to an English public school for the sons of America's socially and economically well-born.

It isn't very difficult to see that Biddle's education was plotted to put him into the company of the best people, by whose standard he was unseemly although not too cruelly judged the badly-born Bohemians whose presence in his home if not their manners always delighted him. However, had his health been more robust it is very likely that George Biddle would have set standards instead of always accepting them. Perhaps there is a relation between his bad health and his hunger for approbation. I think there is. The nervous breakdowns from which he suffered during his extended years of education were a consequence, at least in part, of his square peg in a round hole struggles. His first breakdown occurred at Groton where at the age of sixteen he weighed ninety-six pounds, was the smallest boy in his form and, in his own words, "socially undeveloped." In the fall of 1901 he was taken out of school and sent for a year to California, the nearest thing to Paradise.

His mother settled him on a small orange ranch at San Ysidro south of Santa Barbara. In eight months he gained as many inches and twenty pounds' weight. His best friend and teacher was Carmen, a Mexican vaquero who taught him how to throw the rope eight ways and how to mount a plunging horse. Biddle rode his own cow pony and took part in a rodeo as a regular cow-hand helping to brand 550 head of cattle in a three-day roundup. He was very very happy. The last years at Groton were less happy. He entered Harvard in the class of 1904. During the summer of his sophomore year he had another exquisite taste of liberty bicycling his way through Northern Europe, especially Holland, Belgium, France and Germany, looking at the masterpieces of Rembrandt, Hals, Rubens and the Venetians and falling in love, but temperately, in the Black Forest. He spent a fortnight in a Heidelberg pension learning German, sketched in the market at Scheveningen, bought old prints and returned visibly refreshed to Harvard from which, graduating, he entered the Law School. Another breakdown followed and he took the year 1908-09 out for a taste of adventure in Texas and Mexico.

He was a cowpuncher in Texas. He thrived on a regime which kept him fourteen hours in the saddle from a 4 a.m. breakfast until nightfall. He slept under the stars. Roundups ended in November when he heard of an eighteen-dollars-a-month job on a ranch three hundred miles away and rode the distance in stages of forty miles a day. He worked for a month at the second job and then rode to the border, to Laredo, where he sold his horse and entered Old Mexico. At Monterrey he was taken for a sucker in a poker game and spent weeks waiting for funds from home. At Durango he investigated the bullfight. For three weeks he hunted and trapped en route to the coast in easy stages of horseback riding.

Before he had entered Harvard Law School he had spent three months in Paris "studying art and architecture in a loose purposeless manner" and during the period of his law studies he attended night classes in life drawing, went on sketching trips during the summers and studied the Boston Public Library murals of Sargent and de Chavannes. They gave him his law degree in June 1911, he was admitted to the Pennsylvania bar that summer and in September set sail for Paris to study art.

Waldo Peirce and George Biddle registered at Julien's the same day. Together later they went to visit Spain and Munich. Biddle worked hard in the life classes and took part in the students' fun. He sketched also at the Grande Chaumière and at Colarossi's. He spent Sundays at the Louvre studying the masterpieces of all periods and visited every one of the many museums in Paris. He read every art book he could lay his hands on. He was in at the birth of Cubism and Futurism. He visited the Steins and saw their Picassos and Matisses.

In Madrid he spent a month, most of the time in the Prado, looking at Goyas and El Grecos and copying the portraits of Velásquez. He went to London to see more pictures and to talk with Sargent to whom of course he had an introduction. In Paris he divided his free time between poor artists and rich society. He returned to the United States the following year to enroll in the Pennsylvania Academy where he came under the influence of Henry McCarter and Adolph Borie although they were not his teachers. In 1914 he returned to Europe going to Munich where he studied alone until 1915, in which year he feels his student period may be said to have terminated. He could then construct an exhibitable picture.

He had begun painting under the joint influence of Degas and Cassatt but around 1915 he was expressing his sympathy with the sense of design and the sun-drenched coloring of Frederick Frieseke, one of the first American artists to give Biddle any kind of encouragement.

It was impossible in 1915 to reach Paris from Munich; he therefore moved to Rome where he took a studio. Rumors against the Austrians tipped off Biddle to the fact that Italy wasn't going to remain neutral. In France he took a studio at Giverny which Monet was making famous and where Frieseke also was painting. "I had started late and I developed late. At thirty-one I was still a student but I was learning to paint and draw." The war was still raging. He recalls lunching with Miss Cassatt at her chateau at Beaufresne within distant sound of the Somme guns. He came home to enlist, joining the First Reserve Officers Training Camp at Fort Niagara and in August 1917 received his commission as first lieutenant in the infantry. He was among the first to go abroad. He was for nine months at general headquarters, assigned for training and liaison to French divisions at Metz and in Alsace and to the English staff school in Flanders. Commissioned captain he became eventually acting assistant chief of staff of the First Army Corps and served through the campaigns of the Marne, St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne.

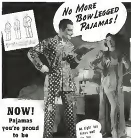
Following the Armistice he remained in France on an assignment of duty which gave him lots of time for reading, thinking and painting. In April, 1919 he was discharged from Camp Dix. That year he chose to go to Tahiti. It was for him a wise choice. The motives he mentions were the desire to get away from the psychology of war and to isolate himself from deleterious influences, but there must have been others, including that of exploiting virgin material for art. For two years he lived the approximate life of a native in a Polynesian village. He built himself a hut with wattled bamboo walls and speared fish on the reefs. He fell in love with the people, their customs, their language. He enjoyed a great sense of liberation. He worked day and night painting, drawing, stone-carving, clay-modeling, block-printing. He drew away from impressionistic backgrounds and approached modernism through the influence of tropical scenery rather than through intellectual sources. What Matisse had got through the head, Biddle like Gauguin before him, had got through the impact of the scene. He returned to New York in 1922 a conquering hero, realizing heavily upon the then emerging fashion of the South Seas. For the first time in his life he sold paintings, drawings, prints. He had had his first one-man exhibition upon returning from the War in 1919 at Milch's. Wildenstein gave him his second one-man show in 1922. This put him on the map. He had one-man displays also at Weyhe's and at the Kingore Gallery and at the Boston Art Club. During 1923-25 he had three one-man shows in Paris alone and another in Vienna. "I had quite honestly more publicity than I needed," he writes in his autobiography, which is funny in view of the fact that he had engaged a press agent to make the most of his return from the South Seas.

He spent more than a year in New York, living in Hunt Diederich's house in Greenwich Village. Temporarily abandoning painting perhaps in the search for an alternative medium, he gave up time and thought to medaling, carving, pottery, marquetry, lithography, tapestry and other devices. In the spring of 1923 he left for Paris where he remained through 1925 in the effort to enlarge his reputation. He entertained and was received. He came under the spell of Pascin whose mottled way of painting gradually crept into Biddle's work. There was no celebrity in art or in belles-lettres whom Biddle did not manage to visit at his studio, receive in his own, or catch a glimpse of, and exchange a few words with at a café. With many of them, however, he made no real contact. Soutine, for example, came to Biddle's apartment, believing or pretending to believe that he had been invited to a public house and irritating the guests with a demand for "the girls." The Paris chapters of Biddle's autobiography are full of great names but he found that in the realm of art, it was an error to pit himself against the best Frenchmen. He then made up his mind that he belonged to America and in 1925 came home.

Upon his return he discovered Croton-on-the-Hudson which has been his home ever since. At first he established himself as a tenant on the Finney Farm but in 1929 he declared for America in the most solid gesture of which any man is capable who wishes to declare his identification with his land—he began building a house of stone. He gave up six months of his life that the job might be done to his complete satisfaction. He was his own architect and his own contractor. He helped clear the ground, fell the timber, landscape the terrace. He was a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. He helped the masons, the carpenters, the plumbers. He adzed and oiled the roof beams, he washed the interior walls with color, he helped fit the tile-work and mosaics in the bathroom. The Biddle house may justly be called a monument to an artist's declaration of intention to remain on the land of his birth.

This does not mean that he became purely a country squire. He continued to travel, but now he travels to and from a headquarters that is home and that has been made more intensely a home by the presence of a wife and a child. During 1925-29, the pre-house period, he journeyed through Haiti and Porto Rico and in 1929 to Mexico. He spent considerable time in the company of Diego Rivera, listening to his talk and watching him at work. He sought out Orozco and painted his portrait. He gave thought and study also to the fresco medium which was enjoying a new birth on the walls of Mexico's public buildings. Incidentally he had a one-man exhibition in Mexico City. During 1931-33 he spent fifteen months in Italy, much of the time in Maurice Sterne's house in Anticoli and six months in Ischia. This was a delightfully productive period for within it Biddle created fifty paintings, two hundred drawings, fifty ceramics, a quantity of marquetry boxes

*Continued at top of page 194*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## Biddle: Early American in Art

*Continued from pages 84-191-193*

end many lithographs. Also, he studied every Italian fresco in central Italy, especially the work of Piero della Francesca.

George Biddle is supposed to have had a great deal to do with the initiation of a federal program devoted to the double purpose of decorating public buildings and relieving impoverished American artists.

In May, 1933 he wrote a letter to President Roosevelt arguing for the creation of a federal mural program and he was subsequently invited to Washington to discuss details. In December of that year Edward Bruce, financier and artist, put the program on a formal basis, but there is no doubt that Biddle deserves credit for his initiatory suggestions and propaganda spade work among Washington officials who may have been a little less than willing.

Biddle's own contribution as an embellisher of public buildings includes five panels done in fresco on the Attorney General's floor in the Department of Justice Building on the general theme of *Justice in Society*, in which panels he depicts the workingman in working and living conditions in the past and in the future. More recently Biddle completed three mural panels for the New Brunswick, New Jersey, Post Office on local revolutionary history, the panels including portraits of Washington, Hamilton, Cornwallis and Lord Howe. For the Agricultural Building in the Century of Progress exhibition in Chicago he constructed a large panel on the general theme of Agriculture. As this is being written Biddle is at work upon a panel in ceramics for an arts and crafts exhibition to be given at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

His most exhilarating hobby is skiing, to which he was introduced in Munich in 1914. He resumed skiing seriously during 1936-37 when he was instructing at the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center and every winter nowadays he goes off on a skiing trip. He is fond also of swimming and tennis and is expert both as a wood-chopper and performer on the flute. He is also an able writer. ##

## Horns of Jehovah

*Continued from page 49*

was a lazy, fat, dark man. He didn't feel enthusiastic about the work just brought to him. But he felt a little bored, and for this reason he was a little glad to see the timid old Jew. He dipped his pen in the inkwell and wrote the nationality of the smuggler into the document, place of birth, name of parents and grandparents.

Then he began to quiz him. What was he smuggling? How much? Whence and whither? Who were his accomplices? Fear and cunning were swelling in the culprit. He trembled and lied. There was a cramp in his throat. Even if they had killed him he couldn't have done otherwise.

The law everywhere forbids its officers to do bodily harm to a prisoner. But there is a difference between the written and the unwritten law which tolerates and permits brutality when it is witnessed by no one. The Commissar and the prisoner were alone in the room. Therefore, the Commissar struck the old Valikovsky. He hit him practically without anger. Jews always interested him; he had often received money from them. He had never had any trouble with the tribe. Simply this was the quickest, most comfortable, most efficacious way of conducting a quiz. He had grown accustomed to this method. Under the force of the first blow the thin little man fell over a chair. He hit his bearded white head against the wall. His temples were pulsating like the gills of a fish. Yet he was not particularly surprised. What was happening was natural to him. The world had been like this for five thousand years. Only his body felt the terror. In his soul mighty voices clamored. The call of the horns of Jehovah. He implored and prayed, and in the meantime mild inspirations of cunning and escape were churning within him. And between the slaps and buffets he even had time to think of his family. Of his sons who were studying in distant Paris, who spoke French, who perhaps at this minute were sitting in front of some café on the Boul Mich with the apéritif on their table. Slowly the Commissar got tired of slapping the old man. From his thick waist he loosened his belt and cracked it in the air. But before the belt could strike, a timid knocking was heard at the door.

"Pardon for a moment, *Domnule* Valikovsky," said the Commissar. He apologized in an extremely natural tone at having to interrupt official business with a client.

"At your service, Commissar," answered the old man. He couldn't have answered anything else. He was standing against the wall panting. He arranged his disheveled beard. A seven-year-old girl appeared at the door. Sweet like a little red bud of a rose growing wild on the heath. In her hand she held a hamper containing three pans and on top of them a plate. The Commissar went to the child, kissed her, and then turned to the prisoner, his face shining with pride and love.

"This is my little girl. She has brought my lunch. Isn't she sweet, *Domnule* Valikovsky?"

Sincerity and cunning spoke simultaneously through the mouth of the old smuggler. He turned his old eyes to the heavens, and as if in a paroxysm of delight:

"Ts-ts-ts-ts, a golden little fairy?"

"Curtsey nicely to Uncle," the Commissar commanded the child.

The little girl did not know what had been taking place in the room. She tip-toed to the prisoner and made a charming little curtsy before him, just as she had been taught to do in school.

"May I kiss the little one?" the old man asked timidly and slyly, with some kind of opaquely gleaming hope that perhaps out of this family scene he might find relief.

"Please," said the Commissar. "Evitsa, hold your little cheek for Uncle."

The old smuggler kissed the child. Again a host of fifes and horns resounded in his soul. Love and remorse of conscience. And finally he had to concede that he had been tempted to sin. That he had betrayed his persecuted and oppressed family. He began to be afraid, and then his fear was tinged with hatred. The Jew had been sick for five thousand years, and he was sick to the marrow of his bones. His disease could not be cured this easily, just as tuberculosis cannot be cured with one X-ray treatment.

The dishes were placed on the table.

"Are you hungry, *Domnule* Valikovsky?" the Commissar asked. "Come sit with me. I'll share my lunch with you."

The smuggler began to back away toward the wall, frightened. His creed forbade him to touch the food of Gentiles. But since the Commissar was very persistent he did not dare refuse the invitation. He took a little piece of meat in his mouth, went through some chewing motions, in the front of his mouth with his incisors, like a rabbit. Then with his spoon he placed the masticated food carefully on the side of his plate. He was terrified by now. What was going to happen after this? Immersion into that other world? The dark clouds of Jehovah were towering and the shofar was booming. Never! Solomon Valikovsky told himself. His lips were moving. He was praying inwardly so that the Lord might fortify his heart against the temptation.

The meal was finished. They lighted cigars. The Sergeant took the little girl on his knees, fondled and kissed her.

"Evitsa, tell Uncle that nice poem about the little lamb! Let Uncle see how clever you are."

The little girl obeyed sweetly. Her thin little voice rang out and she recited the little verse about the lamb which had got lost in the forest.

The recitation and the cigars ended simultaneously. The Commissar snuffed his out and then extended the ash tray to Valikovsky so that he might put his out. The dishes were collected and taken away. The Commissar leaned down and the little girl stood on tip-toes to kiss her father's face.

"Say good-bye to Uncle too, like a nice little girl! Kiss his hand!" the Commissar said to her. The old smuggler hid his thin hands, horrified. It was only his bearded cheek which he extended to the little mouth, which pecked a tiny, sweet kiss upon it. Then the little girl went away. As she disappeared the room became a little darker, a cloud had just floated in front of the sun.

The Commissar sighed and yawned as one does when obliged to return to routine after a pleasant respite. His eyes fell upon the belt hanging from the back of the chair. With his heavy hands he began to play with it absent-mindedly while he quizzed the old man about the dollars and the gold.

A little time passed and then the belt struck down, whizzing. It struck and left a red welt on the skin, just where the warm child mouth had touched.

The old Valikovsky raised his arm defensively before his face. His throat constricted, his body trembled, but his soul felt something very like relief. This he could at least understand. He had reached the familiar countryside where he had yet to dwell for a time. ##

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## Fishing at Your Doorstep

*Continued from page 96*

regular habits of their quarry.

These statements are so obvious as to be trite. Perhaps it is for this very reason that they are so often disregarded, that is by the average fisherman. But we all know the fellow who can go out and get 'em any time. Rain, sunshine, hot, cold or stormy—he practically never gets completely skunked. And on the days when you and I make a modest catch he will come in with a record creel.

Lucky? Well, perhaps. He has the same variety of "luck" as that bestowed upon the chap who burns the midnight oil in study and eventually becomes district manager, or consulting engineer, or something. He is the bright boy who uses his head.

A perfect example of this is my neighbor, who lives over in the next valley among our Vermont hills. Three miles away and across the ridge we have a beautiful crystal clear river of more than average size. It is, at first glance, the perfect trout stream. And for a decade or more the waters have been well stocked by the state with rainbow trout.

On a clear day you can stand on the bridge that spans the stream near our neighboring village and, if you are susceptible to such things, what you will see suspended in the current below you will immediately give you a violent case of fishing fever. It is not uncommon to spot twenty-five rainbows, at least a half-dozen of which will be from a pound to three pounds in weight. They play back and forth in the current, their olive-green and steel-blue sides contrasting with the salmon pink stripe running longitudinally from head to tail. Occasionally one will rise in a tantalizing manner and

*Continued on page 196*

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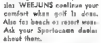

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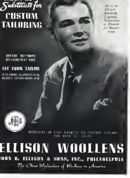

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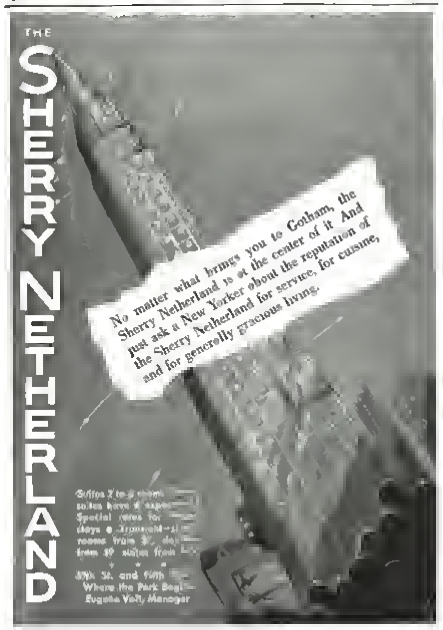




## Fishing at Your Doorstep

*Continued from pages 90-195*

snack an insect near the surface.

It would be perfectly logical to run-line that these trout would take anything tossed to them. But in reality they will take nothing I had not lived here long before I discovered that, and each year hundreds of innocent visitors find it out, to their bitter disappointment. The stream is condemned by forty nine out of fifty casual visiting fishermen. The fiftieth will study and learn—and take trout. Perhaps this is just as well, as it is nice to have a good stream just over the hill where one can have an hour's sport occasionally.

After I had tried futilely to lure those rainbows in that crystal pool, with every fly and method known to me, my neighbor took pity on me and led me by the hand into the sacred inner circle. We drove upstream a mile or so to where the stream narrowed through some rocky ledges. White water boiled and churned, growling and whining in protest against the confining banks. It was a wild and beautiful spot. But it was not unfamiliar to me. For I had fished the pline a few days back with no more success than I had met with in the calmer bridge pool.

What I wondered, was my friend's secret? I watched as he tied a small dark wet-fly—an alder, I think—to the end of a tapered dry fly leader. Then he wet the fly thoroughly, rubbing some mud into the feathers to make it 'drown' in the water. Next, he stripped several yards of line from the reel and let the loose coils fall on the rock on which we stood. I expected him to cast, but he didn't. Instead he dropped the fly in the water at his feet and with the tip of the rod carefully guided it out into the current, not into the boil of the fast water, but just at the edge, where current bordered eddy. The fly traveled naturally like a free insect drifting in the flow. The line was payed out steadily, so there was no drag on the fly.

I watched as the fly disappeared under the surface and was sucked into the current. After it had drifted for perhaps fifteen feet there was a perceptible twitch of the line. This was answered at once by a sharp strike from the angler's wrist and a rainbow weighing over two pounds broke into the air, parting the water with a dazzling spray of jeweled drops! That was just the beginning. Before the day was ended creels were heavy with fine fish, all taken by this odd, and certainly unorthodox method.

The explanation of its success is simple. These trout are educated to a high degree. Furthermore—the water is extremely clear. To cast over them in the usual way and drag the fly across the current will invariably result in putting them down. They see the leader and the unnatural motion of the lure and will have none of it. But by my friend's method the fly reaches them *first*. It is drifting in a natural manner and their suspicions are not aroused.

There is a success story concerning the bright boy and the sophisticated fish. That it works I know full well. Why not try it on those "unratchables" in your own over-fished stream?

Another point that is often missed by many anglers is that everyone fishes the good-looking pools and runs. As a consequence of all this hammering the finny inhabitants become extremely shy and wary. It is a well-known fact that 'perfect' pools seldom fulfill their promises.

The wise angler will avoid ruts in fishing, as one must shun the one-track way of doing anything to achieve more than average success. It pays to study a stream or lake minutely. Try to discover what the other fellow has overlooked. If on a stream you see a hidden run near the bank and the place is overgrown with roots and other hazards—a typically unfishable situation—it will be fairly safe to conclude that a good fish hides there. Your first reaction may be that it is impossible to get a fly in there. Well, that undoubtedly has been the reaction of the fifty fishermen who have seen the place—and passed it up. They were lazy or unthinking. Don't you be. Find a way of floating or drifting a fly in between the interstices of the roots and I'll bet you a tapered leader that you will be rewarded by a savage strike.

This *snore* principle applies to hidden backwaters, springs and runs which the fish-the-stream fellow never sees.

One such spring used to give me untold fun and many fine trout especially when the river itself was dead. It lay alongside a famous pool on the Beaverkill and was separated from the river by a strip of bank about fifteen feet wide. Masses of bracken and a growth of tag alders concealed the spring from the river so completely that unless one knew of its existence one could pass within a few feet and never see it. As a result it was seldom fished.

My procedure was to sneak up cautiously, bending low to keep out of sight. The water was so clear that any trout lying out could be plainly seen. By working the line through the air—false casting—it was possible with luck to place the fly over the fish and drop it. A mad scramble followed as the trout rushed the lure *en masse*. One of them would take it, often the largest. The strategy then was to lead the hooked fish as quickly as possible away from the others and into the water at my feet. If it was a trout under ten inches I would flip it up on the bank, with a steady swinging motion.

This I realize is not according to the book. But neither is the method I am describing. By keeping a steady pressure on the line and swinging rather than jerking, the trout up onto the bank no harm will result to the rod tip.

I have taken as many as four trout in one foray before the others were put down. And on one occasion I had the luck to hook and land a fourteen-inch brook trout, a real prize in the Beaverkill.

Cultivating the habit of looking for odd corners has stood me in good stead on many a fishing trip.

Once I was fishing a well known trout stream in Michigan. The sport was extremely dull and I soon became bored. While resting at a pool I saw a glint of water a hundred yards or so back in the woods that bordered the stream. Going over I approached cautiously—it never pays to walk up boldly. The water proved to be a pond about fifty feet long and half as wide. There were several clumps of cattails and under the roots of one of them I thought I detected a slight movement.

So I cast a fly, the small royal coachman I had been using for trout, near the clump and drew it past the movement. The water boiled as a fine black bass rushed out and struck. I stayed at that pond an hour and left rather by three plump bass, one of which weighed close to three pounds. How the fish got there was not my concern. But my finding them was. I chuckled to think about the hundreds of fishermen that had passed by the place without even knowing that the pond existed to say nothing about the bass.

Of late years, with the increasing numbers of anglers to be found on popular streams it has been my practice to seek out the smaller and less-known waters and make a study of them individually. While river fishing which always holds the possibility of landing a big fellow, has its own peculiar thrills, there is much to be said for small streams. Fishing a little river or even a brook large enough to permit of reasonable ease in casting offers the wading angler certain qualities which he will overlook on larger waters. Here things are more intimate. One has the wood thrush as a close companion, rather than having to listen to its flutey voice across a hundred yards of boiling river. The reflections of mosses and ferns cast a mosaic of color in the shaded pools where one drops the fly. The mystery of a woodland glen pervades the air, seeps into and becomes part of the beholder.

But the fishing technique of the small stream is not that of the river. To blunder is to fail. Caution, skill and careful planning will bring results. Clumsy splashing, sloppy casting and bulling around have no place. One must cultivate the stealth of the lynx and the patience of the heron. For small stream trout are invariably shy trout. They must be wooed to be won.

The tackle should be in keeping with the stream—light and dainty. A rod weighing in the neighborhood of three and a half ounces, tapered leaders (whether wet or dry fly is used), and small, insecty-looking flies constitute ideal equipment. Then, with landing net, boots and a lunch in the pocket the fisherman is ready for the time of his life.

Always fish upstream, whether using wet or dry fly. In this way you have the advantage since the trout's angle of vision, backwards is limited and a closer approach is possible. And don't make the mistake of thinking that all of the fish will be small ones. I recall a very exciting and unnerving experience I had on the upper Willowemoc above Cooklin's covered bridge several years ago. It was late in August and the stream was very low. Wading along stealthily I would cast a short line upstream covering the likely looking runs and quiet places near the bank. One cast brought out from under a bank an unbelievably large brown trout. He walloped the fly and headed for home but pressure on the rod turned him. The stream was so shallow that there was scarcely any place for the fish to go. He chose to make a dash across a bar and did it so vigorously that the water splashed over my boots as he passed my feet. Reaching the shelter of a rock he sulked. I chased him out again and down he went to another rock. For the next ten minutes it was a case of rock to rock, with me in hot pursuit. At last we reached a pool with water enough for him to swim, but by that time he was pretty well bushed and I slipped the net under his seventeen inches of valor and removed the embarrassment. I have taken many a trout of similar size on the big river but none gave me the thrill, the feeling of accomplishment, afforded by this race horse.

Even in salmon fishing there is much to be said for the small stream and light tackle. My memories of Nova Scotia are not those of the broad and, to me, rather ominous Mersey River where I fished from a canoe poled by a skillful Micmac Indian. I like, rather, to think of the days I spent poking along the banks and wading the waters of such small streams as the upper La Have and the little Ingram River, at Ingramsport. And volumes could be written on the charm of the Margaree and North Rivers in Cape Breton Island.

The changed conditions of modern living call for a revision of our ideas in almost every field. It is a principle that applies even to fishing whether we like it or not. Gone forever are the days of naturally bred trout of secluded streams and solitude in settled areas. Quick transportation has ended all that. We realize now that we shall have to expect competition, that our fish for the most part will be hatchery bred, that they will be far wiser and shyer than their ancestors. The remedy—there is always a remedy—is to become smart and sophisticated ourselves. The smart angler catches the smart fish! ##

## Pat Hobby and Orson Welles

*Continued from page 38*

had reached the end at last.

A great limousine rolled out, in the back of which Pat recognized the great overstuffed Roman face of Harold Marcus. The car rolled toward the children and, as one of them ran in front of it, slowed down. The old man spoke into the tube and the car halted. He leaned out blinking.

"Is there no policeman here?" he asked of Pat.

"No Mr. Marcus," said Pat quickly. "There should be. I'm Pat Hobby the writer—could you give me a lift down the street?"

It was unprecedented—it was an act of desperation but Pat's need was great.

Mr. Marcus looked at him closely.

"Oh yes. I remember you," he said. "Get in."

He might possibly have meant get up in front with the chauffeur. Pat compromised by opening one of the little seats. Mr. Marcus was one of the most powerful men in the whole picture world. He did not occupy himself with production any longer. He spent most of his time rocking from coast to coast on fast trains, merging and launching, launching and merging, like a much divorced woman.

"Some day those children'll get hurt."

"Yes Mr. Marcus," agreed Pat heartily. "Mr. Marcus—"

"They ought to have a policeman there."

"Yes Mr. Marcus. Mr. Marcus—"

"Hm-mm!" said Mr. Marcus. "Where do you want to be dropped?"

Pat geared himself to work fast.

"Mr. Marcus, when I was your press agent—"

"I know," said Mr. Marcus, "You wanted a ten dollar a week raise."

"What a memory!" cried Pat in gladness. "What a memory! But Mr. Marcus now I don't want anything at all."

"This is a miracle."

"I've got modest wants, see, and I've saved enough to retire."

He thrust his shoes slightly forward under a hanging blanket. The Chesterfield coat effectively concealed the rest.

"That's what I'd like," said Mr. Marcus gloomily. "A farm—with chickens. Maybe a little nine-hole course. Not even a stock ticker."

"I want to retire but different," said Pat earnestly. "Pictures have been my life. I want to watch them grow and grow—"

Mr. Marcus groaned.

"Till they explode," he said. "Look at Fox! I cried for him." He pointed to his eyes. "Tears."

Pat nodded very sympathetically.

"I want only one thing." From the long familiarity he went into the foreign location. "I should go on the lot anytime. From nothing. Only to be there. Should bother nobody. Only help a little from nothing if any young person wants advice."

"See Berners," said Marcus.

"He said see you."

"Then you did want something," Marcus smiled, "All right, all right by me. Where do you get off now?"

"Could you write me a pass?" Pat pleaded. "Just a word on your card?"

"I'll look into it," said Mr. Marcus. "Just now I've got things on my mind. I'm going to a luncheon." He sighed profoundly. "They want I should meet this new Orson Welles that's in Hollywood."

Pat's heart winced. There it was again—that name, sinister and remorseless, spreading like a dark cloud over all his skies.

"Mr. Marcus," he said so sincerely that his voice trembled, "I wouldn't be surprised if Orson Welles is the biggest menace that's come to Hollywood for years. He gets a hundred and fifty grand a picture and I wouldn't be surprised if he was so radical that you had to have all new equipment and start all over again like you did with sound in 1928."

"Oh my God!" groaned Mr. Marcus.

"And me," said Pat, "All I want is a pass and no money—to leave things as they are."

Mr. Marcus reached for his card case.

### III

To those grouped together under the name "talent," the atmosphere of a studio is not unfailingly bright—one fluctuates too quickly between high hope and grave apprehension. Those few who decide things are happy in their work and sure that they are worthy of their hire—the rest live in a mist of doubt as to when their vast inadequacy will be disclosed.

Pat's psychology was oddly that of the masters and for the most part he was unworried even though he was off salary. But there was one large fly in the ointment—for the first time in his life he began to feel a loss of identity. Due to reasons that he did not quite understand, though it might have been traced to his conversation, a number of people began to address him as "Orson."

Now to lose one's identity is a careless thing in any case. But to lose it to an enemy, or at least to one who has become scapegoat for our misfortunes—that is a hardship. Pat was not Orson. Any resemblance must be faint and farfetched and he was aware of the fact. The final effect was to make him, in that regard, something of an eccentric.

"Pat," said Joe the barber. "Orson was in here today and asked me to trim his beard."

"I hope you set fire to it," said Pat.

"I did," Joe winked at waiting customers over a hot towel. "He asked for a singe so I took it all off. Now his face is as bald as yours. In fact you look a bit alike."

This was the morning the kidding was so ubiquitous that to avoid it, Pat lingered in Mario's bar across the street. He was not drinking—at the bar that is for he was down to his last thirty cents, but he refreshed himself frequently from a half-pint in his back pocket. He needed the stimulus for he had to make a touch presently and he knew that money was easier to borrow when one didn't have an air of urgent need.

His quarry, Jeff Boldini, was in an unsympathetic state of mind. He too was an artist, albeit a successful one, and a certain great lady of the screen had just burned him up by criticizing a wig he had made for her. He told the story to Pat at length and the latter waited until it was all out before broaching his request.

"No soap," said Jeff. "Hell you never paid me back what you borrowed last month."

"But I got a job now," lied Pat. "This is just to tide me over. I start tomorrow."

"If they don't give the job to Orson Welles," said Jeff humorously.

Pat's eyes narrowed but he managed to utter a polite, borrower's laugh.

"Hold it," said Jeff. "You know I think you look like him?"

"Yeah."

"Honest. Anyhow I could make you look like him. I could make you a beard that would be his double."

"I wouldn't be his double for fifty grand."

With his head on one side Jeff regarded Pat.

"I could," he said. "Come on in to my chair and let me see."

"Like hell."

"Come on. I'd like to try it. You haven't got anything to do. You don't work till tomorrow."

"I don't want a beard."

"It'll come off."

"I don't want it."

"It won't cost you anything. In fact I'll be paying you—I'll loan you the ten smackers if you'll let me make you a beard."

Half an hour later Jeff looked at his completed work.

"It's perfect," he said. "Not only the beard but the eyes and everything."

"All right. Now take it off," said Pat moodily.

"What's the hurry? That's a fine muff. That's a work of art. We ought to put a camera on it. Too bad you're working tomorrow—they're using a dozen beards out on Sam Jones' set and one of them went to jail in a homo raid. I bet with that muff you could get the job."

It was weeks since Pat had heard the word job and he could not himself say how he managed to exist and eat. Jeff saw the light in his eye.

"What say? Let me drive you out there just for fun," pleaded Jeff. "I'd like to see if Sam could tell it was a phony muff."

"I'm a writer, not a ham."

"Come on! Nobody would never know you back of that. And you'd draw another ten bucks."

As they left the make-up department Jeff lingered behind a minute. On a strip of cardboard he crayoned the name Orson Welles in large block letters. And outside without Pat's notice, he stuck it in the windshield of his car.

He did not go directly to the back lot. Instead he drove not too swiftly up the main studio street. In front of the administration building he stopped on the pretext that the engine was missing and almost in no time a small but definitely interested crowd began to gather. But Jeff's plans did not include stopping anywhere long so he hopped in and they started on a tour around the commissary.

"Where are we going?" demanded Pat.

He had already made one nervous attempt to tear the beard from him, but to his surprise it did not come away.

He complained of this to Jeff.

"Sure," Jeff explained. "That's made to last. You'll have to soak it off."

The car paused momentarily at the door of the commissary. Pat saw blank eyes staring at him and he stared back at them blankly from the rear seat.

"You'd think I was the only beard on the lot," he said gloomily.

"You can sympathize with Orson Welles."

"To hell with him."

This colloquy would have puzzled those without, to whom he was nothing less than the real McCoy.

Jeff drove on slowly up the street. Ahead of them a little group of men were walking—one of them turning saw the car and drew the attention of the others to it. Whereupon the most elderly member of the party, threw up his arms in what appeared to be a defensive gesture, and plunged to the sidewalk as the car went past.

"My God did you see that?" exclaimed Jeff. "That was Mr. Marcus."

He came to a stop. An excited man ran up and put his head in the car window.

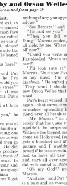
"Mr. Welles, our Mr. Marcus has had a heart attack. Can we use your car to get him to the infirmary?"

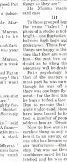
Pat stared. Then very quickly he opened the door on the other side and dashed from the car. Not even the beard could impede his streamlined flight. The policeman at the gate, not recognizing the incarnation, tried to have words with him but Pat shook him off with the ease of a triple-threat back and never paused till he reached Mario's bar.

Three extras with beards stood at the rail, and with relief Pat merged himself into their corporate whiskers. With a trembling hand he took the hard-earned ten dollar bill from his pocket.

"Set 'em up," he cried hoarsely. "Every muff has a drink on me." ###

*Another of F. Scott Fitzgerald's Pat Hobby stories,* **Pat Hobby's Secret,** *will appear in the June issue*



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## Roan Horse Climbs the Golden Stairs

*Continued from page 79*

be mighty quick about it

"Me keep um," announced the shameless one

"We give it to Mrs Mehaffy, won't we Mis' Nell?"

"Need soon," said Roan

A strange yearning laid hold of Roan Horse when they came within sight of the bright lights of Gospel Hall

Mammy Claire uttered a sound meant to be a frightened moan "Oh, the streets are sho' full of mean lookin' men tonight."

Nell gave Mammy Claire a secret poke and told her to go around to the back and tell Mrs Mehaffy that Roan Horse was there taking care of her

She was thankful services had not started and that the church was well filled There were fewer people in the first rows than in the rear, she was thankful for this too. She chose the second row, for what she was going to do must not be evident to the wily Roan Horse

She motioned to him and he came, took off his hat and sat down beside her

Mammy Claire returned and nodded her head It would not do for her to sit with the white folks But it was all right for her to sit in the rear and to take part in the services.

Mrs Mehaffy's eyes flashed toward Roan Horse and Nell had the feeling that sincere earnest sometimes-almost-radiant Mrs Mehaffy was sending up a silent prayer for success Roan Horse settled back to enjoy the services Then faintly, through the open windows, drifted titillating music from the Chicken Farm He leaned forward and seemed bent on rising Nell nudged him shaking her head "Me stay," he announced

Mrs Mehaffy took her place on the platform, her eyes shining She sat down at the organ and began to treadle it, her head thrown back slightly But Roan was listening to the music coming from the Chicken Farm

Mrs Mehaffy delivered the announcements time came for the collection and workers took wooden bowls and started out. Sometimes drunks forgot themselves and tossed in half-dollars occasionally even dollars Nickels and dimes and quarters were contributed by oil-stained hands One hand clutched a dollar bill while its mate reached into the bowl and thumbed out change then the bill was released in the bowl

Mrs Mehaffy talked directly to Roan Horse, trying the appeal that she had always found most effective—the terrors that would afflict evil-doers She described Hell and all its tortures and the monsters that inhabited it but Roan Horse remained implacable Mrs Mehaffy however had wrestled with stubborn souls before and had brought them to their knees. She gave what she termed with the utmost respect, 'The come-to-Jesus call,' her workers falling into a chant as she sent out her clarion "Will you come?" The audience swayed rocked and answered "Yes O Lord!" The entire audience moaned Mammy Claire, loudest of all and in the ecstasy of emotion left her place in the rear and came near Roan Horse. As she rolled down the aisle, she clapped her hands "Come on, Roan Horse you come!"

Roan shook his head

"Come come up the golden stairs!" cried Mrs Mehaffy

"No come."

"Get him on his feet!" Mrs Mehaffy cried sitting down at the organ and motioning for Mammy Claire to bring him over Mammy Claire laid hold of him but he held back When all seemed lost Nell motioned him to rise "Please" Roan Horse rose to his feet and the workers guided him to the organ singing and clapping hands

The swaying and moaning and chanting were having their effect at last His hands moved his shoulders twitched and his feet moved his body was moving and so was his soul Suddenly he leaped up and let off a most mighty whoop 'Me come!'

"Glory—glory—glory" chanted Mrs Mehaffy

"Another lost lamb is saved!" from Mammy Claire

"You're up the golden stairs!" cried the enraptured Mrs Mehaffy

Roan looked around puzzled then up at the ceiling "Where um?"

Mrs. Mehaffy explained the golden stairs meant that he had been saved and was going to lead a better life "You are going to lead a better life, aren't you, Brother Roan?"

"Sure," said Brother Roan

Mrs Mehaffy knew that Roan must be made to feel the Presence to realize that he had entered into a life where there was love and humility and kindness, instead of pistol toting If she could only baptize him now he would know he had entered a sanctified state. She turned to Mammy Claire

"Sister the honor shall be yours! Go to my room and get a bowl and a towel."

"Yes Sister Mehaffy," said Mammy Claire "Right away sister."

"Then you can wash our new brother's feet."

Mammy Claire paused abruptly turned and stared while her lips made flapping half-inaudible sounds But Mrs. Mehaffy waved, "Hurry, Sister See if there's any hot water to temper it with."

Mammy finally betook herself to carry out Mrs Mehaffy's request. Her moon face registered pain humiliation, chagrin. After a time she returned with a bowl half-full of sloshing water, on her arm a towel

To Roan the world today, was full of strange things that shouldn't concern him He saw Mammy heading for him, and regarded her with utmost suspicion On she waddled, and pulled up before him

"Set down Brother," she commanded

A chair was brought and he was pushed into it at a loss to know what it was all about. The others made a circle, and Roan planted on his chair, was in the center Mrs Mehaffy treadled, lifting a hand now and then to direct the singing Astonished Roan Horse found they were removing his shoes but if it was the way of the white medicine man it must be a good way He sat erect while they pulled and hauled His sockless feet popped into view

"Wash!" cried Mrs Mehaffy

"Stick 'em in, Roan!" commanded Mammy Claire

Mammy Claire didn't like the job and she did it none too gently not joining in the singing "Get that other'n out!" she said and Roan held up a dripping extremity Mammy Claire attacked it with the towel "You got to put yoah shoes on you'self," she announced

At last it was over and Roan stood up "Go now?"

Mrs Mehaffy seized Roan's hands "You're sanctified now Brother Roan and you must put hatred and evil behind you and fill your heart with love You will love Jimmy Jordan won't you?"

"No."

They looked from one to the other nonplussed But Sister Mehaffy had wrestled with obdurate souls before and had won where the forces of evil had seemed to have been enthroned "The prayer ring!" she said and Roan was again planted on the chair Sister Mehaffy and her workers got down on their knees Then followed a sort of personal ritual, one known to have brought salvation to hearts that had held out against everything else Sister Mehaffy her hands uplifted swayed back and forth uttering a moaning chant Everyone took it up "Bring this lamb to the fold Soften his heart make his eyes see the lamp of truth" Sister Mehaffy clasped her hands stopped before him, peered again into his dark unfathomable eyes crying out "You do love Jimmy Jordan don't you?"

Suddenly Roan Horse leaped to his feet and set off a whoop "By dam I do!"

"Hallelujah!" cried Mammy Claire Mrs Mehaffy and the little band of singing workers, one by one passed Roan Horse and shook his hand With an exalted expression he gripped the hands of his well wishers so earnestly that they blinked

"You give us that pistol You got love in yoah heart now," said Mammy Claire

Roan looked from one to another in agony, studying the lined exalted faces. He moved to put his hand in his pocket, but midway his hand paused

"No give."

They tried to persuade him Didn't he have that love in his heart? Yes but him keep pistol

When it was over and he started down the street he was still in an exalted state He stepped higher now and then he shouted something that sounded vaguely like Hallelujah

He beamed upon the passers-by "How," "How" "How Brother!" he said right and left He tipped his hat to every woman he saw not in lazy grudging removal but a whole-hearted flourish "How Sister"

When they came to the Chicken Farm Roan Horse stopped There was Jimmy Jordan with Susie dancing very close Roan Horse's exaltation slipped from him like a robe

"Come on Roan Glory Hallelujah!" cried Mammy Claire

But Roan Horse only peered through the window with increased agitation

Mammy Claire seized him by the arm "Remember you got love in you heart!"

Roan Horse shook her loose and started for the door "Lord, O deah Lord help us!" moaned Mammy

Straight past the doorman he went, straight past everyone he went straight for Jimmy Jordan When Jimmy Jordan saw him, he stopped still in his tracks for a moment he seemed about to flee but he didn't. Instead he waited with an Indian fatalistic immovableness Susie saw the look on Roan's face a look she had never seen before and her heart tumbled within her But she did not leave Jimmy The dancers stared at this tragedy which had come on swiftly

Out shot Roan's hand, there was a bit of fumbling and he seized Jimmy's and began to pump it Roan's hand was empty but his heart wasn't

"Me love you Jimmy By dam I do!"

And then without another word he whirled and started for the door leaving the startled (and a bit weak) Jimmy Jordan staring after him He did not look back, when he was outside, as if he felt he might weaken and started down the street calling out "How Brother!" "How, Sister!" and swirling his hat He turned toward home and walked so fast in the same exalted manner that Nell and Mammy Claire had a hard time to keep up with him But Mammy was happy and panted "Glory! Glory! He got love in his heart!"

They were home in no time at all, and when they arrived he handed out the pistol "Take um No need." Then stalked off to his lean-to without a word of good night.

He was restless and tossed uneasily on his blanket-covered cot. Finally he got up and wandered around in the moonlight When he got outside the town, rabbits hopped along their white powder-puff tails rising and falling But he had no stones in his hands and he did not whistle to them.

He came back and lay down again After a while he went to sleep #



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COLUMBIA RECORDS


## Roulades and Cadenzas

*Continued from page 99*

years. The kids down there have the spirit, all right."

About the lack of female swing performers he explains: (1) women haven't got the stamina to follow the tough life of a modern band; (2) women don't like to have their faces changed as instruments change faces—the lips jutting out a little more; the muscles around the nose and mouth hardening; (3) women don't seem to have men's enthusiasm for swing—may be because fewer women than men have the artistic instinct or the necessity for release that makes swing music.

He readily admits that in his own case his leading is in itself quite unimportant: "I've got a fair sense of rhythm. I can kick the band off O K. I can tell when they're speeding and when they're slowing down. That's enough conducting for this bunch of boys. That's all I have to do—except sing a little."

The master-mind in his band is Gil Rodin, the second tenor sax. Known as the beloved *father*, he directs from within, never plays a solo himself but checks the others, bawls them out when necessary. He was made president of the Bob Crosby Corporation. Bob, vice-president and the other stockholders are Eddie Miller, Ray Bauduc, Bob Haggart, "Nappy" LeMare, and Matty Matlock. They have no boss. They put Karl Marx's theories into the band business.

Most leaders act like Stalin on parade day, grab the spotlight. Bob Crosby introduces all the members of his crew by name and several of them solo more than he. It's distinctly not a one-man show. The Crosby musicians can be—and are—built as personalities with no thought of losing them. Each has a financial interest in the band. Each has his say. The corporation's annual meeting in January, when new contracts are drawn up with the musicians, resembles a session of the Appropriation Committee of the United States House of Representatives.

Rehearsal periods are as carefree as Carnival time in Rio. Alton Cook reports that he saw a fat clarinet player letting another musician wobble one enormous jowl to see if the other jowl would wobble at the same time. It did—like jelly and everyone who saw it looked very pleased.

"With a rubber mute in hand, a trombone player walked over to conduct another experiment. He clapped the open end of the mute on the fat jowl like a plumber's force pump. Then he pulled to see how far the jowl would stretch. The fat man allowed that trick just once.

"The sound man had a little gun for shooting blanks, and Bob's face broke into an exultant grin when he saw that. In no time he had sneaked up behind an actor and startled the man by shooting the gun. During a lull one musician stretched out on the platform for a quick nap. Inch by inch Bob tiptoed across the platform without disturbing the sleeping man. Then he shot the gun."

Certainly, this happy-go-lucky, playful spirit is largely responsible for the success of the outfit. No Wall Street banker would commend their nonchalant negligent business procedure. Nor would Toscanini approve their discipline. But they, tired of strutting snobs, frazzled nerves, hot words, the two thousand two egocentricities of current stick-gods, wouldn't change for double the salary. Make a mistake in the average band and the maestro threatens to smash a trombone over your skull. In the Crosby band "slinkers" fall on deaf ears (except when Rodin gets tough). Bob Zurke used to call the hum notes "sweetbearts." By forming the Bobcats—the band within the band—Rodin stopped the squawks against the rigidity of arrangements. "You gotta be civilized if you want to keep a radio commercial," he told them.

They want commercial success as much as any band, and they're getting it. But they also want to be themselves. When *Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, Oh!* goes into their books it comes out Dixieland. No arrangement can conceal the flavor of their lute. Bauduc sits there and puts over his parade beat. "Nappy" on guitar does his share and the boys give out. A powerhouse of brass—they provide tornadoes in swingtime. Long ago owners of spots where they became popular aconstricted their walls and hung double-thick curtains around the bandstand. The Crosby outfit has never specialized in dinner music. Unless you read lips it's better not to converse when they play.

There was a time when the loss of one of their stars might have proved disastrous. Now the band is bigger than any individual. Bob Zurke left to train his own crew; took his boogie woogie piano with him. Joe Sullivan replaced him and there are a dozen other stars who have Crosby-itis and won't be happy until they own stock in the corporation.

The band is coming up. It's been No 4, No 3, No 2, on lists of most popular bands. It may well become No 1. A danger is that if Crosby, Rodin, Bauduc, Miller, Haggart, LeMare, and Matlock get too much dough in their jeans, they lose their happy-go-lucky courage. The band then won't be the same goofy outfit, a haven of refuge from commercialism for musicians who want to take their stand in Dixieland. ##

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